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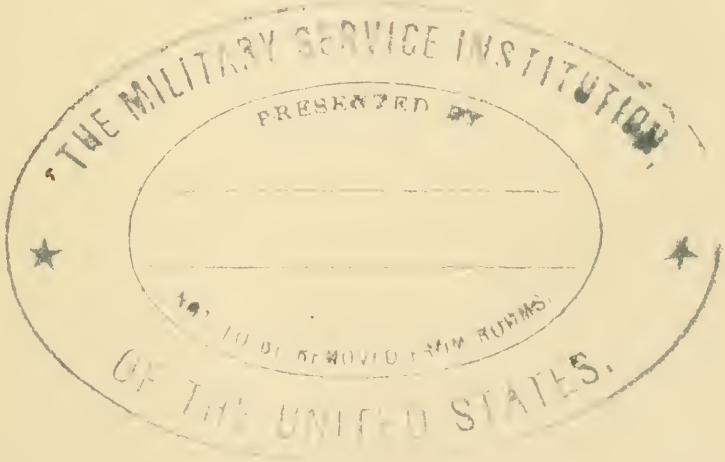

THREE RIVERS

THREE RIVERS

The James, The Potomac The Hudson

A RETROSPECT OF PEACE AND WAR

By

JOSEPH PEARSON FARLEY, U. S. A.

NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON

THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY

1910

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In memory of my classmates,

those who wore the blue and those who wore the gray

You are doing, my friends, what your children could not do, for if you had gone to your grave cherishing the bitterness of conflict, their filial piety would have led them to cherish the same bitter and resentful feeling for generation after generation. You alone, you who fought, you who passed the weary days in the trenches, you who had the supreme exaltation of life at stake, you alone can render that supreme sacrifice to your country of a gentle and kindly spirit, receiving your former enemies to renewed friendship and binding together all parts of the country for which you both fought. —(*From Speech of Senator Elihu Root, to Federal and Confederate Veterans at Utica, N. Y.*)

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PREFACE

In view of the fact that much of the matter of this book is taken from my previous writings, in the *Journal of the Military Service Institution,* and the magazine entitled *Army and Navy Life,* latterly entitled *Uncle Sam's Magazine,* I wish to express my obligation to the editors of these journals, as well for the plates of illustrations (which I originally made for them) as for fair copies of and the further use of my writings.

I am further obligated to Colonel C. W. Larned, professor of drawing at the United States Military Academy, for his "Genesis of the Architectural Developments at West Point," which essay he has prepared at my request and for the purpose here used.

What I have to offer on the subject of "Art in the Army," or Art at West Point, it is to be regretted cannot be accompanied by all of the original illustrations as they appeared in the *Journal of the Military Service Institution,* on account of size of plates and lack of space, but some copies of original water-color sketches made by me, of the surroundings of West Point, here find fitting place.

The difficulty of preserving values in monotint copies from water-color will no doubt be appreciated and allowed for.

I have introduced as the closing section of my book some extracts from my father's letters from Europe bearing upon Art, which serve to color

my own more labored efforts. His letters were written at a time (1828) to a friend in this country, when he was sent abroad by the War Department "to improve himself in the arts and sciences, and familiarize himself with the best methods in vogue in Europe for military maps and drawings, with the view of introducing such systems into the Engineer Bureau of our War Department." Upon his return from Europe (1829) he was charged with the draughting department of the Topographical Bureau of the Engineer Department and, in consequence of this, what he has to say in connection with the discussion of "Art in the Army" is quite in order and should be of interest to army readers, as well as others.

J. P. F.

THE JAMES RIVER

THREE RIVERS

CHAPTER I

"When shadows fall at evening time,
Our fancies go back and our hearts keep rhyme,
With songs that were sung in the Auld Lang Syne." [1]

I FIND myself to-night, the year of grace of 1908, in the City of Richmond, at the Hotel Jefferson and on the very site of an old homestead where as a boy I had passed many happy days.

In the early sixties of the past century I had viewed from the outposts of the Union Army, and with longing eyes, the heights and spires of the capital city of the Confederacy, but at the last moment, just as my expectations were about to be realized, Lee with his army evacuated the city, and I was ordered to duty at the United States Military Academy. Matters since then have so arranged themselves that this is the first time during a period of a full half century or more that the opportunity has been afforded me to visit a city for the people of which, in my younger days, I had had a warm affection.

More than this, to-day is the first time since the Civil war that I have followed the water-

[1] At a reunion dinner of the West Point Class of 1867, at the residence of Major General Charles Roe on the Hudson, Harry Metcalfe delivered a charming poem of his own, from which we borrow the above couplet as our text. On such festive occasions the ladies are never forgotten:

"But not to *fractioned* Charley do we quaff,
So here's to her, the absent better half;
Long may she live, the empire all her own,
With love her sceptre and her house her throne."

course from the sea to headwaters of navigation on a river that at one time was familiar to me in its every detail. I refer to that memorable decade in our country's history, which, commencing as early as 1854, terminated with the ending of the Civil war. Here, at first as a mere lad I had served as aid on the United States Coast Survey on the rivers James and York, and at a later period, after being graduated from the United States Military Academy as an officer of the Union Army, "an enemy in the house of my friends."

How well my recollections have been revived this day by what is here unrolled in nature's panorama will be attested, should I succeed in holding the attention of the reader, in a recital of past events viewed through the long-distance lens of advanced years.

We left old Point Comfort early this morning in the swift and well-appointed steamer *Pocahontas*. Before starting, a refreshing breeze set in from the north, regaling our spirits and promising well for the sail up the river, after the hot and sultry weather of preceding days, and that it may be remembered, this is the second day of June and summer is well upon us.

From the waters of Hampton Roads old Sol's early rays in broad masses were reflected in shades of emerald green, broken only by the shadow of some fleeting cloud expressed in tints of sapphire and of violet blue, a striking contrast to that which was yet to come. The heavy downpour of the previous week had dyed the river waters in clear ochre, but so glazed in sunlight as to still reflect the verdure on the banks rich in

summer vesture, beautiful in its harmony of blue and green and gold.

We are now passing over the spot where the colonist dropped anchor in early days, and where the immortal ship *Cumberland* went down, all hands aboard, with shotted guns and colors flying at the peak—a spot where surprise and counter-surprise were sprung, as the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor* each in turn appeared upon the scene. Here, too, some half century after, was to be seen the largest fleet of armor-clad ships of war ever assembled in American waters, and from this harbor sailed out beyond the Capes of Chesapeake the Atlantic Fleet on its mission 'round the world. 'Twas a noble venture, and one which suggests that a Colossus of Hampton Roads should arise from out the waters of the bay to immortalize the spot—and this none other than the Indian Princess herself.

It was my good fortune to have been a witness to three of the events here mentioned, and, so impressed have I been by one of these, I shall make it my endeavor to describe my sensations upon that occasion—the opening day of the Jamestown Tercentenary. "The sun is warm to-day. The wind very gentle. The orchards all a-bloom. Somehow, my mind is lured back to that moment when the true meaning of an ancient craving flashed upon me." As the reverberations of the signal gun from the water battery of the old fortress (Monroe) died away, the grandest fleet that had ever assembled in American waters, impatient of restraint, broke away from all time formulas, and fifty ships of war belched forth fire and flame in honor of the President of the United States. We of the old school, who had

reckoned on the measured intervals of the formal salute, were started, if not amazed, to witness this scene of mimic war.

The little *Mayflower* was well above the horizon, and with the aid of a good glass the President's ensign was visibly flying at the masthead; but as good old Dooley would say, "Shiver me topmast, but the loikes iv this I've niver sane before sinst th' day I was born."

And here I turn to my old friend Morris Schaff for aid, the man whose prose is all poetry: "Does our imagination spiritualize the event and make us see Fate forcing her way as she leads the country to its destiny; . . . is it the glow from faces of high-minded youths in gray and blue; or is it the radiance in the face of peace? My heart beats before it." Yes, it was on the very spot where the *Cumberland* went down with her colors at the peak that the chime of guns rang out over the grave of this noble ship—fifty times twenty-one guns in joyous tones of welcome. A battle of war-ships with unshotted guns, flying the ensigns of the nationalities of the world.

And now turning back the page of history we find that on the hour when Magruder's men responded to a "call to arms" at Jamestown, a tragedy was being enacted in the near-by waters of the Chesapeake, the recital of which for all time will grace the annals of naval warfare. Those of our day remember well the anxiety and dismay that possessed the people of the North when the *Merrimac* began her deadly work, and nothing, it seemed, could avert the certain calamity ahead, save the arrival of the little *Monitor* to turn the tide of battle. The question was on every tongue, "Will she be equal to the task?"

When the construction of the *Manassas,* a Mississippi steamer made over into an iron-clad, became known to all in the early days of the war, and the destruction and abandonment of the Norfolk Navy Yard on April 19, 1861, enabled the Confederates to possess themselves of the old line frigate *Merrimac,* there soon came to us the note of warning that she was being remodeled as an iron-clad.

With such facts before us, heroic measures were at once inaugurated, and Providence, reinforced by an Act of Congress dated August 3, 1861, authorized bids to be invited for the delivery, within one hundred days, of an iron-clad vessel, the speed of which should not be less than eight knots, and the cost of which should not exceed $275,000. Seventeen responses to the call were received in the Naval Bureau of Construction, all of which were accompanied by elaborate plans and specifications.

Ericsson, a Swede by birth and a naturalized American citizen, was the successful bidder, but he required a grace of forty days for the fulfillment of his contract. In 1854, during the Crimean war, he had submitted a plan to the French government which in all respects was similar to that of his *Monitor* of later days, but the project met with no favor at the hands of that government. France had its *Gloire* and England had its *Warrior* before the *Monitor* appeared upon the scene, but their merits were never established, and in fact little if any confidence was had in these vessels. Though imperfect in its construction and defective in points of detail, the arrival of the *Monitor* off the Capes of Virginia, on the evening of the 8th of March, 1862, closed the

epoch of wooden naval warfare and opened the era of the iron-clad, with, it has been said, "a distinctness as startling as it was momentous."

The draft of the *Merrimac* was so great (twenty-two feet) that the pilot at first refused to take her out of the Elizabeth River, and here was a clear gain in point of time for the Union cause. On Saturday morning, March 8, the *Merrimac* stood on straight for the *Congress* and the *Cumberland,* and when she was within three-quarters of a mile the latter vessel opened on her with heavy pivot guns, closely followed by the guns of the *Congress.*

McLean Buchanan, a brother of the Confederate commander, was an officer of the *Congress,* and the *Merrimac,* passing that vessel, steered directly for the *Cumberland;* the Confederate flag officer hoped that the *Congress* would surrender, on seeing the fate of her consort, and that his brother would thus escape. In passing the *Congress* the *Merrimac* delivered her starboard broadside, which was quickly returned, and the rapid fire from both vessels was concentrated on the iron-clad. The *Merrimac* continued her course and struck the *Cumberland* at right angles, under the fore channels, on the starboard side; and the blow, although hardly perceptible on the iron-clad, seemed to those on board the *Cumberland* as if the whole ship's side had been smashed in. The *Cumberland* sank to her tops with her ensign still flying at the peak.[2] One-third of the crew of this noble ship perished, and the entire crew would have gone down with their ship had

[2] During the whole war there was no finer incident than this, and the bravery of the officers and men of the *Cumberland* even won the applause of the enemy.—ADMIRAL DAVID PORTER.

the contest been on the open sea and in deeper water. The *Congress* escaped the fate of the *Cumberland* by running ashore, striking her colors and hoisting the white flag.

At this juncture, through the gross carelessness of the Union battery commander at Newport News,—or it may have been unwarranted zeal and mistaken desire to participate in the fray,—the *Merrimac* was fired upon by these batteries, when her officers and crew were upon the open deck striving in every way to aid the crews of the *Congress* and *Cumberland.* At this moment several of the Confederates were killed and wounded, and Commander Buchanan was shot through the thigh, while Lieutenant Minor was shot through the side. This was a little too much for the Confederates, and on the instant the deck of the *Congress* was raked fore and aft by shot and shell and in total disregard of her signal of distress.

At 7 o'clock in the evening the *Merrimac* ceased firing and retired to Sewell's Point for the night, carrying with her two killed and nineteen wounded out of a crew of three hundred and fifty. Her captain and one lieutenant were among the number of those seriously if not fatally wounded.

And now a word for the *Monitor.* In tow of the *Seth Low,* a New York tugboat, and with a crew that had been in commission but ten days, she started down New York harbor on the afternoon of March 6, and her officers, hearing the heavy firing as they passed Cape Henry on March 8, stripped their vessel of her sea rig and prepared for action. The passage from New York had been difficult and dangerous. Shortly after 7 A.

M. on the following day the *Merrimac* attempted to ram the *Monitor,* and the iron-clads became engaged at such close quarters that they came in contact. The *Merrimac* attempted to run down her pigmy antagonist, but Worden, her captain, gave the *Monitor* a broad sheer and took the blow of the ram on his starboard quarter, whence it glanced off without doing injury. After a contest of two hours the *Monitor* hauled off to hoist shot into the turret, and at half after eleven renewed the engagement. At this juncture Worden was blinded and disabled, his quartermaster and pilot shocked, and this before Lieutenant Green could leave the turret and get into the pilot house to assume command. During these unavoidable moments of delay the *Monitor* was steaming no one knew whither.

Van Brunt, of the *Minnesota,* supposing his protector disabled, was just about to destroy his ship, but at the moment perceived that Catesby Jones, the gallant officer of the *Merrimac,* had retired his vessel from the fight and was apparently returning to Norfolk.

Though both iron-clads were severely pounded, neither had developed its offensive strength, and the only serious casualty on either side in this day's fight was the injury received by the *Monitor's* captain, Lieutenant John L. Worden, who, after two sleepless days and nights, sailed his ship into Hampton Roads, only to find the Union fleet thoroughly demoralized and that the whole weight of the crisis must rest upon him. On the following morning he took his untried vessel into action with an enemy whose powers had been proved in a successful engagement, and whose comparatively

enormous size caused his little battery to sink into insignificance.

The close of the battle found the enemy in apparent retreat, the blockade unbroken, the fleet saved and the Roads unconquered. And the names of Worden and *Monitor* shall ever be linked by the country in affectionate remembrance.

Worden, so Admiral Porter tells us, had specific instructions not to use his steel projectiles or a twenty-five pound powder charge in his guns; in the light of subsequent events and from what we now know of the strength and durability of those guns, I give it as my individual opinion that had Worden departed from the letter of his order, a decisive victory would probably have been determined in his favor.

The contest on the 9th of March, 1862, has always been considered a drawn battle, but it was potent in effect, as it warned the *Monitor* not to renew the fight *alone* when challenged some weeks after, and it deterred the *Merrimac* from trying her hand in a contest with our entire fleet and the Fort Monroe batteries combined. She was therefore "bottled up" and had to be destroyed by her own people and in her own waters.[3]

[3] The above brief of this contest is from my article on "The Era of Iron-Clad Warfare," published in 1904 in the *Journal of the Military Service Institution,* and other sources.

CHAPTER II

We are now just off the shore of Newport News, a one-time dormant plain, and next a camping ground dotted over with the white tents of soldiery. But what have we to-day? A city, not merely a city in name, but one in fact, where energy and capital combine the inland and sea-going transportation of an ever-growing country. Look to your laurels, sister Norfolk,—or shall we say, and saying this, say truly, "There is glory enough for us all"?

We are speeding along at a goodly rate,—I use the term advisedly,—for where, if not in this land of sun and flowers, the "Sunny South," must there devolve upon engineer and fireman so great responsibility for Time's delays as in this State of "Ole Virginie." Throw wide the throttle and pile on your coal, for we must reach our destination ere the sun goes down. A story here sustains this point. A wag who had frequented a certain railroad station near at hand remarked to the conductor of an incoming train that he had been there upon the arrival of that train for the past ten years and had never before seen it come in on time. "W-a-ll," drawled out the conductor, "I guess you air wrong this time. This is *yistirday's* train!"

The elevators, coalyards, and shipyard of the South are at the moment lost in the haze of dim distance as we skim along over a section of the river where it widens out to flats and shoals, and

where its devious channelways are marked by the lighthouse and the buoy.

What evidence of thrift is here, and how striking is the contrast with the inertness and ineptitude of years before the war!

The season is over for shad run, but the waters are speckled here and there with tiny boats, all out for river sturgeon, a fish for the most part of mammoth size. What profit here in a labor which by some is reckoned sport, profit for the black man as well as for the white!

We are now leaving Ferguson's landing, the longest wharf on the river. How well I remember it, with its tram-car, its darky and its mule. The same old mule, perhaps. I have spread my legs across the back of that old mule, or some of his progenitors, to aid the stevedore in my boyish ways, while aiding thus myself.

Here is the short cut overland to Smithfield, where hams are cured as they should be, and where the wild hog gets his acorn flavor—these are the hogs that make game equally of men and boys. How well I know their tricks! Here, too, it rains at times, not "cats and dogs," or "pitchforks," either, but comes down in gentle showers of tiny toads, toads to be reckoned by the million and quadrillion, a perfect syndicate of toads. This, too, was an experience had of my own. Where did those toads come from? Will some one explain?

Ten miles more of progress and we are passing "Hog Island Plantation," the most prolific market garden on the river, and just across from Hog Island, at the re-entrant of a sharp bend in the stream, King's Mill wharf appears, where as a boy I registered a vow that if Frémont (the abo-

lition candidate) should be elected President I would *fight for slavery and the rights of man.* The rights of man expressed in property no doubt was meant.

What economists are we Americans, to be sure! Why did not our people, when "in Congress assembled," appropriate a sum sufficient to buy the negro and set him free instead of embarking in a conflict to cost so much blood and treasure and which in the end came to the very same thing? Tea and tax on tea is another mess in which we became involved in consequence of the short-sightedness of man.

However, since we must fight, that is, have a war in every thirty years to keep things going, perhaps it was as well to have had it out before the present generation entered on the stage—a generation, as we have seen, that's boiling for a fight; at least *it was.*

An English authority has said that "though slavery was the root and cause of the war [of the Rebellion] the immediate issue did not turn directly on slavery. The South took its stand on the right which, it alleged, each State possessed to withdraw from the Union. The North rested its case on the paramount necessity of maintaining the Union. And it was this issue which affected the decisions of men on either side in the terrible struggle which was beginning. Buchanan, the ex-President, and Douglas, who had been a candidate for the Presidency, were both men who sympathized with the South on the slavery question, but both threw in their lot with the North, and decided on following the flag. Lee, on the contrary, whose achievements as a general were to make his name a household word, thought slavery a positive evil,

and the Union a glorious result of Washington's labors. But he considered that his first allegiance was due to his own State, and, when Virginia seceded from the Union, resigned his commission in the United States Army, which he might otherwise have commanded. Thus, as sometimes happens in affairs, each of the parties to the quarrel ignored the cause which had brought matters to an extremity, and rested his case on other ground. The South hesitated to estrange European and English opinion by ostensibly proclaiming that it was fighting for slavery. The North equally refrained from alleging that it was attacking an institution of whose continuance opinion was divided, and asserted its intention to maintain the Union, on which opinion in the North was unanimous."

The river freight goes over from King's Mill wharf to Williamsburg, some seven miles away, and at this mill the surveying party to which I was attached as aid encamped for some weeks in the year 1856. I may also state that my father was Surveyor in charge of the party.

"Old Dick," a raw-boned horse, for the use of which I paid one dollar per week, was my means of transit to the quaint old colonial town. I use the term advisedly, in speaking of my horse, since I paid a country doctor more than twice the hire of the horse to cure infirmities contracted on these rides.

Williamsburg and her dear old college! To this day I cannot forget my sensation when first entering the portals of William and Mary College, which is located at the west end of Duke of Gloucester street. My impulse was to jab a jackknife into the plastered walls and ascertain the depth of the whitewashed coating, and next to

ferret out the diamond-scratched names on the window panes and see how many George Washingtons and Patrick Henrys might thus be discovered. This college was founded in 1692. It was the second university of its kind in America, Harvard being the first, and, as has not inaptly been observed, "the purpose was to make all Indians Episcopalians, and all white students clergymen."

For my own part I had sampled the Presbyterian School for Princeton College, and had been a student for a term or so at the Georgetown Catholic College, D. C., but never before had it been given me to imbibe the atmosphere of a library of an ancient college such as this, with its tomes so worn and dust laden. This, it should be remembered, was a half century ago; but to-day the same old feeling possesses me when I enter that library room, to find, as everyone does, all things just as they were in years gone by. This is the spot of all others where one may find a solitary nook or corner in which, with no other companion than his Virgil or his Horace, he may read the classics in the spirit they should be read, and, if perchance an hour has arrived when infirmities of age deny such resource, then in some sequestered place, in some old home (of which there are many in this quaint village town) far removed from the racket and bustle of a busy world, he will find quiet and relief from all care and vexation of this life.

The one who has a day to spare should go to Williamsburg and learn for himself if the things I say be not true. Let him visit the Palace Green, the Court Green, the quaint little Courthouse, the stone which marks the site of the House of Burgesses, and the first capitol of America. Here,

too, he will find old Bruton Church and the Powder Horn, which in later years served the Confederate Army as a magazine. I will not attempt to describe these things; others have done the work so well that I will pass to something of equal interest, but not worn threadbare.

Jamestown, located about as far above King's Mill on the river as the latter is from Williamsburg, is a place about which so much has been said and written that I must not detain the reader further than to remark that if elderly gentlemen, such as "Old Rip" and others, are allowed to roam at large through the avenues and streets of the new-made Jamestown, and this at intervals of centuries and fractions of centuries, they will be at a loss to determine where they are; or, as we say in modern and vulgar parlance, "*where they are at.*"

Is there anything so mysterious in life as this sudden awakening from sound slumber in some strange place with total loss of reckoning? How well this idea has been formulated in these lines:

"What do we know, in truth, about our sleep?
Only that dreams, sometimes pursuing, creep
Over the unseen bound we call awakening;
Know that we gain refreshment or unrest,
Whether the dream or wakening more was blest,
And that there came a change when day was breaking.

"What do we know about our little life—
Its toil and pleasure, misery and strife?
What shall we know when we have passed its portal?
Perhaps we shall remember that we dream.
That time was sweet or troubled vision teemed,
When we are wide awake, alive, immortal." [1]

"Old Rip" experienced the sensation fully, and Jefferson has given body to the thought. Indeed,

[1] E. M. Coleman, *Century.*

standing there alone and on the deck of the steamer *Pocahontas,* I ask myself, Can this be Jamestown? Is this the Jamestown of my boyhood's day?

But let us return to our surveying party, whom we have forgotten in the flood of memories as we gaze upon the old familiar scenes.

A party of ladies and gentlemen from Richmond who were staying at Claremont, a mile or so below Lower Brandon, called over to see us to arrange for a sail down the river to the old settlement. The weather for the season was very fine, almost like spring, and it was agreed that our party should go down on the schooner *Wave* (a vessel of the revenue cutter type), while the party from Claremont should race us in the yacht *Breeze* (a vessel of the yacht *America* type), which was owned by Mr. Allen, of Claremont, one of the largest landowners on the river, and a very liberal and wealthy man. We were given some odds in a race of this kind, a start of fully a mile; but truth to tell, Mr. Allen had landed his party at Jamestown Island before we had even dropped anchor at the place. It must not be assumed from all this that the Coast Survey party was wholly bent upon pleasure, since on this day at least, duty with it was combined, and the opportunity was afforded the ladies to see how a theodolite was brought into play and the care which had to be exercised in the measurement of the sides of triangles some fifteen or more miles in extent. The care that must be observed in triangulation work cannot be better illustrated than by the instance where a base was measured near Baltimore, Md., the officer working down Chesapeake Bay, and another base at Cape Henlopen, Delaware, the officer working on the outer coast of

Maryland and Virginia. When the work was closed after a lapse of years, at Cape Charles, the latitude and longitude of the closing point separately determined by each party was within five feet of the other. In all of this operation no communication was allowed between the surveying parties, the check being held in the Coast Survey office in Washington City.[2]

But enough of this; we are detaining the ladies. For their amusement my father called up an old negro "auntie" and made her take a peep through his telescope at a working party several miles away. She threw up her hands, exclaiming in amazement, "Lor', Massa! Yu'se mus' be sum relashun of Massa Henry Wise"; from which it will be inferred that the old woman hailed from the Eastern Shore of Virginia.

"That is nothing," replied my father, in lighter vein. "This instrument," pointing to the theodolite, "will enable you to hear what they are say-

[2] The triangulation along the seacoast between Cape Henlopen and Cape Charles was executed mainly by J. Farley in the years 1847 to 1852; Farley and Blunt both using the two stations, C. Charles and Smiths Id. East, in 1852. This coast triangulation was first made to depend on a length brought down to Cape Henlopen through primary triangles from the primary base at Fire Island on the south shore of Long Island. But in September, 1853, a secondary base line was measured on Sinepuxent Beach by J. Farley and J. E. Hilgard, using two four-meter iron bars. This base line was 3,908.995 meters in length.

The final computations show that to bring the triangulation between the Sinepuxent base line and Cape Charles into accord with the triangulation between the Kent Island base line and Cape Charles, a length equation was introduced designed to take up a discrepancy in length between the two bases amounting to .0000901 in the logarithms, or 1-4823. This would mean about one foot per mile, or on the line common to the two surveys, the line Cape Charles-Smiths Id. East, having a length of 8,741.61 meters, the discrepancy amounts to 1.8 meters, or 5.9 feet. Respectfully,

J. W. PERKINS, Acting Superintendent, U. S. C. S.

ing." How prophetic! Was this in anticipation of the wireless telegraph that in some half century yet to come was to give full expression to a well-timed joke? When the telegraph itself first appeared I remember, as a boy, that an aunt of mine spent a whole day watching the newly placed wires, and her naïve remark afforded as quite as much amusement as did the exclamation of the old black "auntie." She "had been sitting," as she said, "the whole day, watching the wires, but had not seen a single message pass."

After a picnic lunch on the day at Jamestown Island, my father made a pencil sketch of the old church tower, and while so engaged the overseer of the plantation remarked that he "would take down the cow-pen if it was in the way." I remember to this day my father's expression as he smilingly looked up at me and thanked the good man, saying, "I have taken it down myself." The church tower was all that then remained of the scene of the first church, the first legislative assembly, the first marriage, and the first baptism of the first permanent English settlement in America.

The old graveyard, when I visited it in 1856, was not so well cleared of weeds and rubbish as it appears at the present time. Several of our party busied themselves in trying to decipher the illegible characters on the broken tombstones, and my father set me to work to rub up the stones with the juice of weeds to see if the acid would not bring out the letters. While so engaged I was not a little startled to see a snake of the copperhead type crawling out from under one of the tombstones. St. Patrick himself could not have been more demoralized than I was as I broke away from my occupation.

When I visited this same spot some fifty years later, with a large party of excursionists, a retired officer of our army rapidly approaching my threescore years and ten, it was a great disappointment to me to find the old graveyard so much renovated and altered that I was unable to locate the spot where I had seen the serpent in this Garden of Eden. At the time of my early visit it was indeed very difficult to imagine that there had ever been any colony located on Jamestown Island, or that it had at any time been other than a simple farm. The excavations that have more recently been made and the pains taken by the association that has this work in hand have put things in shape to appeal more directly to the imagination. "The quiet solitude of these ruins give a sacred retreat whose enjoyment, though negative, we are certain will not prove fallacious."

"Lauriger Horatius,
Quam dixisti verum!
Fugit Euro citius
Tempus edax rerum."

Here stands to-day the new obelisk, its apex tipped with silver shining out in daylight like a morning or evening star where distance renders the obelisk itself invisible, heliotroping the rays of the rising or setting sun.

The cream-white river wall, which is so well constructed as forevermore to stay the wash of waters, serves well for a retaining wall for the new-made lawn and graveyard and a preservative for the Confederate earthwork.[3] The new brick

[3] During the summer of 1861 General I. Bankhead Magruder, who commanded a Confederate force at Williamsburg, constructed a line of entrenchments at Jamestown Island, Va., resting his right flank on the James River at this point. These en-

church, abutting as it does against the old church tower, impresses one very much (if we seek a simile) as should the modern dame minus her Merry Widow hat, and in its stead some relic from a grandam's bandbox.

Good-bye, Jamestown! Good-bye! I have seen you once too often.

We are now approaching Cobham's wharf, directly over the river from Jamestown and due south, a place which has more of interest for me than for any other.

trenchments were of the bastion order, and were armed, for the most part, with field guns and with a few guns of larger caliber, such as the old style Columbiads. Reference to the official records of the Civil war indicate the importance of this defense at Jamestown to the Confederates. Yet in all written accounts of this place it is singular that nothing is said of this feature of the island's history.

General Magruder in his reports urged the Confederate authorities to take active measures to fortify and defend a point of such strategic value. His recommendations were heeded, and in October, 1861, he directed one regiment to take post on Jamestown Island, reporting to Captain Catesby Jones, of the Confederate Navy (later the executive officer of the *Merrimac*). Soon after this Lieutenant De Lagnel, with a company of the regiment, was sent to Mulberry Point on the James River, for the purpose of sinking a number of canal boats at the mouth of the Warwick River, the more fully to protect the Confederate position at Williamsburg, and shortly after this a troop of cavalry was sent to Grove Wharf and later to Jamestown Island, owing to the impression that the Union troops were about to ascend the James River.

When it was reported, though erroneously, that the Union troops were about simultaneously to advance by the James and York rivers, six thousand men were ordered to Jamestown. These troops were withdrawn from that place in December, 1861, but shortly after, when Magruder determined to hold the works at Spratley's, Jamestown, and Williamsburg, he realized that if a Union force should pass the post on the lower James, that not only would his flank be exposed, but his rear and line of communication would be threatened. He therefore called for four or five thousand North Carolina volunteers for Jamestown Island, in order the more fully to secure the Peninsula against an advance of his adversary.

That little white house on the hill, with its three dormer windows and attic room, has a story to tell of one who can never be brought to view Dame Nature's effort expressed in sunrise without experiencing a tingling sensation in his ear and something akin to earthquake shock throughout his frame. This lad, it was discovered, had so little appreciation for displays of the kind mentioned that his father bestowed a sound box on his ear to bring him to a proper sense of realization of what early risers may enjoy. But not so, the youth in question he was otherwise disposed, and John G. Saxe has made the sentiment quite clear:

> "So let us sleep and give the Maker praise.
> I like the lad who, when his father thought
> To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
> Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
> Cried, 'Served him right! It's not at all surprising;
> The worm was punished, sir, for early rising!'"

I inquired of the old colored stewardess of the boat if she knew who lived in the little white house, but, receiving no encouragement from her, I asked the question of the dock hands at Cobham. "Mister Younglove," was the prompt reply. When I passed through the cabin, the stewardess, who had a group of friends of her own race about her, politely inquired, "Did you find out what you wanted to know, mister?" "Yes," I replied, "I found out, auntie, that it is a Mr. Younglove who occupies the house. Fifty years ago I lived in that house, and my name is *Oldlove.*" This seemed to amuse the ladies of color, whose sense of humor we may never mistrust, but their laughter served to remind me—and this no little to my mortification—that my aged appearance gave point to this

timely joke. With more gravity than jest I further observed, "*Yes, I love everything that is old —old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wines. Old wines are the wholesomest; old pippins toothsomest; old wood burns brightest; old linen washes whitest; old soldiers' sweethearts are the sweetest, and old lovers are the soundest.*"

CHAPTER III

We are now passing Barrett's Point, at the mouth of the far-famed Chickahominy. Near this point—Green Spring—a battle was fought between McClellan's vanguard and Magruder's rear guard, as the latter retired his detaining force from Williamsburg. I had been, before the war, all over the hunting grounds which border on the Chickahominy, and though my services with the Army of the Potomac and with Horse Battery A, Second Artillery, in 1861, did not carry me to this field of operations on the James River (I had in the meantime been transferred to the Ordnance Corps of the Army), "My heart was true to Poll." I followed McClellan's campaign with as much interest as, at a later day, I did that of Grant, with whom I served in his last campaign on the James River, 1864-65.

The Tenth Army Corps, with which I had served during the siege of Charleston (1863-64), was transferred in the spring of 1864 from the Department of the South to the James River, and this corps, with others, constituted the Army of the James, under General Benjamin Butler, whose headquarters were at Bermuda Hundred. Some two or three months after this transfer I found myself under orders to join the Army of the Potomac, the headquarters of which were at City Point, Va. There I assumed the command of the Ordnance Depot of the armies operating against Richmond, a few weeks after the explosion, of which I shall further on make brief mention.

When Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant assumed command of the Eastern armies and took the field in person, with Meade as his lieutenant, the force with which he had to cope consisted of some 67,000 well-conditioned veteran soldiers, and 224 guns, commanded by General Robert E. Lee.

Grant's main object was to capture Lee's army, and, incidentally, the capital of the Confederacy. With a total force of 122,000 men and 316 guns, he determined to march directly against his adversary, and, as the sequel showed, he arrived at or near the same point that McClellan had finally adopted as his base of supplies, and City Point, Va., became General Grant's depot and the James River his line of communication.

The combined operations of the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the James, striking the enemy simultaneously front and rear, greatly facilitated the advance of the Army of the Potomac by the overland route. And yet, even while operating, Grant's losses were enormous. In the two months during which the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Drury's Bluff, Totopatomoy, Cold Harbor, and the Battle of the Mine at Petersburg were fought, his losses aggregated in killed and wounded alone some fifty thousand men, while the exhausting effect of this campaign, the country being low and marshy, showed itself in an immense sick list of malarial diseases. The Confederate Army had this one great advantage—its personnel was inured to the climate, and, furthermore, the enemy operated always on interior lines and near his base.

By the time that Grant had established himself on the James River, with City Point as his headquarters (in 1864), it may safely be reckoned that

his entire command, both in the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the James, did not exceed 70,000 men, reckoned as effectives. As he had a right to do, he counted upon large reinforcements by conscription, whereas the losses of his adversary could no longer be so compensated, and for this reason Grant conducted the game of war at a sacrifice of three to one, a game that was played by him with perfect impunity.

McClellan's plan of campaign in 1862, followed by operations against Richmond, resulted in a disposition of forces analogous to that finally attained by Grant in 1864, and foreign military critics agree that McClellan's course was by far the best that he could, at the time, have pursued. His change of front from the White House on the York River to Harrison's Landing on the James has always been reckoned as a masterly stroke, resulting, as it did, in well establishing his army and terminating the "Seven Days' Fight" in victory at Malvern Hill.

I will further on make clear that the withdrawal of McDowell's corps without McClellan's knowledge was the cause of all of the latter's discomfiture.

Let us briefly consider the results of McClellan's attempted semi-circumvallation of Richmond. He undoubtedly did, in placing his army on the two sides of the Chickahominy, and in spreading out his forces by a weak and dangerous extension of his lines, impair his power of concentration. His extension, far out on his right flank, was, however, for the sole purpose of forming a junction with McDowell's Corps of 20,000 men, a force he believed at the time to be en route from Fredericksburg. But the defeat of Banks and Frémont by

Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley had induced those in authority to divert McDowell's Corps from its original line of march, and to recall it for the protection of Washington City, thus preventing McDowell's juncture with McClellan's extended and exposed flank; nor was McClellan informed of this change of plan, with the consequent risk to his entire army. Jackson in the meantime appeared with his corps, on the right flank of McClellan's army, and by forced marches threw himself between the Chickahominy and Pamunkey rivers. D. H. Hill and Jackson on the one side, with about 14,000 men, then bore down upon Mechanicsville and struck McClellan's flank, but fortunately night put an end to the conflict, the Union forces moving down the river during the night to Powhete Swamp.

This occurred on the 26th of June, 1862, and on the following day A. P. and D. H. Hill, together with Longstreet, made a general advance upon the Union Army, while Jackson kept well away to the left, gradually converging to the Chickahominy. McClellan's army, divided by the Chickahominy, was confronted by Magruder on the south side, while the portion on the north side, having fallen back to a new line of defenses, made a decided stand. It was at this point that a battle raged until eight o'clock in the evening, after which McClellan was constrained to cross to the south side of the Chickahominy under cover of night, but not without having inflicted as great a loss upon his adversary as he himself had sustained.

The Fredericksburg and Central R. R. having fallen into the hands of the Confederates, communication between McClellan's army and White

House on the Pamunkey, his base of supplies, was thus severed. To extricate himself, the Confederates believed he must either win a victory or capitulate. But McClellan divined the situation and massed his entire force, taking up a line of march for the James River, where, under cover of his gunboats, he was to find his new base of supplies, established and in readiness. Unbroken forests and wide swamps favored his operations, as it was most difficult for his adversaries to follow him with ability, or to reconnoiter his position so as to bring him to decisive battle, and neither Hill nor Longstreet could find McClellan until his forces were skillfully disposed, and when found batteries of sixteen guns opened upon A. P. Hill. The Union forces, already formed in several lines of battle, poured upon the adversary a devouring fire of musketry.

"The conflict here was desperate and continued with an ardor and devotion that few battlefields have ever illustrated. By half-past eight o'clock the Confederates had driven back the Union forces step by step, leaving them a mile and half from their ground of battle. It was now about half-past nine o'clock, and very dark. Suddenly, as if it had burst from the heavens, a sheet of fire enveloped the Confederates' advance. McClellan had made another stand, and from the black masses of his forces it was evident that he had been heavily reinforced. The losses here on the Confederate side were terrible, and their troops retired slowly.

"The most vociferous cheers arose along the Yankee line. . . . It was a moment when the heart of the stoutest commander might have been appalled. The next morning the Union troops were strongly entrenched in a dense forest on the

other side of the field. Their artillery, numbering forty pieces, could be seen bristling over the freshly constructed earthworks. The charge of Magruder across the field was followed by a murderous storm of grape and canister, hurled with most terrible effect. Officers and men went down by the hundreds. The carnage from the withering fire of the combined artillery and musketry of the Federals was dreadful. Twice again the effort to carry the position was renewed, and each time with the same result. This battle was probably the most sanguinary of the series of bloody conflicts which had taken place on the lines about Richmond. . . . The skill and spirit with which McClellan had managed to *retreat* was indeed remarkable (the italics are ours) and afforded no mean proof of his generalship. At every stage of his retreat he had confronted the Confederates with a strong rear guard, and had encountered them with strong lines of battle and regular disposition of infantry, cavalry and artillery."

From all of this it may be understood why the Confederate generals were so wary of McClellan.

Having quoted the Confederate authority, Pollard, let us now see what a Federal authority has to say respecting this same contest: "The Union Army at Malvern Hill was disposed in the form of a huge semicircle, its wings resting on the river and protected by the fire of the gunboats. There was an open plateau about sixty feet above the water level, where the army made its stand. Reserve batteries of twenty and thirty-two pounders with rifled and Napoleon guns were in line, and with the infantry below awaiting the attack. Fully sixty pieces had a converging fire from Fitz-John Porter's line, and all along the crest of the hill,

whenever one was needed, a battery made its appearance at the moment.

. . . . .

"Tidball's horse battery, as well as the batteries of Benson and Robinson, were credited with having contributed greatly to the success of the day."

In referring to the last battle of the seven days' contest as a Union victory, here is what General A. S. Webb, in his "Peninsular Campaign," Scribner Series, has to say: ". . . A careful reading of D. H. Hill's report of his part of the battle shows plainly the loss and demoralization of his division, and gives a glimpse of the disorder hidden by the woods about the little parsonage.

"No more positive admission of defeat with loss and disorder can be looked for. Hill upbraids everybody, from the commander-in-chief down to Whiting and Holmes, who he asserts were not engaged at all. . . . As Magruder got his men in place, the fire from these batteries became, as stated, intense. His plan was to put 15,000 men in line and charge the batteries and supporting infantry, to follow up success with fresh troops, and if repulsed to hold the line where he then was on the hill. His caution, as to repulse, was one that did great credit to his military sagacity, and was fully justified by events. Although the batteries were not carried, the assault contributed much to the rout, panic, and demoralization which marked the enemy's escape from the field early in the night. Dark set in, and he concluded to let the battle subside, and occupy the field; pickets were set, and a part of Armistead's brigade encamped within one hundred yards of the Union guns.

"About the same time that D. H. Hill advanced to make the attack—say about 5.30 P. M.—Ma-

gruder, who waited in vain for the thirty pieces of rifled artillery for which he had sent to silence the Union fire, became impatient at the delay, and ordered General Armistead's brigade to advance, and at the same time put his own division in motion. He sent forward Wright's brigade first, Mahone's next, substituted three regiments of Cobb's for the remainder of Armistead's raw troops, sent in General Ransom to his left, in person superintended the advance of Barkdale's brigade of his own division, and sent staff officers in quick succession to urge an attack by Huger on his left. As they emerged from the cover of the woods in which their line was formed, and breasted the slope of the hill, now swept by the converging fire of the heavy batteries at the Chew house, the advance was checked, but they were easily rallied and led again with fury to the attack; but the line made no further progress, as is stated in Magruder's report. Ransom and Jones, with the remainder of Armistead's men, were urged forward to the support of their faltering comrades. McLaw's division was also sent by order of General Lee, and Magruder was urged to press the enemy on the right. They advanced bravely all along the line, but only to recoil before the storm of missiles which each fresh effort on their part drew from the heavy guns. The day was drawing to an end, and Magruder gave his attention to securing the ravine and woods where he had formed his line, and to procuring reinforcements to guard against any reverse. All the Confederate generals ascribe their failure to reach the hill to the preponderance of the artillery fire on the Union side, their own inefficiency in that arm, and to want of support and co-operation in attack. In truth, there seem to

have been few orders issued from the first by the Confederate general-in-chief."

From first to last this was a Union victory, and McClellan was as well disposed for action at Harrison's Landing as was Grant at a later day at City Point, a few miles further up the James River. Grant was forced to concede a loss of at least 50,000 men during his campaign, while McClellan's loss in the seven days' contest aggregated 12,469 —the Confederates losing 20,614 men.

In fact it will be seen that McClellan inflicted a far more severe blow upon his adversary than the one he had received, in the ratio of 20 to 12. He had a better base on the James River than at the White House, and begged to be allowed to hold on and operate against Richmond from the southeasterly direction, as Grant did two years thereafter.[1] More than all, he enjoyed the full confidence of his army, so much so, indeed, that after his relief from command, President Lincoln went himself to solicit McClellan to take command of Pope's defeated

[1] General Schaff, in his late writings for the *Atlantic Monthly,* speaks of Lee's brilliant conception in attacking Grant in the Wilderness with a force but half that of his adversary: "In case of defeat the nearer Richmond he should be the more serious would be the result. He had had one experience of that kind at Malvern Hill, which is within ten miles of Richmond, and I am sure he never wanted another like it, for all accounts agree, and are confirmed by what I have heard from Confederates themselves, that his army and Richmond were on the verge of panic."

It was the general opinion of many army officers in 1862, that had McClellan been sustained and permitted to operate against Richmond from the south side, with headquarters at Harrison's Landing, he would have discomfited General Lee and the Confederate Army to a degree which might have compelled the latter's retirement from Richmond to Lynchburg, and the establishment of the Confederate capital at that point. The Union Army had greater resources and could more rapidly have recuperated after the seven days' contests than its antagonist, which had suffered so much great losses.

forces as the only general the army could or would follow.

Grant's plan of overland march was the only practical one at a later day (1864), and attention is especially invited to this fact, to wit:—Before undertaking operations or consenting to assume the command of the Army of the Potomac, he made it a condition, precedent, that he should have complete control of his army and not be interfered with by others in authority; all of which goes to prove that he, Grant, realized that the disasters which had visited the Army of the Potomac were more directly to be charged to the ill-timed interference of others than to the shortcomings of his predecessors.

In the early days of the war there had been an insistence on the part of the Secretary of War, Stanton, that McClellan should march directly against Lee, as it was now proposed that Grant should do; but *at that time* McClellan, as a strategist, knew full well what would result in following out such a plan—advancing directly upon Richmond and retaining Washington City as his base.

He knew that every battle would be drawn, every victory achieved would find the opposing force on shorter lines, while his own army would be farther and farther from its base and with its front more and more extended. He studied the map as an engineer and strategist, and noted thereon streams such as Bull Run, Aquia, Rapidan, Rappahannock, Matapony, North Anna, South Anna, or better still the rivers Potomac, York and James.

He fully realized that these waters were one and all defensive lines for his adversary if in retreat, all running to the Chesapeake on parallel lines, and on lines at right angles to that which must be in-

evitably his line of advance against Richmond. His judgment in this matter was indeed fully vindicated by Grant's later campaign and the use made by that officer of the James River as a line of operations and supply.

I have it in mind to comment as I go along on some details of Grant's campaign where I was personally involved, and have here ventured a few words gleaned by study of McClellan's operations in these waters; though, as a matter of course, what I have had to say has been at second hand, but, I trust, none the less interesting.

Many of McClellan's critics seem not to consider the element of chance that enters largely into the game of war; and chance or interference, not strategy, thwarted McClellan's well-devised plans.

For one, I am with those who believe that if McDowell had been at the place and time expected or determined for him, Richmond would have been abandoned, and the Confederate Army probably would have been forced from its position, and Lynchburg, Va., would have become the capital of the Confederacy.

Such was the impression entertained at the time by the followers of McClellan, as well as that entertained by many in the opposing army.

There is this, however, to be said, not only for the many who have suffered in the past, but for others yet to come, who must upon the battlefields of the future command untrained and untried soldiers. Indeed, if I may be allowed, I will reiterate what I have once before, and in another connection, expressed: *At the outset of any war upon which our nation embarks, there will inevitably be sacrifices of reputation, for which even our best young soldiers must be prepared; and this will ever*

continue until our people shall be brought to realize the consequence resulting from a state of unpreparedness for war.

Fortune's freaks in war are strange indeed, and our Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Meade, and Thomas were themselves on the verge of that cruel fate which overtook so many of their predecessors in command and subordinates in action, and among the latter I may mention Fitz-John Porter, of whom to speak at one time was but to be judged a partisan, his case having assumed a political aspect from the first. Here let me quote an extract from a lately published letter of General W. T. Sherman, dated July 5, 1863, which appeared in *Scribner's*. He says:

"Worse than all, at the North, no sooner does an officer rise from the common level but some rival uses the press to malign him, destroy his usefulness and pull him back to obscurity and infamy." And, again: "Well, I thank God we are free from Washington, and that we have in Grant, not a great man, or a hero, but a good, plain, sensible kind-hearted fellow.

"Our adversaries have the weakness of slavery in their midst to offset our democracy, and it is beyond human wisdom to say which is the greater evil."

Since I have come to speak of Porter's case, let me, for one, say—and there are many with me—that the findings of the "Schofield-Getty-Terry[2]

[2] General Terry, when appointed a member of the investigating board, wrote to General Porter that he was a non-graduate of the United States Military Academy, and had so freely and openly condemned him (Porter), that he must decline to serve on the board. To this Porter responded that he was the very man of all others he desired to have on the board. Terry then assented, and the investigation was completed, the findings approved and promulgated. After this Terry wrote Porter a

Board" was most satisfactory to his friends, also to many previously opposed to him; but the matter was clinched, forever and for aye, by General U. S. Grant's endorsement of the proceedings of that board, which in large measure righted what had always been held by many fair-minded people to be a grievous wrong, a stain upon the escutcheon of our country's honor.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, and the justice Porter craved was realized only after long years of waiting, long years of suffering. "Before this I was mistaken," so says our greatest general, that generous-hearted and, more than all, most just man, Ulysses S. Grant; "but to-day I see that Fitz-John Porter, in the exercise of his discretionary powers as corps commander, saved the Union Army from disaster."

These are his words, paraphrased, if not exactly stated. Their value may be gauged, and by this standard: McClernand on a certain occasion telegraphed to Grant to this effect: "Do you know that if I advance to the attack my division will be annihilated?" Here was the laconic reply: "Yes"; —and from the very man who in later years more than justified what at one time he had held to be Porter's disobedience,—*"I am glad you understand your orders."*

Now in this case McClernand was distinctly right, and Grant by no means wrong. There was time for an explanation and adjustment of responsibility, and Grant should not, in my humble opinion, have so severely rebuked his subordinate officer.

letter, in which he humbly apologized for his earlier attitude. Terry was an honor graduate of Yale, and had taken a course of military instruction in Europe before he entered the volunteer army, and rose to the high rank in the regular service.

And here again, since we are opening up old sores, see what my old friend and comrade General Morris Schaff has to say in his late writings for the *Atlantic Monthly,* where he speaks of Warren:

"From that camp dates my first deep interest in the unfortunate Warren, for it was there, while messing with him and his fellow engineer officers on the staff, that I saw him day after day at close range. The glory of having saved Round Top was beginning to break around him, and shortly after, as a reward, Meade assigned him to the command of Hancock's corps, Hancock having been wounded at Gettysburg. But it made no difference in his bearing,—which was unmistakably more scholarly than soldierly,—nor did it kindle any vanity in look or speech. It may have accounted, however, for the manifestation of what seemed to me a queer sense of humor, namely, his laughing and laughing again while alone in his tent over a small volume of 'limericks,' the first to appear, as I remember, in this country. He would repeat them at almost every meal, and, I think, with wonder that they did not seem nearly so amusing to others as they did to him. I am satisfied that it takes a transverse kind of humor to enjoy limericks.

"There was a note of singular attraction in his voice. His hair, rather long and carried flat across his well-balanced forehead, was as black as I have ever seen. His eyes were small and jet black also, one of them apparently a bit smaller than the other, giving a suggestion of cast in his look. But the striking characteristic was an habitual and noticeably grave expression which harbored in his dusky, sallow face, and instead of lighting, deepened as he rose in fame and command. Now, as I recall his

seriousness and almost sympathy-craving look as an instructor at West Point, and think over his beclouded, heart-broken end, I never see the name of Five Forks that I do not hear Sheridan peremptorily relieving him just after the victory was won, and while the smoke of battle still hung in the trees. From my youth I have seen Fate's shadow falling across events, and I incline to believe that evil fortune took up its habitation in that deeply sallow, wistful face long before he or anyone else dreamed of the great Rebellion. But, be that as it may, in that sunny field at headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, I gained my first boyhood impressions of Warren, whose sad fate haunts that army's history."

General Schaff in all that he has said concerning Warren is entirely correct. This man, noted for his undaunted courage on many a battlefield, and who, if I am correctly informed, had five horses shot under him in battle, was rightly classed the hero of "Little Round Top," and the one of all others who saved the day at Gettysburg. But what do we find here (*his last request*), "Do not bury me in the uniform of a United States Army officer, and I forbid that my son shall enter the Military Academy or the military service."

CHAPTER IV

We are nearing Sandy Point on the James River, some few miles above the mouth of the Chickahominy. How the trees have grown, and how improved in point of appearance is the place since our surveying party encamped on the grounds and took possession of its only house as a headquarters building!

Our steamer has been made fast at the wharf, and the large invoice of sturgeon awaiting shipment for the Northern market, with other things, shows this to be the best fishing ground on the river.

Here the orange-brown and heavily woven seines are stretched along the river shore or wound on reels standing out in bold relief against a background of white sandy beach and rich summer verdure; while the fishermen themselves, many of African descent, clad in vestments of many colors, add greatly to the effect of nature's picture, a picture such as Jerome delights in, in his studies of the Orient—warm lights, cold shadows; orange and red on the one hand, purple and gray on the other.

After leaving Sandy Point our course lay due south for the Claremont wharf, on the opposite side of the river. How well I remember this crossing, where many years ago on an exceedingly dark and foggy night our life-boat, of the Francis Metallic Patent order, so deflected the needle of our compass as to lead us far out of our course and

landed us on the very shore from which we had started.

We are now approaching Claremont wharf. The freight this time for the Richmond market—something to make the mouths of the good people of that city water—milk, butter, eggs, vegetables, and fruit of every kind and descripion, all fresh from the Claremont Farm. How spry are the darkies—the negroes on the wharf! Are they working for love, or is it for money? I strongly suspect the latter, but if working "on shares," as many of them do throughout the South, 'tis no wonder they are in such a rush to get their produce aboard.

We are off again, and our next landing is just above the mouth of a tributary which separates Claremont from Lower Brandon. How much would we not give for a glimpse of the Claremont mansion as we are gliding by!

I feel on the instant like venting my spleen, this time on trees. What a nuisance these beautiful objects of nature are, to be sure, when out of place, and yet with what tenacity they are preserved just where their seed has fallen. A wise man plants a tree, and to good purpose. When the tree matures and this purpose is realized, the tree remains. A foolish man plants a tree, and to no purpose whatever; the tree matures and remains an obstacle and hindrance to all. And why does it remain? Simply because it is a tree, and it is the sweet will of him who owns that tree that it shall remain. The greater fool the man, the longer lives the tree. For such is the perversity of the human species.

But for myself, this is not to-day my grievance. I note a tip of the red roof of the Claremont mansion, and in my mind's eye see it all, in its sym-

metry and full proportions as I have seen it in days of yore. There is one other with me, however, who would have greatly relished a peep at this, the Claremont villa on the James, a prototype of the Claremont Manor in Old England, the birthplace of Queen Victoria. The one of whom I speak celebrates the same day of the year (24th of May) as that of the late Queen of England as the day of birth.

I have spoken of the race to Jamestown with the Claremont party on the *Breeze,* while the Brandon party sailed down the river on the trim little surveying schooner *Wave.* The yacht *Breeze,* the sister vessel to the celebrated yacht *America* (which latter vessel gave the impetus to international racing and won the champion cup from Old England), always dropped anchor at the spot over which we are now passing. This race was in 1856, the winter of that year, but in the summer of 1865 there was another and more significant excursion.

In mentioning some of my experiences on the James River to General Schofield in our rides on horseback through the hills which surround West Point, he told me that when he commanded Richmond after the evacuation of Lee and his army in 1865, Colonel William Allen, the owner of Claremont and of many other plantations on the James, a very old friend of the general before the war, begged him to bring down a party of the prettiest girls he could find in Richmond, together with an equal complement of the officers of his staff.

This invitation realized, and perhaps I may say "for better" and "for worse." It would appear that the moon being at the full, the whole party concluded to return to Richmond by the land route, instead of by the day boat. All vehicles and rem-

nants of vehicles from neighboring farms were pressed into service, and the general told me, with a merry twinkle of his eye, that after that night's ride he was thoroughly reassured on the subject of reconstruction and reunion.

Be it known, for those who do not already know, that this gentleman of our army was a shrewd observer of humankind, and quite as apt in his gauge of the fair sex, under the light of a silvery moon, as of the "Johnny Rebs" themselves in the full blaze of a noonday sun.

At the Lower Brandon wharf, where we stop next, there is no sign of life save a beautiful herd of Alderneys, standing or resting on the shore under the shade of the willows which border the river. How well I know that little road winding up as it does from the wharf toward the lawn at the south front of the house! Trees again, those intolerable obstacles, and yet not always so.

Fifty or sixty years just past has done this business for us. But now that all things are set in order and by the hand of woman, shall *we,* the ladies of our party, we, the lady tourists (I speak for them) be forever deprived of a glimpse of Lower Brandon's far-famed colonial mansion? Claremont and Lower Brandon are blocked from sight, but such is not the case at Upper Brandon, Westover, Shirley, and other points of interest on the river. Will not someone profit by a timely hint?

These familiar scenes recall the last time I was at the old mansion. At the Lower Brandon mansion, some fifteen miles below City Point, during the Civil war, two troops of Union cavalry to which I was attached put up for the night. This was at the very place where, some eight years be-

fore, I had passed the most enjoyable Christmas of my life.

A picture which bore my name and had place in the mansion had been sent to the family of the deceased officer of a Massachusetts regiment, together with his other effects. It is thought to have been purchased from a "contraband" (a negro coming into our lines), and I made it my best endeavor to recover it by purchase or otherwise, but my efforts were in vain. I have been able, however, to produce from memory and from photographs a similar sketch to the one to which I refer.

The above fact having been mentioned to a member of the Harrison family at Brandon, I was asked at the time to account for the bullet marks on the woodwork of the front portico.

It was said that some of our distinguished officials, chief among them the President himself, in visiting the old homestead were interested to know if a skirmish had taken place at that point. I could only reply to the inquiry in lighter vein, and ventured the following explanation: An officer of a raiding party found a farmhouse not far from Brandon filled in its upper story with barrels of applejack. These he ordered broken open and the contents spilled, as he wished to keep his troopers in condition to get back to camp that night. Passing a door in the lower floor he discovered some of his men in a room walking around with heads thrown back and mouths wide open catching the liquor as it filtered through the ceiling. Applejack is a pretty uncertain beverage, but when adulterated with lime will make a man "mad drunk," so to speak, and one of the stiff-necked

parties referred to determined to permit no one to approach him—drawing his revolver upon the whole command.

It is possible, I suggested, that in his mind's eye he saw the Brandon Mansion rising up in its wrath and making for him—hence the bullet marks.

To-day we must content ourselves with what little there is to be seen in passing Lower Brandon —a rustic seat, a well-filled basket of flowers, a natural bower on the river's bank overgrown with ivy and clematis. What have we here? Rest your eye on that walk where the sunshine lights it up, and follow its frame of box. It leads directly to the house, and we may yet get a glimpse of the well-seasoned brick of Old England.

Speaking of imported brick, I apprehend that tradition and truth set strong against one another in this case. To bring men across the sea in a tiny craft is one thing, but fetching dried-up clay, alias burned brick, on this perilous journey, is quite another. Then again, circumstantial evidence points to Oldfield, noted for its fine clay and brick-yard, and just across the river from Lower Brandon, as the probable source of these bricks. That English gentlemen were brought over the sea may be gathered from the blood that tells the tale all along the river. I venture the assertion, however, that all of the so-called imported brick were made at Oldfield. A few miles above Oldfield, it may have been at Sturgeon's Point, I was reminded of another tradition which goes to show that all of the " F. F. V.'s " in this section of the country are descendants of Pocahontas. If such were the case, her only son, young Rolfe, upon his return from

England, where he was sent to be educated, must have done a good business in this line. If we go back a little further and trace the descent of these families from Powhatan or his minor chiefs, it may be that the tradition in qualified degree holds good. When the earliest colonists came over, they brought no women with them, and there can be no doubt that the Indian squaws set their caps (in this case feathers) to entrap these unwary pilgrims.

What I am really after in this reference, is to acquaint the reader with the fact that as we approached the wharf where our next landing was to be made, the handsomest type of womanhood I had ever seen greeted our boat upon its arrival, and requested the captain "to hold the boat for a little while." "An hour, madam, or more, if you so desire," replied the captain, and to this all passengers cried amen! Perhaps I should say, all male passengers, for the ladies of our party were rather anxious to avoid such delays. Nothing is more noticeable in the Southland than the courtesy of men to women, and the more beautiful the woman the greater the courtesy. In this instance the object of admiration combined in her person all the characteristics of the extreme South with those of Indian blood, as is expressed on canvas in the Capitol rotunda in Washington, the portrait of the Indian princess.

We have just passed the cypress swamp which borders Upper Brandon, and now the house itself is brought to view. Here all things appear as of yore, save that the main wharf was destroyed by fire during the war and nothing remains of it but piles overtopped with vegetation.

The grounds are most tastefully embellished and in excellent condition, and this tends to confirm the

rumor that the present owner is setting his house in order to receive its new mistress, and this was further corroborated by the appearance of the gentleman himself at the wharf at Little Brandon, mounted on a high-spirited and blooded horse.

CHAPTER V

JUST here I will detain the reader that he may the better understand how we of the coast survey party became so well acquainted with and enjoyed the generous hospitality of the Brandon people. I revert to the day when we lay at anchor off the shore of Lower Brandon in the United States Coast Survey schooner *Wave,* on one of those lovely moonlight nights of Indian summer weather, late in the month of November, 1856, when suddenly through the veil of mist hanging over the water there loomed up a large plantation boat rowed by some half dozen negroes.

It was apparently bearing down upon the schooner, and as it hove alongside one of the party came aboard as bearer of dispatches, in this case dispatches nothing short of a huge clothes basket filled with cake; and, as the spokesman informed us, this bounty was "for the cap'in an' his cru', with the bes' comp'ments of Ole Mis'" (Mrs. Isabella Harrison).

Someone facetiously remarked, as the contents of the basket was displayed, "Why, this is a veritable 'cake walk,'" the variety and the quantity of the good things from the Brandon kitchen promising to suffice us all until long after the holiday season near at hand.

The next evening we called at the Harrison manor, my father and myself, to thank the ladies for their kindness, and were ushered into the grand old parlor by a domestic of the day, "Old John,"

who "owned the family and broke no cups," a request for "a half cup of tea" bringing forth invariably the stereotyped reply: "Nothin' dun by hafs in dis 'ere house; not gwine ter broke no cups fur nobody."

Instead of being greeted as strangers, as had been expected, we were in the house of our friends, the Ritchie family, from Washington, and chief among them all was "Miss Jennie," sister of Mrs. Harrison, our charming hostess.

Before returning to our vessel on this night of our first visit, a promise had been exacted that the ladies of our family, who were then in Richmond, should be sent for to join the Brandon party for the holidays; and a leave of absence from duty was to be granted me for a fortnight as soon as the boys of the family returned from school. So it came to pass that some six or more of us youngsters were quartered for the Christmas holidays in a commodious room over the main hall. In this room there were three high-post bedsteads—two boys to a bed—a feather bed—and at the foot of each bed a large well-padded armchair was provided as a resting place for a small darkey. These little fellows of seven years and upward were provided out of the superabundance of things at the time, and were there for the purpose of assisting the young gentlemen on and off with their clothing. During forty or more years of army service I have attended many reveille calls, but none ever so impressed me as did the one on that Christmas morning in the early fifties of the century just passed. It is the custom in the South, or it was in the days of which I write, to celebrate Christmas much as do the Northerners the Fourth of July. The boys had supplied themselves with a stock of

firecrackers, and the reveille gun on the occasion was much on the order of the Gatling gun. At early dawn on Christmas morning some mischievous spirit placed a pack of ignited firecrackers in the bed, between two of the boys, and the resulting effect far exceeded the practical joker's utmost expectations. It was a simple case of home-made "hazing." A merry Christmas awakening. As the alarm of fire rang out, the hastily extemporized fire brigade assembled, bearing with them one and all pitchers and well-filled buckets of water, the ladies for the most part being arrayed in hoops of steel and mantillas of velvet, the fashion of the day. Suffice it to say that a conflagration such as this at such an hour was one well calculated to "set the ball a-rolling" for the day.

After enjoying a hearty breakfast, a ceremony far more agreeable than the alternative of being suffocated in a bed of feathers, the hostess and her guests assembled on the porch, in front of which were gathered all of the "plantation hands," whose beaming eyes and grinning mouths well attested their devotion to good "Ole Mis" and dear "Young Missus." Pickaninnies, too, were there, and far outnumbered the children of larger growth. One and all received some token for the day, and gave in return all they had to give—these simple souls—a blessing and good will!

As I recall the morning meal at Brandon, how it whets the appetite! First course, "samp" (a soup plate full), to be followed in order of sequence by quail on toast and venison steak, with an accompaniment of all good things, such as waffles, Maryland biscuit, etc., in which only the negro cook excels.

In preparing for our ride to church on this

Christmas Day it was necessary to draw upon the resources of the stable, and even a donkey contingent and the old family coach with its four-in-hand were brought into requisition. At the cross-roads we were met by the Upper Brandon people, whose mounts outrivaled ours both in point of style and equipment; but, best of all, there were plenty of girls in the other party, and from these the Lower Brandon boys could take their pick.

In the afternoon of each day the hunters were out with dog and gun and never failed to bring in a supply of quail for a next day's meal, and before the week expired we were all slated for a deer and turkey hunt. Twenty or thirty in all, well mounted, and with an excellent pack of hounds, crossed the river on scows and started for a section of the James River now known as the "Chamberlin Reserve." Arriving at our destination about the noon hour, the guide of the party selected the "stands" in the woods for the hunters, and soon thereafter the hounds rattled the deer, which were running wild. Like all noctural animals, the Virginia deer are rarely seen in the daytime unless disturbed or the weather is of a threatening character. They browse on the buds and evergreen shrubs of the native swamps, and at times will visit the cultivated field, if any be at hand. They do their walking at night, and at sunrise select a spot for a daily nap—one well sheltered if the day is cold, or shaded if the day is warm. The habits of this animal give the cue to those who hunt it; and, since in its nocturnal wanderings in search of food it leaves its scent about the bushes and the grass, a "cold-trail" dog will hours afterward take up the scent and follow till he finds the deer asleep. One such hound will lead

a pack, the other dogs well understanding the meaning of his occasional yelp. Hunting of this kind develops woodcraft and a habit of "o' bob-servation" (as "Uncle Tom" would say) little short of marvelous in those of African descent whose forefathers were imported two centuries ago. Our guide was one of this type. Like the dog of the "cold trail," from the voices of the dogs he could tell at once just where the deer would run; the old man, indeed, was gifted with prophecy. His predictions never failed, and so surely were they verified that there was never a suggestion of chance or coincidence. When on the "stand" his vision was like that of the hawk, and no motion missed his keen eye; his ear noted and recognized sounds that made not the slightest impression on others, and his hunter calculations excelled even those of the mathematician.

The Virginia deer, when roused in the day and chased by the dogs, leave the woods by regular paths, known as "deer runs." The hunters take "stands" at intervals, and usually some one or other of the party gets a shot; not always, however, with the certainty of killing, even though he may hit the animal. On a hunt of this kind one finds himself at times sitting out all day long without other companions than the birds and minor beasts, listening for the yelp of the hounds, and hearing naught for long hours save the chatter of the squirrel, the scream of the hawk, the hammering of the woodpecker, and other sounds of the virgin forest; to be suddenly awakened by the deep note of a hound, followed in a few moments by a burst of music from the whole pack in full cry—now is your wish to be realized! On they come, nearer and nearer—you scarcely move or

breathe, the slightest motion and your chance for a shot is gone! Ah! here he comes with horns thrown back and head and shoulders set as the racehorse at the winning post; out from the thicket he springs with the speed of the lightning express. Now keep dead still! The animal's mind is on the dogs. He is coming straight at you. But as you step forward to take aim he sees the movement, and swerves so quickly that your shot has missed and he is out of range before you can recover!

The voices of the dogs at first so near gradually die away; and with them your hopes. Suddenly the note is heard again, and turned your way; back to the stand you run, your pulse bounding and nerves strained to the utmost tension. With eyes glued to the spot, you listen to the crackle of the cane, and what do you see? Not a single deer, but a buck and doe bounding as if to show their powers, and in defiance of a ten-rail fence,—every leap bringing them nearer and nearer! Such specimens of their kind! Now is the time to study them—they are "playing before the dogs" and thinking of nothing else! Already those horns are measured—how they will look upon the wall is the thought, in sighting along the barrel of the gun. Fire! Down goes the buck, but up again and off before one can think to fire the second barrel, so sure is he that the first has killed. In despair the second shot is fired, when it seems that there could be no hope; but after all the buck had gone down, and a finer one we could never wish to see.

When on a hunt for deer it is a mistake to suppose that the small game all take to flight. Wild turkeys, ducks, and quail abound in this section

of Virginia. After each day's hunt we all returned with comforting anticipations for the inner man, a good hot supper, and, needless to say, an anticipation in which we were rarely if ever disappointed. There are many things to tell of a hunt of this kind, but I must along with my story. When returning from the hunt and riding quietly through the woods there suddenly appeared, about four hundred yards ahead of our cavalcade, a single file of turkeys, running at full speed across the road. The best horsemen of the party clapped in their spurs and gave rein to their steeds, and, dashing up the road like mad, sprang from their saddles and let their horses run wild. The hunters made after the flock, which had lost all organization, and was utterly disintegrated and demoralized. While resting on the boughs of trees and fence rails a dozen or more of the wild birds were knocked over with no more difficulty than the tame fowl of the same species.

The reader must not be led to suppose the writer was not "earning his salt" as an aid on the Coast Survey. As his remuneration did not exceed "fifteen dollars per month and found," the Government suffered no great loss when there was "nothing doing." But now to business. Mr. Ferguson, the senior aid of the surveying party, and myself were directed, shortly after the Christmas holidays, to drive over to Yorktown to look up an old signal station. The authoress, in her fascinating little book, "Shreds and Patches of Virginia History," refers to the "pathetic and senile decay" of this once important but then almost deserted town, with its "single street and squat little houses," but she makes no further men-

tion of the Swan Tavern than to tell us that "the Yorktown Hotel, so quaint and olden, is its worthy successor." This carries me back to the night passed by Mr. Ferguson and myself in this very hotel. Mr. Ferguson was a remarkably short man, and, as short men go, he was not unnaturally sensitive on this unavoidable physical defect. I always entertained for this gentleman the most kindly feeling, but now that he is dead and gone, and is no longer disturbed by the question of size, I venture to relate an amusing incident of our visit to Yorktown.

It would appear that some wag in this busy little town of York had noted the arrival of the surveyors and the entry of their names upon the hotel register. Passing through the thoroughfare of the village this same wag met an old negro, "Uncle Ned," one of the characters of the place, and told him to hurry up to the hotel and see the giant, Mr. Ferguson. "Uncle Ned" hobbled off as fast as rum and rheumatism would permit, and, poking his head into the main room where Mr. Ferguson and the landlord were seated upon a high-back sofa. plainly showed that he was in quest of something.

"What are you looking for, Ned?" inquired the landlord.

"I'se looking for de giant Marse Henry sen' me up he'ar tuh see."

"What giant?" asked the landlord.

"De giant, Mis'er Ferguson," Uncle Ned replied.

At this Ferguson's face flushed to the roots and color of his hair, a matchless red. The landlord, who was possessed of no small share of humor, became convulsed with laughter, but was sur-

prised to find that the victim was impervious to the joke.

"Why don't you laugh!" he exclaimed. "Don't you see that you are no giant—*you're only a little fellow!*" But this "rubbing it in" on Ferguson was in no wise calculated to improve the situation. That same evening the landlord told me of this incident, and the reader may be sure that I made the best of it with the girls at Lower Brandon. I had found the signal station and a new story, thereby "killing two birds with one stone."

CHAPTER VI

We have made a landing at Little Brandon wharf, about a mile above Upper Brandon, and taken on a passenger, a fortunate accession for me. He was an elderly gentleman wearing a Confederate button, and in the course of conversation I learned what had become of all my boy friends at the Brandons—all dead; all of them having served in the Confederate Army with rank and distinction. The old gentleman, as a Confederate officer, had commanded the Coehorn mortar battery[1] which gave our working parties so much annoyance when digging the Dutch Gap Canal in 1864, the average loss being about five men a day for a period of some three or four months. The Confederate battery was a sunken one, and securely located on the other side of the river from the canal bulkhead, which was preserved until the last to prevent the fire of the Confederate field batteries from sweeping through the cut.

My new-found acquaintance informed me that

[1] General Randolph, ex-chief of artillery, informs me that he dropped a shell from his battery into one of the Coehorn mortar pits, and "out came Mister Man." This is the same officer who, at Santiago during a tropical storm on a dark night, put his head out of his tent and exclaimed, "By George, Treat, the old man is cutting his fuses pretty short!" Probably the "Mister Man" who came out of the Coehorn mortar pit in such short order as described had the same opinion of Captain Randolph's manner of cutting fuses as the general himself had of the Higher Authority on that stormy night in Cuba.

he, in fact, was at that very time on his way to Richmond to decorate the graves of my old boy friends, the following day being "Confederate Decoration Day." I observed, when I arrived in Richmond, that the streets were filled with women dressed in deepest mourning, notwithstanding the fact that nearly a half century had gone by since the war had ended. This served to remind me of an observation of my old friend and comrade, Schaff. "I trust," he said, "that you will not lose sight of the deep and wide-spread conviction of the South that it was right; and that the underlying question was and is an academic one; and that the merits of academic questions, as such, are not to be decided by a preponderance of physical strength or resources, though the exigencies of a people's necessities or duties to humanity may require them to suppress it as an issue by force of arms."

My new-made acquaintance pointed out to me the site of old Fort Powhatan of the War of 1812, and explained to me the use made of a second fort of the same name during the early days of the Civil war.

A short distance above Fort Powhatan at Windmill Point, we also compared notes, as here it was that Grant crossed the James River with his army in the summer of 1864. At this point the land makes out as a sharp and strong peninsula, which afforded the Union general an opportunity to place his gunboats both above and below the point of crossing, thus affording a good protection for our troops on the south side of the river.

On the Ridge at Wilcox Landing, immediately opposite Windmill Point, Grant planted his field guns to enfilade the peninsula through its whole length and further protect his army.

At this very place (Wilcox Landing) an engagement took place in the summer of 1862 between McClellan's and Lee's armies.

Just below Wilcox Landing, Green Creek enters the James, and here a large number of fishermen were busy with their seines, and a short distance above the landing on the north side of the river is the colonial mansion of Westover, which takes dates back to 1623, and is one of the most beautiful properties in the James River valley. "This plantation was laid out by Sir John Foley, and the present house was built by Colonel William Byrd, the founder of Richmond, in 1737. It was from Westover that Benedict Arnold, in command of a British force, marched on Richmond." Westover was used as one of the Federal headquarters during the Civil war. Fitz-John Porter's corps of field artillery assembled here after the battle of Malvern Hill, and an opportunity had been afforded me to make a hasty sepia sketch of the house and its surroundings from a canvas in the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington; this sketch shows the Union troops encamped on the grounds, batteries arriving to go into park, and one wing of the building partially destroyed by fire, the subject of the sketch presenting a very different aspect from that which it wears to-day under the improvements wrought by its present owner, W. H. Ramsey, Esq. Major A. H. Drewry, whose name is famous in connection with the defenses at Drewry's Bluff, was its previous owner.

On the same side of the river with Westover is the Berkley house where our surveying party took up its headquarters before the war, and where General McClellan established himself after a change of base in 1862, from the White House

on the Pamunkey to Harrison's Landing on the James River.

Berkley was the birthplace of the father of President William Henry Harrison, and of his two brothers, Benjamin and George, the owners of Upper and Lower Brandon, respectively. Benjamin, the senior, was also a signer of the Declaration of Independence and the grandfather of Benjamin Harrison, the twenty-third President of the United States.

Jordan's lighthouse on the south shore of the river and immediately opposite Harrison's Landing, was the birthplace of Edward Ruffin, the man who fired the first shot against Sumter, and let me say that a similar honor fell to the lot of an officer of our service to fire the counter shot in the eventful siege of Charleston, S. C., on July 10, 1863, from Battery C, First United States Artillery, which he commanded at the time.*

By a singular coincidence, during the troublous times of nullification his father, a lieutenant of artillery, in 1832 commanded this very same battery, in Castle Pinckney, Charleston harbor, and this officer under Andrew Jackson's orders had his red hot shot battery prepared and in readiness to fire on Charleston when the President should so determine.[2]

And now, since I have come to speak of these

* The author is the officer referred to.

[2] Andrew Jackson, that grim unbending soldier, had the nation's confidence, and he ruled with a rod of iron when South Carolina sought to nullify the Federal laws by force of arms. He even threatened to hang Calhoun, the vice-president, who was encouraging sedition. Both South Carolina and Calhoun himself quailed before the impetuous vigor of that tremendous will. They knew that behind Jackson stood the nation as a whole.

hostile and complimentary shots in our fratricidal strife, no better opportunity offers to illustrate how matters have been mended; how thoroughly the reconstruction and reunion principle enunciated by General Schofield on that night's ride from Claremont to Richmond has prevailed. Barring all names, and that the personal equation shall not enter, suffice it to say that the shot from Battery C of the First Artillery was not heard from for some four decades thereafter.

Then it was that two old gentlemen, the one an ex-Confederate officer and the other a colonel in our army, were discussing their experiences in South Carolina during the war. "It is a strange thing," one of them said, "but do you know that when my company was drawn up in line at reveille roll-call on Morris Island, on the 10th of July, 1863, and we were some two miles in the rear of our advance battery, there came along, and the Lord only knows from where, a solid shot, which swept away our whole line of tents. A few moments after this was followed by a terrific roar from some fifty guns, a perfect hail of iron delivered against our batteries. I never could make out why it was that that single shot fired at random had ranged so far."

A witness to this scene would have discovered on the countenance of the listener an expression of rapt attention, and when the ex-Confederate had completed his remarks the colonel rose from his seat and, lifting his glass to his lips, he said: "Your good health, sir. May you live long and prosper. Why, my dear fellow," the colonel further continued, "*I fired that shot myself.* It was a signal gun, without aim or direction, and simply intended to accomplish just what it did;

that is, to start the fire of the Union batteries all along the line."

In an adjoining room to where this scene was laid two young people were sitting with their little ones around them: these children were the grandchildren of the two old gentlemen.

We are now nearing City Point on the same side of the river as Jordan's Point, just where the Appomattox empties into the larger stream. Here I commanded the ordnance depot of the army of the Potomac, and served as General Grant's ordnance officer during the late summer of '64 and until the close of the war.

At the request of Mrs. Grant, when she visited the general, I made a sketch of his headquarters, which has been preserved by his son, Major-General Frederick Grant, who kindly loaned it to me that I might reproduce it. The general was seated, as was his custom, in front of his tent at the time of the explosion of the ordnance barges at the City Point wharf on August 9, 1864, which was within easy pistol range of his tent.

This accident, as it was thought to be at the time, cost the lives of 43 men and the wounding of 150 more, with a loss in property variously estimated, though the Confederates have it in their official report as "four million dollars." After the war it was learned that this was the act of the Confederate Secret Service Bureau in Richmond, and was done by way of retaliation for the mine explosion at Petersburg which occurred just ten days before.

At no time during the war was the life of General Grant in greater jeopardy than at this

juncture, as may be seen from the words of Colonel Horace Porter, which I here quote: "At twenty minutes to twelve on the 9th day of August, 1864, a terrific explosion shook the earth, accompanied by a sound which vividly recalled the Petersburg mine, still fresh in everyone's mind. Then there rained down upon the headquarters of General Grant a terrific shower of shell, bullets, boards, and fragments of timber. The general was surrounded by splinters and various kinds of ammunition, but fortunately was not touched by any of the missiles. Colonel Babcock of the staff was slightly wounded in the hand by a bullet. One mounted orderly was wounded and one orderly killed, as well as several horses. . . . The general was the only one of the party who remained unmoved. He did not even leave his seat to run to the bluff to see what had happened."

When I assumed command of the depot, after this disaster, General Grant directed me to remove all of my barges and vessels to the further flank of the general depot, which was known to be the largest depot of the ordnance department during the war, and which supplied 150,000 men with all the munitions of war.[2]

CITY POINT, VA., Jan. 5, 1865.

[2] The great movement of General Lee which is to astonish the world, has, I am happy to say, not developed.

. . . . . .

The improvements at City Point, of which I have spoken before, are going on here to an amazing extent. In fact, each month produces so great a change that a local description written to-day would be quite inapplicable thirty days hence. The levee, in its whole immense length, is already one continuous range of solid and substantial buildings, the levee itself, in length and width, being of proportions enough to remind one almost of the one at New Orleans, while the ever-increasing networks of railway tracks, crossing and recrossing each other, new jetties being flung out to meet the

Not far from City Point, on the James River, where General Grant had his headquarters in July, 1864, opposite the line of Confederate entrenchments around Petersburg, Va., a main gallery 511 feet long and 4½ feet in cross section had been constructed, terminating in a mine 23 feet below the surface of the ground. The capacity of the mine was eight thousand pounds of gunpowder. This was the famous Petersburg "crater."

On the 30th of July, 1864, at 3 A. M. our troops were drawn up for the assault to be made as soon as the mine should be exploded. General Grant was himself present on the field. The fuse was ignited and it was expected the explosion would take place in ten minutes thereafter. The time seemed to be interminable, and there was a delay of another ten minutes creeping upon the Union forces. The advantage of the surprise that was intended was entirely lost.

The Confederates had observed our columns in readiness for assault and had brought their field batteries to the point where the concentration for attack was being made. After the lapse of an hour a division ordnance officer and a private soldier volunteered at the risk of their lives to go to the mine. They discovered when halfway through the gallery that at a splice in the fuse the fire had been extinguished. This examination was made at a great hazard by the two volunteers. When the fuse had been relighted and the explosion resulted, a crater was formed 170 feet

river in every direction, would not disgrace a San Francisco or Chicago in the wildest days of their youth.

I yesterday had quite an interesting trip in company with Lieutenant E. V. Andrus, of the Ordnance Department, among the various barges and other craft belonging to that department. It is one of the great sights of City Point.—NEW YORK TIMES.

long, 60 feet wide and from 25 to 30 feet deep. There were projected into the air at the time of the explosion, masses of rock, earth and portions of human bodies, all commingled, and the crater at the moment of assault became, as it has been described by General Horace Porter, "a cauldron of hell!"

General E. P. Alexander, of the Confederate Army, tells us that the bulk of the earth mingled with the débris fell immediately around the crater, forming a high embankment, as it were, all around it, with one enormous clod the size of a small cabin perched about the middle of the inside rim and remaining there as a landmark for months. The parapets of Elliott Salient were partially destroyed, but the whole affair was a complete failure, and unfortunate in this, that it no doubt invited the counter or retaliatory measure on the part of the Confederates which resulted in the explosion of the ordnance barges at City Point, Va., ten days after, and within five hundred feet of Grant's headquarters.

General Alexander (Confederate) goes so far in his writing as to view the whole Petersburg demonstration from first to last as a critical point of the war. He believes that Grant came very nearly outgeneraling General Lee when he first determined to move to the south side of the James and made his advance upon Petersburg, Lee not crediting Grant with such purpose. Again, had the fuse not failed in the passageway to the mine and robbed that affair of the character of a surprise, Lee might indeed have been forced to abandon Richmond, and with all the consequences that might have followed.

Not far from the headquarters at City Point

the Confederate cavalry broke through our lines and drove off a very large herd of cattle. The unfortunate experience had at the time with the Spencer rifle (a breech-loader) by the regiment guarding the cattle was such as to confirm the objection entertained at that day to the breech-loading system, and gave point to the argument that if men can fire too readily and too quickly, with their ammunition all gone the arm becomes a useless encumbrance—and would be thrown away by retreating troops.

By way of retaliation for making way with the cattle, our cavalry was sent out to scour the country south of the James River, within a radius of fifty miles of City Point. The orders were "to bring in everything on the hoof, dead or alive."

An officer of cavalry found at a farmhouse, when in quest for animals, but one cow, the only property of this kind left, and a young mother entirely dependent upon it for the food for her infant. Moved by a spirit of compassion, he was nevertheless compelled, under his orders, to take possession of the animal. He, however, invited the young woman, with her child in arms, to ride behind him on his horse until he could communicate with his senior in command and obtain permission to purchase the cow, now the property of the Government, and nothing, he said, ever gave him more pleasure than the return of the animal to its original owner. Although a trifling incident, yet at the time it was related this impressed me as one of the incidents of war well calculated to ameliorate its bitterness which, I regret indeed to say, was to the people of the James River a cup drunk to its very dregs. But these are deeds of the past, when our beloved land was in the

throes of fratricidal strife. How different is the scene to day!

After leaving City Point, and a mile or so above that place on the opposite side of the river, we approach the wharf at Shirley, and but one person, a beautiful young girl, was there to greet us. The quiet restfulness of the scene impressed me as does the Sabbath Day in the country—a silence unbroken save by the ripple of the steamboat wave on the pebbly beach and the repeated call of a bird to its mate, three notes clear and distinct. The musical tones of the bird strongly impressed me, but I could not place the bird. One of the negro deckhands was appealed to to help me out, and this is his reply: "I knowed that bird, but, save my life, I can't call his name."

But we must not linger in recital too long at Shirley, so full of association dear to the hearts of the Carters, Fitzhughs, and Lees of Virginia.

This is the birthplace of the mother of General Robert Lee, the man of whom it was said (by Colonel Ives of Jefferson Davis' staff): "He is the most audacious officer in the army, Confederate or Federal. He will fight longer and take more desperate chances than this country has ever seen, and you will live to see it." Yes, we have all lived to see this prophecy fulfilled.

I wondered as we drew away from the wharf if the sweet young lady I have spoken of as the only person visible at this place, was my unknown correspondent who had lately confirmed a story that long years ago went the rounds of the army of Potomac.

It would appear that a house servant, the wife of a "contraband" who was serving as a

"striker" to a Union officer in Butler's army of the James, betrayed her young master, a Confederate officer who was visiting his mother at "Shirley," on the James; the old lady lying dangerously ill at the time. The house was surrounded and the old gentleman, the father of the Confederate officer, would neither affirm nor deny the truth of the report concerning his son, but invited a search of the house. There was one room into which the officer in search was denied admittance, that of the daughters of the family, who had retired for the night. The hour was suspiciously early for this, and the young ladies were therefore required either to get up and vacate the room, or cover up their heads and permit the search to go on. The gallantry of the Union officer got the better of his judgment, however, and later on it was learned that one of the two young ladies was equipped with boots and spurs and made *her* escape under cover of this deception, naturally much to the chagrin of the officer who was so outwitted.

The story stands corrected in minor details, and, as I have it now from authoritative source, it would appear that the young Confederate officer ran hastily to the attic when the house was surrounded by the Union troops and made his escape by way of the lightning rod and in his stockinged feet. The boots and spurs which were said to have been in the bed with the owner had been hastily pushed under the bed by his thoughtful sister, and she had further thrown herself on the bed the more completely to hide them. As soon as the Union officer had passed from her room she threw the boots out of the window to facilitate her brother's escape. Who but a woman would have thought of this

expedient in a moment of such extremity, and who but a Southern woman would have said what I here must relate as evidence of herditary resentment for that night's intrusion at the Shirley Castle. "It would seem," she says, "that when those Yankees were shown the door and the stairway leading to the attic, they were afraid to go up because they knew that if my uncle was there he would have shot them one at a time as they appeared at the head of the stair [six dead before one should be captured]; they therefore put the old gentleman of the family in front of them, but before they got up my uncle was gone."

But this is not all. Here is another and still more delicate little compliment pleasantly bestowed. It would appear that after the war the negress who had betrayed her young master returned, as did the prodigal, to be cared for until the end of her days by the old folks at home, as she "hadn't any kin' uv trus' in people who promise eberything an' dun nuthin.'"

CHAPTER VII

AFTER passing the tributary of the James (the Appomattox) at City Point and Shirley, where Bermuda Hundred peninsula forms, the river above this point narrows, and the various places on the river, "Curl's Neck," "Turkey Bend," "Buzzards' Roost," and a variety of others whose names accord with the sinuosity of a stream, compelled constant shifting of my fellow-passengers from side to side of the boat in the vain endeavor to keep in the shade.

Malvern Hill is now lost to view and we have reached a point on the river just below Dutch Gap Canal, where our pontoon bridges connected the Army of the Potomac which the Army of the James, and where, during the campaign of '64 and '65, exchange of prisoners was effected.[1]

How well I remember a horseback ride along the river road at this point at the time I was on duty at Dutch Gap Canal. My companion and myself passed a dozen or more "Johnny Rebs" who were being brought into our lines, barefooted,

[1] There are so many associations for me at this point, Malvern Hill, that I am almost tempted to introduce a sketch of our surveyors' encampment of 1855, which I have entitled "Peace," and a corresponding illustration showing the battery to which I had formerly belonged in 1861 (Tidball) engaged in the battle of Malvern Hill, this sketch being entitled, "War." Here again is a further coincidence, as I may add that it was on the farm of the Cox's, near Malvern Hill, that the proposition was made to my parents that I should be adopted by that family and made their heir, they being childless and very wealthy people. The proposition, however, fortunately for me, was more favored in the breach than in its observance.

hatless, and in some instances "in rags and tags," but not "in velvet gowns." The young officer who was with me, a captain of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, rode a blooded mare with an English saddle that his rich uncle had given him, and was "gotten up regardless of expense," and in a Hatfield riding suit. He wore his regimental round hat, with cross saber insignia, cocked on the side of his head, *à l'Anglais*. One of the prisoners from the Confederate lines looked up at us as we passed, with an expression of such derision upon his features that I shall not forget it for the rest of my days, and his added words of blasphemy by way of emphasis will not suffer in the least by omission from this page. I remarked to my companion: "*That* is meant *for you,* and hereafter, when you ride with me, please attire yourself in ordinary rig."

We are now passing over the 1864 anchorage of our fleet, consisting of monitor and gunboats which guarded the river at this point.

The Confederates gave us a complete surprise one winter morning shortly after Christmas, when our monitor was out of commission and undergoing repairs. This had been made known to the enemy through the agency of spies and "contrabands." The Confederate vessels passed through an opening in their own line of obstructions, and one of their rams forced its way through our line, the object being to destroy the depot of supplies of our army at City Point, where had been accumulated vast quantities of stores for the Army of the James and the Army of the Potomac to provide against the contingency of the Potomac and Delaware rivers being frozen up, as well even as the James

River itself. It was a wise precaution, as the winter of '64-'65 was a hard one indeed.

The attack was made on the 24th of January, 1865, but fortunately for us the Confederate ram that led their miniature squadron fouled and grounded. Our batteries made obstinate resistance and blew up a small gunboat, while our men, infantry and field batteries, poured volley after volley from the banks of the river into the ram. Had the Confederates persisted in their attack and been more fortunate in their venture they might have inflicted upon us a loss which no one could pretend to estimate. The above words are the same in substance as those contained in the report of the affair rendered by General Rufus I. Ingalls, Quartermaster General of the Army of the Potomac.

General Ingalls and myself were sent for by General Grant and received instructions in person from him to meet the contingency of the Confederates getting past our obstructions, in which case we were to cut loose all the barges and vessels from their moorings, more especially those with cargoes of ammunition and powder, to allow them to drift at random, while as many as could be saved by tugboats were to be hauled further down the river. The first attack of the Confederates not being successful, in anticipation of a second attack two of our vessels were loaded with coal and used to fill up the gap in our obstructions. This was done under a heavy fire from the enemy's batteries, and the operation might be classed with that of the sinking of the *Merrimac* at the mouth of the Santiago Harbor in 1898.

Brevet Captain J. W. French, Eighth Infantry,

was charged with this delicate and hazardous enterprise, which, as General Ingalls says in his report, "was performed with great gallantry under the fire of the enemy's guns." The affair in this case was regarded as a trifling one compared with the greater events transpiring all around and about.

Thomas had his hands full in the West. Sherman was making for the sea, and the Confederate cause was "on its last legs." The sinking of one or two colliers at the hazard of a few lives neither made nor left any impression at that time upon the public mind, though attended with great success and releasing our navy from further action or anxiety.

No photograph or sketch can give but a feeble idea of the enormous undertaking in cutting our way through the long-necked peninsula of the James, thus shortening the water route to Richmond by some seven miles. The work was continuous through the summer, fall, and winter of '64, and thousands of soldiers, both white and black, worked night and day with pick and spade to accomplish the end in view, but which never realized as a military achievement.

The blowing out of the bulkhead of the canal was one of the difficult features of the work, and as General Grant's ordnance officer I was in constant conference with the chief engineer, making with him all necessary provisions in preparing the mines to clear away the bulkhead or natural bluff at the head of the canal, a work reserved to the last as a shield for the protection of the workmen against direct fire from Confederate field batteries. This, however, was but scant protection

against the fire of the Coehorn mortar batteries on the opposite side of the river from the canal, and which was a source of very great harassment.[2]

While superintending and arranging the mine chamber in the heart of the bulkhead, it was necessary for me to pass through a narrow cut and devious passages leading to the bottom of the pit. On such occasions I experienced great oppression from the heat and confined air, which strikingly contrasted with the outside atmosphere of a cold winter month. At one point we made an abrupt descent by ladder from platform to platform, the conditions paralleling, as I imagined, those of a deep shaft and long-tunneled coal mine.

With the experience derived from the mine explosion at Petersburg (the powder well confined), and with a full knowledge of General Butler's boat explosion in open air at Fort Fisher, North Carolina (powder not confined), after a thorough examination of the whole subject General Michie and myself reached the conclusion that 120 barrels of powder would suffice to destroy the bulkhead. The purpose was to blow it out as completely as possible, but at the same time not to use any excess of powder lest the foundation be disturbed. Precaution was also taken against the caving in of the sides of the canal. The powder was therefore divided among five mines, one of four and four of two thousand pounds each, and the whole properly

[2] As I write from Richmond to-night, and have to-day passed through the canal for the first time since it so well serves the commerical interest of this section, I am led to revert to the coincidence before mentioned whereby I should have met on the boat the very gentleman who served with the Coehorn mortar battery and gave us all so much trouble or annoyance.

distributed. A Gomez fuse was used, this being known to be instantaneous for one hundred feet at least.

When the explosion took place the bulkhead was blown straight up in the air and not blown out, falling back into place so as to necessitate a vast amount of digging under fire of the enemy's batteries and so much dredging that the canal served no useful purpose before the close of the war. As a commercial enterprise the canal has become a great success, and this I have been brought to realize to-day. For the first time after a lapse of forty-odd years the opportunity has been afforded me to see the canal in full and successful operation.

The government drill has been at work of late years on the river, moving the rocky barriers across the stream and deepening a channel for the accommodation of the largest class of vessels. The tide rises and falls at the headwaters of navigation between three and four feet. To disturb as little as possible the engineers at work on this section of the river, our boat slowed up at frequent intervals, and I was thus afforded an opportunity of noting, even with the naked eye, the remains of the Confederate works along the river, the last glimpse of which I had from our lookout towers with the aid of a field-glass some forty-five years ago.

These lookout towers were majestic pine trees, large at the base, rising to a great height, and tapering off by degrees at the top to mere saplings, which swayed to and fro in the wind in a manner most demoralizing to those who were not accustomed to the ascent over open ladders. Nothing ever tried my nerves so much as these ascents and descents.

Fort Darling crowns Drewry's Bluff on the right bank, and nearly opposite thereto is Chaffin's Bluff, upon which Fort Harrison is located. These works constituted what was called " The Gibraltar of Richmond." We have passed Warwick Park on the left bank of the river, about five miles below Richmond, but I had no recollection of the place whatever. The house appeared to be of recent construction, and is of the colonial order, the place being given over to local excursions. Opposite the wharf at Warwick Park is the town of Warwick, whose foundations antedate even those of the city of Richmond. Of the late capital city of the Confederacy I will not speak, further than to say that the city as I knew it in my boyhood has changed greatly, and for the better, as have all our cities in a section of land where industries and trade have entered. When viewed last through the magnifying glass of youth it seemed to me a much larger and greater place than I find it to-day, so much have we to discount youthful impressions.

Yes, I have seen them all to-day—my boyhood's haunts along the James, and with heavy heart have turned away from many of those scenes that are but sad reminders of earlier days, of days when the dark clouds of civil war hung heavily over, shutting out all sunshine and, as it seemed, all life.

It is no easy matter to bear arms against those we love and cherish, and this under no other law than that of relentless obligation or relentless duty. We may prate of victories won on fields of battle, but the greatest victory of all is the one achieved over self and selfish promptings. To take the field, then, against an adversary, with our

hearts on the one side and our duty on the other is the greatest conquest of all.

And so it goes. To-day I have revisited the headquarters of that army which for many months threatened Richmond's rear and held the Confederate army as in a vise. When I joined the Army of the Potomac to take command of the Ordnance depot at City Point, Va., my predecessor was Lieutenant Morris Schaff, a friend and comrade of mine at West Point and of the class next junior to my own.

What a generous-hearted and kindly disposed young man he was—and old man he is! I never think of him without it brings to mind the incident of his "little safe," his army safe for public funds.

"Where do you keep your funds, Morris?" I inquired, as I entered his quarters at City Point.

Mysteriously he closed the room door and, taking me by the hand, led me to the head of his cot, where a dingy and rusty old tin candle-box (which contained his blacking and brushes) rested against the wall. "There it is," he said, and in a few moments a package containing two thousand dollars in bank bills was unrolled and turned over to me for safekeeping.

"Good Lord, man!" I said, "you don't keep public funds in *that* way, do you?"

At this he held up a warning finger, and looking warily around to see that the shutters were tightly closed, whispered cautiously, "No one would ever suspect it. It's the safest place in the whole army!"

This was my first lesson in commanding the Ordnance Depot of the Army of the Potomac. The second also came at the hands of dear old

Schaff. On taking an inventory of the wreckage and remains of the ordnance stores after the explosion that occurred on August 9, everything was entered on our papers—that is, everything that was in sight, though nothing whatever that was under the surface. There were rifles, pistols, infantry and cavalry equipments, artillery harness, sabers, and many other things, all estimated by the thousands and tens of thousands, and in one conglomerate mass. Now here is where the heart of the man came in.

"Old fellow," Schaff said, "you are not going to have an explosion to 'swipe out' your deficiencies, so I will, on my invoices, discount the inventory of what we have seen, by ten per cent." And from that day to this, whenever I greet my old friend, it is always, "How are you, Old Ten Per Cent.?"

This generosity of my predecessor saved me in great measure from deficiencies in "*serviceable stores,*" as the greater portion of those articles invoiced to me were so far damaged by the explosion that they could not be issued to the army.

Lieutenant Schaff's experiences and my own, while serving in the same capacity in the Army of the Potomac, were not dissimilar. Here he tells us: "The general, in undress uniform, always neat, but not fastidious in appointments, would sit at the door of his tent, or sometimes on one of the long settees that faced each other under the tent-fly, smoke, listen, and sometimes talk; and not a soul of us, from the youngest to the oldest, ever thought of rank. Without lowering his manner to the level of familiarity, he put everyone at his ease by his natural simplicity. He had none of the caprices of moods or vanity.

"Quiet in his presence and natural in his manner, gentle in voice, of absolute purity in speech, of unaffected, simple dignity, Grant threw a charm over his camp-fire. West Point never graduated a man who added so little austerity or pretense to the peak of fame."

A tribute of this kind and at this hour should not stand alone, and so we are brought to consider the mettle of the man with whom our great soldier had to contend. Illustrious heroes and Christian gentlemen both—soldiers without parallel in the annals of our country's history.

What more I have to say is rendered by Charles Francis Adams, October 30, 1901, in an address before the American Antiquarian Society.

"Indeed, recalling the circumstances of that time, it is fairly appalling to consider what in 1865 might have occurred had Robert E. Lee then been of the same turn of mind as was Jefferson Davis, or as implacable and unyielding in disposition as Kruger or Botha have more recently proved. The National Government had in arms a million men, inured to the hardships and accustomed to the brutalities of war; Lincoln had been freshly assassinated; the temper of the North was thoroughly aroused, while its patience was exhausted. An irregular warfare would inevitably have resulted, a warfare without quarter. The Confederacy would have been reduced to a smoldering wilderness—to what South Africa to-day is. In such a death grapple the North, both in morale and in means, would have suffered only less than the South. From both sections that fate was averted.

"And again I say that, as we look to-day upon Kruger and Botha and De Wet, and the situation

existing in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, I doubt if one single man in the United States, North or South, whether he participated in the Civil war or was born since that war ended, would fail to acknowledge an infinite debt of gratitude to the Confederate leader who, on the 9th of April, 1865, decided, as he did decide, that the United States, whether Confederate or Union, was a Christian community, and that his duty was to accept the responsibility which the fate of war had imposed upon him—to decide in favor of a new national life, even if slowly and painfully to be built up by his own people under conditions arbitrarily and by force imposed on them."

THE POTOMAC RIVER

Brentwood,
Residence First Mayor of Washington, D. C., 1818

J. P. F.
delt. et pinx.

CHAPTER VIII

THE fact that for some years I had been identified with the Coast Survey invited the by no means infrequent inquiry as to why I gave up certain prospective and promising advantages on that work to accept an appointment to West Point. The opportunity has elsewhere been afforded me to relate the experiences of my cadet days,—upon the occasion of the centennial of our Alma Mater —and for this reason I must forbear to repeat further than to say that this is my answer and as I at one time formulated it, but without relating the episode of the "Big Stick," which now has the right of way. In the early fifties all things were primitive in the City of Washington, its population at the time not exceeding eight or ten thousand all told, with but one constable at the "West End," and this one the terror of the boys.

There were in this section of the city but two principal handfire engines, the Union and the Franklin, and the boys of eight years and upwards "ran with the engine," the "Gumballs," with the Union; the "Enders," with the Franklin. Oh ye mothers! the perils of football of the present days are as naught to the brickbat contest of our day. A skirmish of this kind in rear of the President's Mansion resulted in the death of a "Gumball," and this had a determining influence in making at least one more soldier. After following this hero to the grave, the writer remarked

to his father that he "should like to be buried in that way," *i. e.,* with a brass band and "with all the pride, pomp, and circumstances of glorious war." "Well, in that case, my son," the father replied, "you will have to go to West Point." [1]

The precepts enunciated by Horace Porter and expressed in verse here find practical application. Whenever I hear the term "Big Stick" associated as it always is with the White House, I wonder if it could possibly be the same one delivered by me into the hands of President Franklin Pierce in the month of March, of the year of 1853—a mission fruitful in beneficent results. It may be safely said that upon that occasion I galloped into the presence of the Executive of the nation mounted upon a "family hobby."

The cane, for such it was (a very unique stick), was carved throughout its knotty length in grotesque shapes, and upon its silver head two names were inscribed—B. Pierce and J. Farley, both captains of the old Corps of Artillery (1812-21), boon companions and lifelong friends; the donor, the President's father, and the receiver, the grandfather of the youthful aspirant for military honors.

The lad had in previous years been on good terms with the White House stables and enjoyed the privilege of exercising "Old Whitey" (Zach-

[1] "Suddenly you feel a passion rising in your soul,
A military ardor which no one can control.
You hear of West Point school, where they turn great warriors out,
Still you stop and hesitate, on this Point there's a doubt,
When you doze in bed that night, you mutter, prate, and prattle,
Think you hear a uniform, see drums, and wear a battle;
Dream of bullet-buttons, plumes, of ladies' smiles and fun,
Waking in the morning, you are off to Washington."

CADET HORACE PORTER.

ary Taylor's war horse), and had figured extensively on the brocaded furniture of the President's mansion on occasions where the then Presidents Tyler and Polk had entertained the children of the city. The old adage is here reversed, pleasure first and business afterwards, since the visit at the latter date was one strictly for business, and the youth had been instructed when he should meet the President to say: "*My father desires me to present you this cane,*" and he was admonished, "to lay it on good and strong." Days and nights preceding this visit were largely given over to the wielding of the stick and the delivery of the presentation phrase.

The supreme moment for action had at last arrived. How the lad got to the White House he never knew, but he well remembers that in the constant repetition of his lesson as he followed the curb he narrowly escaped a cane presentation to the lackey of the Executive Mansion. He was ushered into the East Room, second floor, filled with a horde of the office seekers who always infest the City of Washington at the outset of a new administration.

The time of waiting dragged heavily with our boy hero. As he stood before the south window gazing out upon the flats and marshes of the Potomac, there rose in mental vision from out the mist which hung upon the river a "banner" stretching itself from bank to bank, and "bearing this strange device": MY FATHER DESIRES ME TO PRESENT YOU THIS CANE."

Drifting aimlessly about the room for what appeared an interminable age, repeating to himself the words now stereotyped in the gray matter of his brain, chilled with apprehension and filled with

misgivings, the lad finally brought up before an open fire where one other, a probable aspirant for office, had taken refuge.

This gentleman seemed to make himself very much at home, and, standing with his back to the fire, lifted his coat-tails and warmed up to the occasion. "My little man," he said, "whose son are you, and how much snow and ice have you taken in during this inclement season?" A few moments after he left the room, but before going he patted the young gentleman on the shoulders and bade him "good-bye."

The crisis indeed was near at hand, for shortly after this, Sydney Webster (possibly this gentleman may recall as he reads), the President's private secretary, entered the room, followed by no less a personage than the gentleman before mentioned, the fireside tramp, the aspirant for office. This time there was no *incog.*, for here indeed was the President of the United States himself. He appeared to be absorbed in the note that had been handed him, and which conveyed certain information about the cane. As he approached the cane bearer, oblivious of his presence, he made a sudden advance and, seizing the cane with both hands, held it up before him with eyes suffused with tears, and voice husky with emotion, exclaimed: *"Why, that's my father's cane."*

This was the period of my patient waiting and the term of my active service on the United States Coast Survey. The appointment I sought for was practically insured, and in the early spring of that year in which President Pierce's administration was drawing to a close, an official document of the War Department was handed me by my father, himself a graduate of the Military Academy, de-

signating me as a cadet at that institution for the year 1857.

As before stated, the story of my cadet days being told in my book entitled "West Point in the Early Sixties," I cannot enter this field again further than to say that for the few of us now remaining who heard it, the faint and far-off boom of the gun fired against Sumter has yet its reverberations. They are heard along the Highland passes of the Hudson; they echo around "Redoubt Hill," against the sides of "Old Fort Put," and thence roll onward and upward to "Cro' Nest's" rock-ribbed height.

Yes, the four years of my cadetship were drawing to a close—the happiest days of my life. But an hour arrived, the darkest in the history of our country.

To those of us who were close observers (as cadets ever are) of our officer-instructors at the academy—men who in earlier years had led the columns of assault up the heights of Chapultepec, and drawn swords on the fields of Buena Vista, Molino del Rey, and Palo Alto—evidence of their distress was not wanting in this hour of our country's peril.

"Prepare to resign! Resign! A commission awaits you in the Confederate Army. First come, first served." These were the words from every Southern home of every Southern boy. My class was peculiarly Southern in its make up, the vacancies filled in 1857 being 108 in number, with an unusual proportion from the Southern and Southwest sections.

By May 1, 1861, of its fifty-six remaining members after the January examination, some twenty or more resigned their cadetships and left for

their homes, to cast in their lot with their States and against the Union.

The war, if there was to be a war, and it now seemed inevitable, promised to be one of friend against friend, classmate against classmate.

What was there then to tell of the great volunteer auxiliary yet to be? Did not all experience teach that the regular army, in Mexico, in Florida, or as the vanguard of civilization in the Far West, was the, and seemingly the *only,* fighting element of our land? The class to graduate in June was hastily graduated early in May, and the few border States' men and Southerners at heart remaining in the cadet battalion were as yet not brought squarely to the test since it seemed as if matters might be reconciled within a year, or that the issue would at least not be brought home to us. I say "us," because, as one of the five of thirty-five Southern boys of my class as yet remaining at the Point, I entertained this latent hope.

How fallacious! The clouds of war began to darken the horizon in all directions. Officers were needed, and my class, just entering upon its fifth year (experimental) term, determined to petition the Secretary of War for immediate graduation, that it might take the field.

Ropes, of Massachusetts, an impartial historian, and among the first of military writers, enunciates a principle upon which the cadets then at the academy were compelled to take action. I do not quote him literally, but in effect: Should a Virginian find himself in accord with the action taken by the authorities of the State of South Carolina, a State, we shall say, already " out of the Union," he could not enlist with the forces of that seceded State, *his own State being as yet in the Union,*

without deservedly being classed a traitor. But if, on the other hand, his own State had severed her bond with the Union, and he, with others, had been an earnest Unionist, with efforts against secession unavailing, then honor and duty should compel him to cast in his lot with his own State. Four-fifths of all the graduates of the Military Academy in the early sixties arrayed themselves on the side of the Union, and one-fifth on that of the Confederacy. The war has altered many things, and the oath of office, too, is changed, and as now administered to the young cadet has in it the ring of " The Union, right or wrong."

The reverberations of the gun fired against Sumter had scarce died away when the order came from the Headquarters of the Army to graduate the first class at the United States Military Academy. This was one of the three classes that completed the five years' experimental course. Following this the next succeeding class was graduated in June, and the course of study at the academy once again restored to four years. In this manner some seventy-five young men became intimately associated with the field officers of the three months' organizations in and around Washington City, acting, as they did, as drill masters and instructors. At no time in our country's history was this military information more needed, and at no time was the service rendered by the young West Pointers more fully appreciated by men who had gone out to serve their country in her dire extremity. So much, indeed, were these newly fledged officers respected, that, though they only wore the insignia of second lieutenant, they were generally recognized and saluted by the sentries with the field officers present.

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At General Blenker's brigade headquarters they were ever welcome, nor were they unmindful of the fact that at these headquarters there was a large and most accommodating arbor, with a wine cellar attached, that none of us will ever forget.

Nothing can better illustrate the general excitement and distrust prevailing throughout the country than the fact that when the May class from West Point was passing through the city of Philadelphia, they were all arrested at the Camden ferry and carried before a civil magistrate. It would appear that when purchasing side arms and revolvers in New York City,—the usual custom of the young graduate,—it was rumored that these young gentlemen were on their way South to join the Confederate Army. Telegrams were sent to the authorities in the city of Philadelphia to head them off, but when the error was discovered the mortification of the good people of that city was so great that the night train for Washington was detained at the depot, and a sumptuous supper prepared for the young officers at one of the principal hotels.

Having been selected as an aid to General J. F. K. Mansfield,[1] who commanded the defenses of Washington, a cordon of fifty or more garrisoned earthworks, I witnessed the grand review of

[1] He was the senior brigadier-general of the United States Army, a gallant soldier and Christian gentleman, and beloved by all who knew him. He fell at the head of his brigade at Antietam, in his sixty-first year, and it was one of the regrets of my early army service that I was unable to serve with him for a longer period than I did; but when General McClellan took command of the Army of the Potomac, one of his very first orders relieved all artillery officers from staff duty, and directed them to join their batteries with the utmost dispatch, the first step in reorganizing and perfecting that arm of the service for the contest yet to come.

McDowell's army, 40,000 strong, as it passed the President's stand on Pennsylvania Avenue, in front of the White House—a most inspiring sight, though one well calculated to carry with it valuable information to the opposing force which lay in wait for the coming of our army.

A few days after this review the advance of the Union Army on Virginia's soil was ordered, and General Winfield Scott, who was suffering greatly from the infirmities of age, was, as I believed, most unjustly censured for his temerity in this matter of moving before preparations were completed, or before it was assured Patterson would be able to hold Johnson on the upper Potomac.

None knew so well as this hero of other wars the full significance of the term *delay,* as we were bordering fast upon the expiration of service of the three months' men. Scott well remembered the conditions that necessitated his entering the City of Mexico with but 6,000 men, when but a short time before and after the battle of Cerro Gordo his army mustered 12,000 strong. The law provided that volunteers for the Mexican war should *"enlist for twelve months or the war,"* and there was no misplaced comma to justify the interpretation put upon that law, or the interpolation of such imaginary term as would lead to the conclusion that men might enlist for twelve months *or else for the war.*

Scott knew, if others did not, and the sequel justified his conclusion, that however patriotic our men might have been in the first instance, they would leave for home as soon as their term of service expired, and one regiment, be it said to its shame, did turn tail while en route to the battlefield of Bull Run and marched to the rear to the

sound of the enemy's guns. Further than this, after the battle of Bull Run, when a spirit of utter demoralization obsessed our soldiers, it became necessary to employ the regular batteries of artillery that had better business to attend to, to take position in front of the regimental camps of many, if not all, the organizations whose term of service had expired, to prevent their striking tents and marching away, and this unfortunate condition of affairs reached its climax when a regiment, after marching out and being formed for parade, stood fast and in open mutiny, refusing to obey any further order of the adjutant. The brigade commander ordered out a light battery, which was brought into action in front of the regiment, with guns charged with canister, and the adjutant of the regiment was ordered to proceed with his duties. This summary action quelled the mutiny, bringing the regiment to terms, and had a most salutary influence on all other troops.

These things are not told at this hour or at this day in a spirit of detraction, but simply in justification of the action of the commanding general in ordering an early advance under the exigencies of political and military necessity. The three years' men, or those who served throughout our apparently endless conflict, understood these things well. These were men who had the firmness of mind to stay where they were, fight the thing through, and give their lives without hope of glory.

CHAPTER IX

A FEW words at this point respecting the Bull Run contest, as its influence in many ways contributed a much-needed lesson to all the world at the time, and one which should not be lost to future generations. A confidential map had been sent to McDowell defining his line of march, the duplicate of which was in General Scott's personal possession. There was grave apprehension that the plans of the Union Army commander might become known to Beauregard, and, as the sequel showed, this apprehension was well grounded, since it was said that after the battle a tracing of this very map was found among the captured papers of the Confederate general. This may measurably account for General Beauregard's first intention of advancing his right and striking our left near Centreville, instead of remaining in passive defense.

The chief signal officer of the Confederate Army at Manassas, General E. P. Alexander, who occupied the highest point on the field of battle, discovered by the merest chance the glint of a brass gun and the reflected rays of the morning sun on the bayonets of our troops, but betraying the change of plan in McDowell's movements and an advance against the Confederate's extreme left, which forced Beauregard to front from a line parallel with the Bull Run stream to one perpendicular to it. The mistake of General Barry, chief of artillery of the Union Army, in taking one of the newly arrived regiments of

Johnson for one of our own, resulted in the destruction of Griffin's West Point Light Battery and Rickett's battery of the regular army, and was really the turning point of the whole contest, a promised victory for the Union Army being turned into a disastrous rout.

Since I have come to speak of the West Point battery and of its being cut to pieces at Bull Run, there are some facts of official record in my possession which cannot prove to be otherwise than interesting to the reader who is at all interested in military history. In the month of January, 1861, the West Point cavalry detachment was converted into a battery of light artillery that was destined to bear a conspicuous part in the first battle of the war.

In the light of events that followed the peculiar conditions existing at that time, the order by which the battery came into existence is of especial interest.

HEADQUARTERS, U. S. MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST POINT, N. Y.
January 7, 1861.

Orders No. 3.

1. The command of the Military Academy Detachment of Dragoons will be temporarily transferred to Lieutenant Charles Griffin, 2d Artillery, for the purpose of improving and perfecting their instruction as drivers and gunners in the use of Field Artillery, to which branch of the Artillery service Lieutenant Griffin will for the present confine his attention.

2. To enable Lieutenant Griffin to organize a battery of four pieces with six horses to each piece and caisson, enough men to make the command seventy strong will be temporarily transferred from the Artillery to the Dragoon Detachment. For this purpose the commander of the Artillery Detachment will advise with Lieutenant Griffin in order that only the men most suitable for the object in view may be detailed.

3. Lieutenants Symonds and Webb will be relieved from duty as cadet instructors and will report to Lieutenant Griffin for duty.

4. Lieutenant Griffin is hereby relieved from duty in the Tactical Department in order to enable him to devote his entire time and attention to the organization and instruction of this light battery, which the Superintendent hopes in the shortest possible space of time may be converted into a model one of its kind.

By order of COLONEL DELAFIELD,
S. R. HOLABIRD, *1st Lieut., 1st Infantry, Adjutant, M. A.*

The Superintendent received the following telegram, dated Washington, January 30, 1861:

The Secretary of War directs that you order the company of artillery here without delay with guns and horses.
S. COOPER, *Adjutant General.*

It was presumed that the West Point Light Battery would not be required in Washington before the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln. These orders, however, necessitated recruiting the battery to its full enlisted strength, and for this reason the cadets feared that they were to lose not only the battery, but also the horses, which were used for squadron and trooper drill, as well as for light artillery exercises. Everything seemed to be going from us at once: comrades, instructors, and, in fact, all adjuncts of our military training, and after the battery left the Point it might be a long time before the cadets would again exercise on the cavalry plain in squadron drill, cut heads, or jump the hurdle in the riding hall. The end of all things seemed at hand; the country, indeed, was "going to the dogs," and no mistake.

As the battalion stood in ranks at reveille on the last day of January, a bugle note sounding "Column, left!" "Forward, guide right!" brought into view, and, for the last time, our field

battery. Here was war indeed, though none could realize it. After breaking ranks the entire corps assembled in front of the barracks and gave the battery three rousing cheers as it wound its way around by the valley road on its long, uncertain journey, and as the last carriage passed from sight it was with aching hearts that we retraced our steps to the barrack rooms.

Cushing and Pelham—the one the Ringgold[1] of the Union, and the other of the Confederate Army—both were there to join in that good-bye cheer. Had Cushing then a premonition on that moonlit winter morn when or where next the West Point Battery's guns would respond to the guns of Pelham's horse brigade? Kind, brave, and generous Pelham,[2] we shall not forget you. No Union officer had aught but consideration at your hands when held by you as prisoner of war.

Of Cushing—at Gettysburg! What shall we say of him? First, a brother of Cushing of the navy—Cushing of *Albemarle* fame. Thrice wounded, and mortally so, before he would relinquish command of his battery, his last words were: "I'll stay here, fight it out, or die in the attempt."

At this point I may parenthetically add that "A battery (Cushing's) of the Fourth Artillery, on July 2, at Gettysburg, was on right of Webb's brigade, Second Division, Second Corps, and was the very apex of the attack of Pickett's Division, losing all of its officers killed or wounded (Cush-

[1] Captain Samuel Ringgold, of C Company of the Third Regiment, in the fall of 1838 mounted his company and made it a horse battery (not light battery), which, with Duncan's battery, became famous in the Mexican war.

[2] In April, 1863, there is recorded this tribute at the hands of General Robert E. Lee: . . . "not however without the loss of such noble spirits as Majors Pelham and Pullen."

ing and Milne, First R. I. Artillery attached, killed and Canby wounded), thirty-eight enlisted men killed or wounded, sixty-five horses killed or wounded, carriages disabled, and three limbers blown up. These facts bear witness that Battery A was engaged at Gettysburg. Lieutenant Cushing has left a name for gallantry and great courage that cannot be excelled. From the point occupied by this battery the high tide of rebellious invasion receded, never again to appear."

What more of Gettysburg? Hazlett, our gallant, handsome young soldier, held Little Round Top, the key of the battlefield, against repeated assaults of the enemy, giving up his life in the same hour with Cushing, Smead, and Woodruff, all of the artillery. But who shall say that Hazlett's West Point Battery did greater or less work than Cushing's battery of the Fourth Artillery, which lost all of its officers, "dead upon the field of honor"?

After the repulse of Pickett's desperate assault, of which Cushing's battery was the principal objective, but ten of seventy-five of the battery horses were found alive. Many years after the war I inquired of General A. S. Webb, who commanded at this salient and was wounded at the head of his division, what event during the entire Civil war left the deepest impression on his mind. Here is his facetious reply, and over his own signature:

> On the first march from West Point with the Light Battery we arrived at the Erie Railroad station, and I saw the division engineer eat eight eggs for his breakfast! Did they last him through the war?
>
> P. S.—He is dead now.

I may further add to what has gone before that

the West Point Light Battery, later D of the Fifth, was one of the first to arrive in Washington City before the inauguration of Lincoln, and on that occasion was in position to sweep Pennsylvania Avenue, as no one knew to what lengths the desperation of violent political opponents might lead them.

The colored illustration of the battery has been copied from my water-color painting now at West Point, to commemorate the service of the battery.

Returning to our general view of the Bull Run campaign, in which this chapter opens, I may say that the aides of General Mansfield had been in the saddle during the whole day of the battle forwarding troops across the Potomac bridges, in answer to McDowell's repeated calls for reinforcements, and late in the afternoon, about 5 P. M., the officers of the general's staff were summoned to headquarters. The increasing fire of the artillery, and its greater distinctness as the day advanced, was by no means reassuring, and when we were all present in the office the general closed the door, and, drawing a telegram from his breast pocket, read these words: "The left wing of our army is in retreat upon Centreville"—a message from General McDowell to General Scott.

At the moment there came a rap on the door, followed by the entrance of an orderly from General Scott's headquarters, the telegram this time reading: "The army is in full retreat upon Centreville."

General Mansfield was much excited, and, walking the floor with his head down and his hands behind him, the telegram crushed in his

West Point Light Battery.

1860

J. P. F.
delt. et pinx.

hand, kept us all in suspense until he read the message. Turning to his adjutant-general, he said: "The worst has happened that could have happened—our army is defeated and in full retreat upon Centreville. I fear it is a rout."

But what was transpiring at General Scott's headquarters at this instant? I must turn to Colonel Savage for assistance, for here he says: "Thus spoke General Scott: 'All seems lost,' and addressing his confidential officer, said: 'Send any officers you can to ride around the defenses—set all in order for a defense. Mansfield will rally the returning army. Take a squadron—use my name and signature everywhere. Go out yourself and meet them. Find Barry's battery, Richardson's brigade, Runyon's division of the reserves. Have McDowell bring all back here by Centreville to Fairfax and Arlington. I go to the President to direct with him the defense of the city.'"

This seems to accord exactly with what transpired at Mansfield's headquarters. The general directed his aids to go to their quarters to make preparations for a night's ride over the river, taking a squadron of the Second Cavalry as escort. We started from headquarters about 9 P. M., and crossing the Potomac, spent the night in vain endeavor to accomplish something, and to ascertain the real condition of affairs at the front. Directions had been given that in the event of the advance of the Confederates that night all the bells of the churches and all fire bells should be rung, but I could never fairly understand what would have been accomplished by this, as the chime of those bells would ring out a peal of victory, and have brought joy to the hearts of a majority of the inhabitants of a city which, like its sister city,

Baltimore, was heart and soul with the South. Here Savage says, in speaking in like connection of the disaffected in Washington City: "Another hand than Jack McCrary's manipulated the tell-tale lights that night which answered the flashes and rockets on the Virginia shore; the anxious Pauline Duval knew that a stormy-hearted Kentuckian Circe was now in charge of Beauregard's news depot in her splendid home."

That dismal night's ride over the "Long Bridge" discovered but little else than fleeing, flitting figures in the darkness, all tending toward the Potomac Long Bridge and the Georgetown Aqueduct bridge. Picnickers who had gone out in force to see the fight, many in hacks, loaded down with well-filled champagne baskets and other viands, were the first to block the roads and bridges in their mad haste to escape that nightmare of the army, that frenzy of the imagination, that phantom of the dark, the "black horse cavalry." The facts of the case are these, so far as relates to the cavalry scare: The right wing of our army had made a detour on a U-shaped line some ten miles in extent (here it was that Alexander made his discovery), while the distance from the start to the finish across the arms of the U was not more than a half-mile.

The men who had followed the road in their advance did not, and, in fact, could not, appreciate the real relation of things, and very naturally, when retreating, followed the road taken in the advance. So blocked, indeed, were the several roads that the small available force of the Confederate cavalry could not have penetrated this mass had they tried, more particularly as the rear guard, a plucky little battalion of some two hun-

Clearing the Road for Battery's Advance,
West Point, 1860

J. P. F.
delt. et pinx.

dred regular infantry, covered the retreat and heroically contested every foot of ground. Here was the difficulty in the case: After our troops had traversed a distance of some eight or ten miles on the U circuit, the field batteries of the Confederates and a few mounted men on horses without distinction of color or kind, fell upon our flank, creating the not unwarranted impression upon the minds of those in flight that the rear of the column was annihilated, and that the cavalry of the enemy had cut its way through to the head of the column.

At this juncture the scene that has been described by Pollard of the Richmond *Whig*, a Confederate writer, as he says, beggared description, "two or three men on every horse, horses cut from wagons and artillery pieces with traces dangling at their heels and wild with excitement, negro drivers and those wearing shoulder straps of every grade mounted on the same horses, two and three deep," and here I will add, everything going for home at a speed outrivaling that of a first-class auto of the present day. The noise of the retreat of the stricken army could be heard for miles, but fortunately for some of us, we were spared this agony, or may I not call it "endurance test"? So it all came down to this—a few horsemen well mounted forded the Bull Run stream at intervals along the lines of retreat, taking everything in flank, and their appearance filled our panic-stricken army with dismay, giving rise on all sides to the most exaggerated accounts of the terrible "black horse cavalry." The day following the night of the battle was a dreary one indeed, drizzling rain with heavy clouds hanging over as a pall. Fragments of regiments reported

to Mansfield's headquarters from hour to hour, in bodies of a dozen or more, each squad claiming to be "all that is left of our regiment."[3]

Confidence, fortunately for us, was restored in a few days, so soon as it was ascertained that the regiments had not been annihliated and that the stragglers had reassembled on their own camp grounds. Nothing, however, was more reassuring than the knowledge that our adversaries were quite as much demoralized by victory as we had been by defeat.

Shortly after the battle of Bull Run General Mansfield sent me as his aid to bring in a regiment which through some gross mistake had been left in the neighborhood of Bailey's Cross Road on the Virginia side of the river, and far beyond our advanced line of pickets. My experience throughout this long ride, both going and returning, may serve to illustrate the condition of affairs at the time in the city as well as in its outskirts.

As I passed the farmhouses along the route I was greeted with taunts and jeers, and dogs were

[3] General W. T. Sherman, who commanded the Third Brigade of the First Division, was in the thickest of the fray at Bull Run, and in one of the long unpublished letters of the general which appear in *Scribner's* for April, 1909, he says, and this, under date of July 24, 1861, in writing to his wife: "Well, I am sufficiently disgraced now. I suppose soon I can sneak into some quiet corner. I was under heavy fire for hours, touched on the knee and shoulder, my horse shot through the leg, was every way exposed and cannot imagine how I escaped to experience the mortification, retreat, rout, confusion, and now abandonment by whole regiments. I had read of retreats before, I have seen the noise and confusion of crowds of men at fires and shipwrecks, but nothing like this. It was as disgraceful as words can portray.

"After our retreat here, Centreville, I did my best to stop the flying masses, and partially succeeded, so that we once more present a front. But Beauregard has committed a sad mistake in not pursuing us promptly. Had he done so he could have stampeded us again and gone into Washington."

set upon me. In my outgoing trip I passed an officer with a section of Tidball's Battery on the road just beyond Arlington Mills. He had been transferred from the West Point Battery, which had become D of the Fifth, to A of the Second (the regiment to which he really belonged, and with which battery he served at Bull Run), and these were his words addressed to me: "For God's sake, Farley, get me out of this, I have no infantry support and can't hold this position, if attacked." And here comes a turn of the tables. Not only was he "got out," but followed the captain of his battery, who became chief of artillery of the Army of the Potomac, and the officer was selected as his chief of staff. When all officers of artillery were relieved (by an order from McClellan's headquarters) from all staff duty that they might return to their batteries, I was assigned to Tidball's Horse Battery, the first battery of the kind organized at the outbreak of the war.

It was perfectly clear to all, after the Bull Run disaster, that the light batteries were not suitable for outpost duty. The several sections of the batteries (two guns and caissons each) were placed at the front, on the picket line, where they actually constituted an objective for the enemy; inviting attack, which, except for the guns, would not have been made. No protection on the flanks of these advanced positions could be afforded, and the enemy in small force could readily have broken through our thin line, struck in by the rear and flank, and probably have captured the guns.

This condition was understood by the general commanding, but there were other things to be considered. Most of the remaining regiments of

three months' men were far from reliable, and needed a moral support, to be secured only by association with regular troops. With the exception of about two hundred men of the Third United States Infantry, there were none of the regular army at the time available for service with the Army of the Potomac except those with the light batteries. Hence it was that instead of infantry being the support for artillery, artillery was made, in fact, to serve as a support for the infantry, a paradox indeed; and had we been in the presence of an enterprising adversary, warfare conducted on these lines would have been of short duration.

In order to keep the infantry at the front, it was necessary to make them feel that there was a reason for their being there, and the reason held out to them was the necessity for their remaining as supports to the batteries.

But I am digressing. "Let us return to muttons." Late at night, and just as I had crossed the Long Bridge on my return to the Washington side of the river, and was passing that section known as *"Murder Bay,"* I was attacked by one of our soldiers, who, in the darkness, did not recognize me as an officer, his object being, as was afterwards ascertained, to capture my horse. As I was well armed, and drew my revolver upon him, he became my prisoner. Surely in those days it was hard to tell friend from foe!

The railroad routes and depots were all well guarded, and escape from the city could not be effected by the soldiers in that way. Through the medium of a horse, flight was facilitated, and these animals could not be left for five minutes on the streets without being seized upon, mounted,

and ridden on the north and south line until they dropped in their tracks. The deserting soldier then exchanged his uniform with the negroes, who further assisted him in making his escape. These were gloomy days for all of us, and for the American people a sad awakening; but verifying, as time showed, the old adage that "The uses of adversity are sweet indeed." The losses in the battle of Bull Run were far less than at first reported, but we were sorely wounded in a vital spot—the nation's pride had received a stunning blow.

Of course many valuable lives were sacrificed on both sides, and many men were made prisoners of war, but the loss was by no means commensurate with the force engaged, and inconsiderable if compared with that of later contests.

CHAPTER X

As this volume is reminiscent in character and something has been said of the residences on the James River and my early associations as a boy at those places, I am led here to speak of the Potomac section of the Sunny South. There are none among the old residents of the District of Columbia who are not familiar with the names of such places as Mount Vernon, Arlington, Giesboro, Eckington, The Van Ness Place, The Octagon, Silver Spring, Brightwood, and Brentwood.

Mrs. Sherwood in her reminiscences of Washington society refers to many of these places and to Brentwood, in these terms: "And then we had always a delightful treat in a visit to Brentwood, at that time kept up with true Southern hospitality." This estate was owned by General Robert Brent, Paymaster General U. S. A., and later the first mayor of Washington City under Jefferson, in whom this appointment was vested. General Brent, my great-grandfather, married the daughter of Notley Young, of Giesboro, the owner of a large plantation on which the City of Washington was located. Brentwood is distant about one and one-half miles from the Capitol as the bird flies and on the northeast line, but when reckoned by the muddy roads and winding lanes of earlier days seemingly a much greater distance. Thornton and Latrobe had designed and constructed the Capitol building at Washington, and for this reason the latter was selected as the archi-

tect of the Brentwood Manor. The building was to be in miniature scale and in exterior form a counterpart of the old Capitol.

The cupola surrounding the dome of the rotunda, or "round room," was a striking feature in its construction, and under that dome the traditions of the Pearson family centered. The Hon. Joseph Pearson, M. C., of North Carolina, my maternal grandfather, married the daughter of General Brent (Eleanor), and some years after her death married Catherine Worthington, of Georgetown, D. C. It was under this dome, in the round room, that the many daughters of the family were given and received in marriage, and here all the members of the family as they passed from earth rested for a brief period before final interment.

On entering the house one was always impressed by the spacious hall extending the full length of the main building parallel with its front face. The round room, with its folding doors at all times open, was immediately opposite the main entrance and, being handsomely furnished, showed to great advantage. Its elaborate carved and beautiful Italian marble mantel and imported chandelier, with its myriad of crystal prisms, lent a pleasing effect to the whole. On either side of the round room were folding doors which opened into the dining-room on the one hand and the drawing-room on the other, both of which rooms constituted the wings of the main building, and corresponded, so to express it, with the Senate Chamber and the House of Representatives of the building after which this mansion was designed.

In front of the dining-room and to the right

hand as we enter the hall—in the same wing with it—was a guest-room which also opened into the hallway by folding doors. The rooms of the house further to the rear on this side were bedrooms, and in the opposite wing and in rear of the long drawing-room (which also opened into the hall by folding doors) were rooms used for domestic purposes. In the second story of the main building, and grouped around the sustaining walls of the dome, were a number of bedrooms and a circular hallway.

When for purposes of entertainment the doors of all the rooms on the lower floor were thrown open and the house brilliantly lighted, the effect was most impressive.

How well I remember when a boy of but eight or ten years of age, slipping out into the darkness of night on occasions such as these, to get a glimpse of the "fireflies" in the woods, the fireflies at such time being the flickering sidelights of old-time hacks and coaches, with which the vistas and odd spaces in the woods were literally packed. The fireflies of a summer night were of a different specie, and afforded us boys and girls no end of fun, though the chirrup of the katydid, the croaking of the tree-frog, the flash of the heat lightning with its mutterings of distant thunder, had no charms for me, and possessed my young mind with a deep sense of loneliness and with grim forebodings.

Bear with me, kind reader, since I must paint my picture as I see it, through the long vista of years, though even to this day the exterior of the old house, in its deteriorated and time-worn condition, serves me well in describing it as it was. Two stories in height, with one story additions

projecting from each side and from the rear, graced in front by an artistic portico with Greek columns, the house presented a most picturesque appearance. Its brick walls, stuccoed with a creamy white pebbled surface, glittered in the sunshine against a setting of azure blue sky and silken green carpet, the whole relieved for the most part by the rose vine and clematis.

At the time of the construction of the building it was a mooted question as to its exact location: should the site be that of "Orchard Hill," commanding an all-round view of city and country, or upon a knoll of equal elevation in a dense forest of oak, chestnut, and hickory trees?

Here the architect held full sway, and determined upon the latter site. In front of the building a broad circular clearance was cut, with openings through the woods—three wide vistas converging to a common center, the portico of the house. There was thus afforded a fine view of the Capitol, of the waters of the Anacostia, and of that portion of the city east of the Capitol, where George Washington had anticipated the greatest development. The portico from which these several views were to be had, and where the vistas, though small, converged, was adequate, and in strict accord with the rules of art. It was approached by a flight of broad steps flanking the circular driveway, and on either side of the portico a somewhat abrupt slope of greensward led down to the common level. These "hills," so-called, were the hearts' delight of the children and their visiting friends. There were no hard and fast rules set for the little ones of this household, and, if I may venture to express myself in modern parlance, there was no "race suicide" in that

family. The pantry and storeroom keys were left within easy reach of petty thieves, though the house servants, all of African descent, would never have hazarded such venture, since it was well understood that it was against them, and them only, that the lock and bolt was turned. Let it not be forgotten that in all Southern households the "white folks" were secure in everything save edibles, as none were more faithful than the house servants of early days, slaves though they may have been—none more devoted to the family and proud of its traditions; but they were equally quick to apprehend that for the sake of their masters, as well as themselves, they must be well fed and well conditioned, *and fed, it must be, from their master's hand.*

While rambling along in this haphazard way with my pen to-day, I am reminded it was but yesterday that I found myself climbing old rail fences and wending my way through the now neglected and overgrown woods, crushing the dead leaves and crackling branches under foot in my approach to the old homestead of my early youth. The sweet scent of the withered leaves refreshes my aged memory and lends inspiration to my thoughts. For I am sleeping and dreaming —resting under the old hickory tree where long years ago I gathered its nuts and cracked them on the outcropping rock at my side. Before me is the old house, its one-time snowy-white surface a dingy gray; the stucco has fallen from the brick, the vines are shriveled and dead, and now an old negress, followed by her faithful watch-dog, approaches. She has heard of me, and knows much of the old family. All are dead now, all of the old generation. How many are the things that

serve to bring back to each and to all some happy memories of the past, awakening cherished recollections and reviving dormant hopes? The ripple of the poplar leaf, the sparkle of sunlight on the ocean wave, the fragrance of the orange blossom, the rose and the violet—the blossom of early spring, the hyacinth, the lilac, the tulip, and the pansy. These things all have promise in them; but what a contrast here! Dead leaves, dead hopes, and an old habitation fallen into disuse and decay! *"When man resigns his empire decay asserts its own, and with steady but sure effect proceeds to demolish the proudest works of his hand."*

But let me dream on! There over to the west is old Orchard Hill, just as it was a century gone by, and there it will remain, whatever else betides. There, too, is the old cider press, and here the scent of decaying apples is wafted to me on the gentle breeze, refreshing my sleeping, dreaming sense. How delicious the aroma! And there, close beside the press, on the very crest of the hill, is the old oak tree which I have climbed so often, viewing around and below vast acres of wheat and corn, with sheep and cattle ranging far and near, and in mid-distance the sleeping city, veiled in a haze of dust—a mass of conglomerate—a city but in name—a Southern town—a country village, and with all the attributes thereof. There, too, is the promised bounty of the orchard, the well-stocked barns, the old white horse, *my* horse; and over on the opposite side of the house the sweet-scented garden, its fruit and flowers the pride of old Uncle Daniel, the gardener, whose rapid and unlooked-for descent from a cherry tree he had climbed in my behalf—this, too, has left its

impress. Poor old man! How he suffered, and all for me! Then, too, the strawberries! I must not forget those berries. How many thousands of them have I picked, and how many hundreds have I eaten in the picking! None other than the soil of Maryland could yield such berries. The dairy cellar, its pans of milk and richest cream, and, above all and beyond all, the bonny clabber. Those who know of these things know them well and need no telling; those who know them not cannot be made to understand them by anything that is written. The bonny clabber, with its coating of the brownest of brown sugar and the richest of rich cream, is something to be tasted to be felt. But all these things have passed and gone—every cubic foot of soil of the old place at this day is worth its weight in dust of gold. And here my day-dream ends.

During the Civil war, and many years after the war, the reputation of Brentwood was well sustained, though at times the farm was converted into a military camp and dotted over with the white tents of our soldiery. Carlisle P. Patterson, Superintendent of the Coast Survey, beloved by all who knew him, the son of the late Commodore Patterson, of the navy, had stood under the dome of the " round room " and there possessed himself of the hand of one of the most charming daughters of the family, and the old place was kept up in the most hospitable manner, though for many years sowing bayonets in lieu of grain, reaping, however, a harvest of good will from the soldier element of our land. How strange all this seemed during the first few months of my army career, and this was further emphasized by a dinner given the captain of my battery and his officers. Some

twenty of us army men were the invited guests, all in uniform—a contrast here, indeed, with the days of old! Another, and a better contrast still, if we revert to the hard-tack and bean soup dinner of the camp mess, but this, though a contrast, was no surprise to one familiar with the larder and the lockup closets of the dear old house. So it went on, all during the war, and after the war the hospitality of Brentwood became a password in Washington society.

It has been suggested to me that, in writing of Brentwood, I should have told more of the successive families who lived in the old homestead, since "it is a knowledge of men and the motives of men which give interest to places in this world, and it is only the immortal part of them which is caught in literature, and the reason," as my friendly critic further says, the reason that there is so much abortive literature is because *there is no life in it.* Perhaps, old friend! but much of that I write of Brentwood is a dream by day after all, and have I not warned the reader that in wending my way through the overgrown woods and lanes of Brentwood I am alone, and have returned but to view the things that are, leaving family traditions in the sacred precinct of the tomb?

CHAPTER XI

BEFORE the advance of the Union Army against Beauregard at Manassas, McDowell, the Federal commander, established his headquarters at Arlington. As I was serving as aid-de-camp to General Mansfield at the time, my father, who was an old resident of the city and an ex-officer of the army, proposed that we should ride over the Long Bridge on horseback and pay our respects to General McDowell, remarking that an opportunity would thus be afforded him "to kill two birds with one stone," that is, to visit the general and acquaint me with the salient features of the Arlington mansion with which he was very familiar.

He had been on duty in the War Department in the early twenties (1823-28), and during that period became a devoted friend of George W. Parke Custis and his sister, Mrs. Eleanor Lewis, née "Nellie Custis."

As we approached Arlington on the afternoon of our visit, which was early in the month of July, the Third United States Infantry, then encamped at the foothills of Arlington, was drawn up in line for parade, flanked by a squadron of cavalry and a battery of light artillery. Visitors at that time flocked to Arlington to witness the military displays, which were the more attractive from the fact that this was the vanguard of our army—the regulars, whom it was expected would be the first to engage the enemy. Many

were present from motives other than mere sightseeing or pleasure-hunting, as Washington at the time was filled with Southern sympathizers, if not indeed regularly constituted spies. After a pleasant visit and a cordial reception by the general at his headquarters, we then rode up to the mansion on the crest of the hills, and when about to enter the building we were informed by the guard that it had been denuded of furniture, and the relics of Washington which it had once contained were scattered throughout the North. It is but just to say, however, that the greater portion of these mementos have been returned to the Society of Dames in charge of Mount Vernon, and are now preserved at that homestead.

In Mr. Custis' studio there were still to be seen on the walls one or two full-lengths portraits, and here my father smilingly observed: "You must turn your back upon these paintings, stretch your legs wide apart and lower your head to the level of your knee. This," he said, "was old Mr. Custis' personal formula for guests who desired to view his works of art."

I have often been tempted to try this plan upon some of George W. Parke Custis' efforts in oil which are as yet preserved in the Capitol Building, but dreaded the consequences should the Capitol guards overtake me in the act.

Reversing one's canvas on the easel is one thing, but turning an observer upside down is quite another, more particularly where a finished product is on exhibition. The canvas as yet being on the easel, artists find that remedial defects stand revealed by reversing the work itself, but the application of the Custis principle to framed and finished products of the brush convinces one

more than ever that the old adage, "Never too late to mend," finds here its failing case.

Before leaving Arlington on this, the occasion of my first visit as an officer of our army, my father called me to a particular spot on the lawn in front of the house, remarking as he did so: "I want to explain to you the architecture of this building, just as Mr. Custis did to me some forty years ago. Then," he said, "I was a brevet second lieutenant of the Second Artillery, as you are to-day." Here history once again repeats itself, but in a small way.

We gather from all of this that Mr. Custis was quite an artist, and it is believed that he was the architect of his own house, though it is thought that he was largely assisted in his plans by Thornton, the first architect of the Capitol and one of the old gentleman's most intimate friends.

Mr. George W. Parke Custis and his sister Eleanor, as we all know, were grandchildren of Martha Washington, and the adopted children of General Washington and his wife.

Mr. Custis, of whom I have more particularly spoken, was an accomplished scholar and a gentleman of taste and refinement. He had had a private tutor at Mount Vernon and completed his education at St. John's and Princeton colleges. After the death of his mother he fell heir to the Arlington estate, consisting of some one thousand or more acres, and immediately thereafter built the Arlington Mansion. He later married Mary Randolph Fitzhugh, and Arlington became noted for its hospitality and delightful entertainments. The daughter by this marriage, Mary Ann Custis, was one of the belles of Washington City, and after her marriage with Lieutenant Robert E.

Lee, United States Army (later Commanding General of the Confederate Army), and at the death of her father, became possessed of the Arlington and Pamunkey, Va., estates.

Arlington to-day is our principal national cemetery, and contains the graves of more than fifteen thousand soldiers who fell in the Civil war. The Government by act of Congress provided the sum of $150,000 as repayment to the heirs of General Lee and his wife for the Arlington property, which had been confiscated during the Civil war.

Under date of June 7, 1909, I clipped from one of the Washington papers the following extract relating to the Arlington Cemetery:

UNION TOMB DECORATED

The decoration of the tomb of the unknown dead of the Union Army by kindly Southern hands was but one of the impressive incidents of the day. Besides the thousands of flowers placed on the tomb by mothers, daughters, Confederate veterans, and their friends, a huge wreath sat on an easel near the shaft. The design bore the word "Fraternity" worked out in red and white immortelles, with a background of bay leaves, adiantum ferns, red and white roses, with long, wide red and white ribbon streamers. While the tomb was being decorated the cavalry band played "The Blue and the Gray."

Here is more in the same connection:

MEMPHIS, June 10.—General Fred Grant, who stopped off while passing through Memphis, was the involuntary but welcome cause of quite a delay in the parade of ten thousand Confederate veterans this morning.

Many of the old soldiers who wore the gray knew that General Grant would view the parade, but thought it would be from the balcony of some hotel.

As the countermarch reached the public reviewing stand at Court Square, General Clement Evans, commander in chief of the veterans, spied General Grant. "Hello, boys," he cried to other high commanders about him, "there's Grant's boy! Let's shake hands and show him how glad we are to see his father's son."

In ten seconds the gray commanders were off their horses, and as soon in those in the ranks realized what was up, "Grant's boy" was almost overwhelmed by the rush of old-time enemies glad to show their appreciation of U. S. Grant's acts at Appomattox and many times afterward, that have endeared his name to many a Southern heart.

General Fred Grant betrayed by his emotion how the greeting and the cheering and the yells of "Grant! Grant! Grant!" affected him.

The Mount Vernon estate was inherited by the first President of the United States from his brother, Lawrence Washington, who had served in the British Navy under Admiral Vernon. This place, during the Civil war, was respected by tacit consent of both armies to the contest, and further still, the hostile British squadron in passing Mount Vernon in 1812 dipped its colors and fired a salute in honor of the man who had defeated the soldiers of its king.

It is of Nellie Custis of whom I more particularly have come to speak. She was born at Abington, the Custis homestead on the Potomac, March 21, 1778. Her father, John Parke Custis, was an aid to Washington, and her mother a descendant of Cecil Calvert, Lord Baltimore, through her grandfather, Benedict Calvert, of Mount Airy, Md.

My interest in this lady's history is enhanced by the fact that she and her brother George were both friends of my father, though some twenty years or more his senior. "Nellie Custis was," it is said, "as witty as she was beautiful, quick at repartee, highly accomplished, full of information, a good conversationalist, the life of any company whether old or young, and greatly beloved by her foster father." At this point the reader will find one of Mrs. Lewis' letters, dated as long ago as 1828, which, as concerned the

person addressed, was, as will be shown, fruitful of good results.[1]

In writing from Paris, France, under date of September 13, 1828, and as the result of this correspondence, my father says: "The general [Lafayette], in consideration of my acquaintance with his friend, Mrs. Lewis, showed me many little remembrances (mementos) he had received from the Custis family, among which were medallions containing the names of Washington's family, and a ring set with the braided hair of Washington and Franklin.

"While in this country Mrs. Lewis presented

[1] The following is a transcript of the original document:

JUNE 18th, 1828.

Dear Sir:

With great pleasure I enclose a letter for General Lafayette and one for George, and can assure you of a most cordial reception at La Grange. You will there see the view of Woodlawn you so kindly painted at my request, and be happy in the society of my venerated father, my dear and excellent mother, and their charming family. I envy you the pleasure you will experience, and am very happy to be instrumental in procuring you this gratification. Assure them of my devoted affection, and if convenient to you, will you try to sketch for me the interior of the library with an inventory of its effects and their arrangements? Should you visit the birthplace of Lafayette, the Castle of Chavonia, in Auvergne, I should be much gratified by having a sketch of that edifice, and of the room in which our benefactor was born. These are my only commissions. We should have been very happy to have seen you before your departure, and sincerely wish you a pleasant and happy voyage and return to your friends. One friend in particular will rejoice in your speedy return, if rumor may be credited. Any circumstances relating to the General or George will afford me the highest gratification—a leaf or flower from La Grange or Chavonia. My sincere thanks for your friendly attention, with esteem and best wishes, I am,

Your sincere friend,

E. P. LEWIS.

Mr. L., my son and daughter send regards and best wishes. Our regards and congratulations to the Commander-in-Chief. Where is now the great grand Cross?

him with a view of her residence at Woodlawn, which she had requested me to sketch for him, but which, having been made some time since, I had nearly forgotten. He, however, gave me a proof of his better memory by reminding me of the circumstances, and showing me the drawing, which is hung up in the library tower."

After a stay of a week or more at "La Grange," where Lieutenant Fessenden and my father were invited guests, the latter says: "The general took leave of us in a truly patriotic manner, saying that he regarded us as his American sons, and we on our part left him with that regret which always accompanies the thought of leaving a friend whom we never expect to see again on this side of the grave."

George W. Parke Custis and Eleanor Parke Custis were left orphans, the former at only six months of age and the latter about three years old, and became, as before stated, the adopted children of Washington and their grandmother Martha, the "Widow Custis." A private tutor was provided for them at Mount Vernon, and Nellie became a great favorite. She was of a very romantic disposition, and is said to have had the habit of walking around the grounds of Mount Vernon on moonlight nights without escort. On one such occasion she was reproved by her grandmother in the presence of the general, and when she left the room, but before closing the door, she overheard the general say to his wife, "You should not be so hard on her. Perhaps she was not alone." The young lady immediately returned to the room, and, advancing toward the general, indignantly resented his kindly interest in her behalf, saying, "Father,

you always taught me to speak the truth. *Did I not tell you that I was alone?"*

This is another phase of "the little hatchet" episode—and may not be so much a fact as *a true thing*. There was in all probability no little boy Casabianca. But what does it matter? The number of souls that the story has fired shows that it was a true thing, fact or no.

CHAPTER XII

If the reader in perusing the foregoing chapter has prepared himself for a description of the house and grounds at Mount Vernon, he will no doubt be pleased to find that his understanding is not to be insulted. In lieu of this, let me quote from a descriptive paper of my father's that was found in the package which contained the letter of Nellie Custis.

I am quite certain that the chateau my father speaks of was not located on the Potomac, since there are some things stated by him which would seem to point in the direction of the Delaware or Hudson rivers. There is one thing that impressed me greatly, however,—the general features of the ground at Mount Vernon which corresponds very nearly with that described by my father upon the occasion of his visit to his old friend, college chum, and class-mate when at West Point.

"The site of my old friend's chateau," the writer says, "was tastefully selected, combining all the advantages that unassisted nature could offer to promote health and gratify the lover of the picturesque. It was a spot to remind one of the valley of the Arno, where its rapid current laves the feet of that queen of Italy—Florence. Embossed in hills, on one side, whose lofty height shelters it in winter, and situated on a tableland which gradually sloped with gentle declivity down to the water's edge on the south, its eastern side terminated

abruptly by picturesque crags on the margin of the creek. It seemed that no place could be chosen more suitable to favor the embellishments of art than this, or more in accord with the genius of the proprietor. On the one hand it opened a commanding and extensive view of the broad expanse of the river, whose blue waters were studded with white sails and enlivened by the passing steamers which glided along seemingly like things of life independent of the elements through which they moved. On the other hand the scene presented an equally novel combination of tranquillity and rugged beauty. The creek pursued a meandering course among the rocks through which it had found its way, and by its constant current irregular channels were formed, which fretted the bases into fantastic forms and deep ravines—now leaping with noisy foam over the declivities into its narrow passage and then quietly pursuing its eddying course in harmless whirls around the banks below where the stream widened out.

"The approach to the chateau was by an avenue shaded by embowering trees, the tall trunks of which were covered with the ivy and honeysuckle, while the carriage-way on either side was bordered by a sward of verdure enameled with wild flowers.

"At the entrance of the grounds was a wide gate, in the outer inclosure on each side of which was a porter's lodge—or rather two small buildings which served the double purpose of ornament and accommodation for families who could not afford their rent and to whom were assigned small portions of ground for gardens, which were neatly kept in a high state of cultivation.

"These buildings, though economically constructed, nevertheless indicated a strict adherence to the rules of architecture, giving evident proof that at the same expense of the rude cottages of the poor a man of taste may construct buildings combining commodiousness with elegance.

"Here at this portal a beautiful little girl of about twelve years of age ran out at the sound of the approaching carriage. She was neatly habited in a dress of plain material, and swung open the gate for us to pass. She stood with modest air, one hand on the latch while with the other she gave a toss to the dark ringlets of her flowing hair and threw them back upon her white neck, as she smilingly dropped us a curtsey of welcome.

"The excitement of this action imparted a glow to her complexion, a picture to my mind of innocence and happiness. The roadway, almost imperceptible, wound up the declivity and the hard and firm gravel crackled under our wheels, which left no impression. The road was bordered on each side by parallel courses of sward traced with mathematical precision. Hemmed in by rows of box on either side there appeared shrubs of higher growth, such as rose bushes, lilacs, snowballs, etc., so that a view of the chateau on our approach could only be had through occasional vistas, until we were suddenly brought by a sweeping curve directly in front of one of the principal entrances. In a moment we stood on the flight of marble steps and received the gratulations of our friend, who, with his charming family, had assembled on the portico to meet us.

"I had not seen him for some years, and since his return from Europe. We had been cadets together, old comrades in the army and chums at

college; when I saw him last he was youthful and gay and possessing the complexion of the North.

"His features were now matured by manhood and tempered by the more serious cast which even the most buoyant disposition may acquire by mingling with mankind and contending with the vicissitudes and caprices of the world. He had seen much of its unkindness, though not actual reverses of fortune. Accustomed to some privations, and learning to endure by habit, he had taught himself to be content in early life with mediocrity of fortune. He was naturally of a kind and affectionate disposition, but being thrown upon his own resources at an early age, and having no object on which to fix his affections, that disposition was never properly directed and cherished. He found at length a lady whose disposition was assimilated to his own. Those good feelings of his nature so long latent seemed to be garnered up at last and lavished upon the object of his choice, and he was now able to live as he desired and indulge in his favorite pursuits.

"His education had been scientific, but his inclination leant towards the arts, and whatever combined the two did not fail to please him.

"I cannot better give an idea of this than by describing the amusements, comforts, and elegancies that he had drawn around him, as they appeared to us. The delightful retreat he had chosen was favorable alike for seclusion or society, for study and contemplation, as well as the natural converse with those whose habits were congenial with his own—just far enough removed from the turmoil of a busy world to be exempt from intrusion and so near as to be conveyed by

the rapid agency of steam, by boat or cars, within the sphere of business or fashion.

"Here he had collected every work of art that could gratify and contrived every amusement that could contribute to the tastes of those of his choicest friends.

"For such sunshine ephemera as appeared under that name to others, he cared not; he kept no hounds, but few horses, and no luxurious viands and liquors to pamper vitiated and sensual appetites. But for those who visited him for the enjoyment of his own society, he was liberal to a fault.

"In the arrangement of everything around him was to be seen a quiet desire to please, and his only flattery was addressed through the medium of the eye of those who knew how to enjoy beautiful subjects and appreciate what they saw. He had traveled in different countries, and had seen things delightful and useful, and it was his study to combine these in such a manner as to contribute to his convenience or pleasure, or to that of those around him. His chateau had been planned by himself after his own drawings, and his grounds showed an adaptation of foreign landscape gardening to the scenery of our own country.[1] The most commanding point had been selected for his house, and taking advantage of the conformation and slopes of the soil he had so arranged as to have an extensive lawn in front,

[1] We might suspect this gentleman of being an Englishman, since, as Washington Irving says in speaking of those people as a class, "They have studied nature intently and discover an exquisite sense of a beautiful form and harmonious combination. Those charms, which in other countries she lavishes in wild solitude, are here assembled around the haunts of domestic life. They seem to have caught her coy and furtive graces and spread them, like witchery, about their rural abodes."

with an almost imperceptible inclination for about a quarter of a mile down to the water's edge.

"A sea wall of pure white bordered the margin, along which was planted at intervals the weeping willow; when seen from the river the effect was beautiful—the water washing its base and reflecting the clear image of the wall and inverted trees whose drooping branches trailed along the water surface.

"The landing place at the foot of the avenue was a semicircular recess with concentric steps, in the center of which was moored a small yacht for fishing and pleasure parties, with an elegant cabin and awnings fore and aft in front of its doors, and provided with lounges, cushions, etc.—every convenience of aquatic excursions.

"Beside this lay a Venetian gondola, which my friend in one of his freaks of fancy had brought from Venice, with the costume of a gondolier, and had taught one of his domestics to manage it.

"From this we might land readily upon the steps before mentioned (not unlike the Venetian style), which led to a small marble edifice resembling in general outline a triumphal arch, but with a large semicircular recess in the center, with seats like a large niche, with two smaller niches on each side about the height of the breast, in which statuary figures were placed. This was designed in imitation of those retreats he had seen at the gate of the tombs at Pompeii and at Hadrian's Villa.

"The front of the mansion facing the river was of the Doric order, with a portico of six columns projecting and flanked by two wings with pilasters.

"On each side of the grassy avenue, which

sloped off, the ground had been arranged for some width with method, and graduated so as to form hanging gardens, slopes, and graveled walks, fountains and cascades, interspersed with casts of statues, prepared for the purpose, whose whiteness contrasted finely with the verdure of the foliage.

"The cascade of the creek, being higher than the level of the mansion, rendered it easy to convey the water to the roof of the chateau, so that every room might be supplied, and in each chamber could be seen a small fountain, from which the water was constantly playing from some grotesque figure, into marble reservoirs. The same pipes carried the reservoir waters in every direction around the grounds, forming mimic waterfalls, fish ponds, islands, and rivulets, and concentrating in one grand fountain of about twenty feet in height at the foot of the garden, mingling at length with the waters of the river. There was a coolness imparted to the atmosphere by this constant flow and an evergreen freshness to the verdure by the humid spray dispersed around.

"The vestibule, on entry, which opened into the portico, was of an elliptical form, and spaced, having niches round it in which statues and busts were placed.

"One part of it was appropriated to the domestic affairs of the family, and kept as remote and distinct from the other as possible.

"This was appropriated to study and retirement, and it is here that my friend had evinced his ruling passion, and dedicated it exclusively to the Muses. From this side of the elliptical room a spacious arched entry reached to the extremity of the eastern wing, terminating with curtains and

corniced with military trophies. Fluted Corinthian pillars stood at regular intervals on each side of this passage, marking the compartments of eight rooms, which together with the end apartment were assigned to the different Muses. The first apartment was dedicated to Calliope, and on entering it her statue met the eye at the upper end opposite the doors, and the busts of Cicero and Demosthenes were arranged in small niches in the wall on either side of it. In the next was the figure of Clio, with the busts of Alexander and Julius Cæsar. Then Erato, with the busts of Virgil and Homer. Next on the opposite side was Thalia, with the busts of Thespis and Archimedes; then Melpomene, with the busts of Shakespeare, etc. After this, Terpsichore and Polymnia, with busts of Pliny and Livy; and Urania flanked by Copernicus and Galileo.

"Euterpe and Calliope presided over the music saloon. In this were placed a variety of instruments to suit the fancy or inclination of amateurs in this art, and at the head of the hall was an orchestra, in which the instruments were arranged to form a trophy-like effect, among which were a splendid harp and upright piano, surmounted by a large gilt spread-eagle. Instruments of martial music were also tastefully displayed. One room was fitted up in a style entirely military. The ladies' sitting-room commanding a view of the park is characterized by an air of sober quiet and comfort, its appointments plain but elegant, containing a handsome cabinet, paintings, family portraits, etc. Between the sitting-rooms was an ante-room, occasionally used as a dining-room for a small family party, some choice paintings decorated its walls. Passing this apartment we enter

the gentlemen's sitting-room, where elegant comfort is the most prominent feature, and corresponding in style and arrangement to that of the ladies'. In this also is a cabinet and over the fireplace a French time-piece.

" On the south side the spacious library—first of a suite of apartments—is sober, grand, and imposing, the cornices well molded, cabriole chairs. The stove, fender, and fire-irons gilt, Dresden vases in glass shades, marble chimney pieces, native material and manufacture.

" Ante drawing-room—hangings and drapery of bright golden yellow in English damask satin, seats and backs of chairs of dark blue satin, relieved with yellow. Two golden eagles under marble slabs. The drawing-room furnished in precisely the same style as the last, gilded girandolas for lamps suspended from the ceiling, large and magnificent pier glasses, beautiful buhl and mosaic tables, with massive gilt frames and *chefs d'œuvre,* armed chairs and Grecian lounges. On cabinet between the fireplace a clock of curious workmanship.

" Dining-room—appointments plain and unobtrusive, table, sideboard, and chairs of mahogany, sideboard facing window and another of verde antique supported by massive bronze eagles, *chefs d'œuvres.*" [2]

[2] The above descriptive paper, found some half century or more after it was written, was but roughly blocked out, and the notes on the few last pages were intended as mere guides for finished writing.

CHAPTER XIII

CONTINUING our itinerary, we note that we have now arrived at the Point of Rocks—foot of Seventeenth street, Washington City, and at the very gate of the Van Ness place.

General Peter Van Ness, as I remember him, was a short, thick-set old gentleman, always attired in a dark-blue swallow-tail coat with brass buttons, a buff-colored vest, tights to his knees, silk stockings and pumps, but before all and above all (how I envied him this!) there was the immaculate frilled shirt front that he always wore.

This gentleman was born in New York State in 1770, and at the time that he represented that State in Congress he married Marcia Burns. He later became the mayor of the City of Washington and commander of the District of Columbia militia, with the rank of major-general.

Although David Burns, the father of Marcia, was a large property owner, the old Burns House near the Van Ness place was but ill-calculated, even in its day, to impress one with an idea of the wealth of its owner and occupant.

At the death of David Burns the Van Ness house was constructed after the plan and design of Thornton, the architect, and on similar lines but in miniature scale to that of the President's Mansion. Its pebbled and stuccoed walls were yellow washed and relieved by white trimmings and dark green shutters.

The front and rear faces of the house, like

those of the mansion at "Tudor Place," on Georgetown Heights, were in point of design but miniature scale the very counterpart of those of the White House.

My godmother, being a member of the general's household, led me to pass many happy days at the Van Ness place, and in this way I had a decided advantage over my boy companions on the outer side of the glass-capped wall.

The approach to the Van Ness mansion, a winding roadway of no great length, was shaded by tall trees, the trunks of which were covered by the honeysuckle and ivy. At the main gate there was a porter's lodge, the roadway being bordered by hedges of well-trimmed box, above which appeared great masses of snow-balls, lilacs, and fig trees, the latter yielding fruit in greater abundance than at any other place in the district. By a sweeping curve in the driveway the road brought up suddenly and abruptly at the principal entrance, where it passed under a *porte cochère*. The side of approach to the front door was unusually steep, and perhaps so designed as to bring the horses to a sudden stand at the crest of the rise. But there was another and perhaps a better reason for this, as the general's wine cellar had been located under the roadway at this point. Tradition has it that the Confederates during the war commenced to tunnel from this secret chamber to the cellar of the President's house, and with the purpose in view of kidnaping Abraham Lincoln.

I visited the old place a few days since, there only to find the house razed to the ground, and difficult indeed it was for me to reconcile present conditions with past events. How well remem-

bered are those Saturday holidays of boyhood's day, when we fished off the Point of Rocks and took our first swim for the season in the canal where it passes under the shade trees of the general's premises, close up to his bottle-capped wall, and at what a risk did we help ourselves to the good things of the general's garden and orchard—how sweet indeed was the flavor of this stolen fruit!

To-day the Bureau of the International Union of American Republics has acquired the ownership of this, to my mind hallowed spot, and all of this for the small sum of one million dollars, to which Mr. Carnegie has added seven hundred thousand dollars to be expended on the proposed building. The place will therefore soon be restored in point of appearance, but never again as in early days. And here, before concluding my description of this place, let me not forget to say that General Van Ness never would have been the distinguished man he was, had he not married Marcia Burns, a woman noted for her benevolent character.

When death at length claimed her, her funeral was attended by almost the entire population of Washington City. She was greatly beloved by all, and the general, her husband, in dispensing the good things acquired by marriage became a most courteous, hospitable, and distinguished old gentleman. They were both buried in the Van Ness mausoleum, located at the time in the grounds of a Protestant institution, just north of Saint Patrick's (Roman Catholic) Church. Their remains may therefore be said to have been placed "between two fires."

General Van Ness at one time hazarded the

remark to General Washington that, if the latter officer had not married the Widow Custis he would not have been the great man that he was. I wonder what Van Ness could have been thinking about, in display of such temerity. Had he not married Marcia Burns, with all her goods and chattels, and was not his own greatness, his own generosity and hospitality, due to this very fact? So it goes in this world, and by slight paraphrasing it may be said that some are born rich, some acquire riches, and some have riches thrust upon them.

In my readings I find that the David Burns house, the moss-covered old house—the oldest in the city of Washington—was located, as was the Van Ness place itself, at the foot of Seventeenth street and the Potomac River. The farm of Robert Burns, its occupant and possessor, extended so as to include all land upon which is now located the White House, Treasury, War, and Navy Department buildings, and Lafayette Square was then known as Burns' orchard—in fact it comprised all that section that at one time, and to the present hour, is known as the "West End." The Burns' land patent, dated 1681, included land between the "Anacostia" and a branch known as Goose Creek (later the Tyber).

General Washington had great difficulty in persuading that "obstinate Mr. Burns" to sell his land to our Government, the stability of which Mr. Burns greatly mistrusted. It was finally settled that Mr. Burns should have alternate city blocks on the land disposed of by him; but notwithstanding his immense wealth in consequence of this, Mr. Burns continued to reside in his humble cot. His only daughter, Marcia Burns, was sent to

school at twelve years of age in Baltimore, and shortly after her return to her father's house, where she was much admired, she, on May 9, 1802, her twentieth birthday, married General I. P. Van Ness.

In describing this primitive cottage of David Burns it has been said that "the graceful aspens, the whispering maples, and sturdy oaks that bend and lower over the low roof then gave shelter and shade to the sons and daughters of the yeomanry while playing their merry-go-rounds with little Marcia Burns. Upon the occasion of a visit of Tom Moore to this little cot of his countryman, the poet thus wrote to his friend Thomas Hume:

"So here I pause—and now, my Hume, we part;
But oh! full oft in magic dreams of heart
Thus let us meet, and mingle converse dear
By Thames at home, or by Potomac here.
O'er lakes and marsh, through fevers and through fog,
Midst bears and Yankees, democrats and frogs,
Thy foot shall follow me; thy heart and eyes
With me shall wonder and with me despise."

Whenever in early days I visited the old Blair place, "Silver Spring," on the Seventh Street Road, my time was always so much taken up with festivities on the green—"May balls," Highland flings, sailor's hornpipes, etc., in which the pretty girls were deeply involved—that I rarely, if ever, entered the house itself, and my mind to-day is almost a blank upon that subject. A photo furnished me by one of my lady friends, one of the "Old Washingtonians," supplies this deficiency.

The spring which gave name to the place fed into a marble basin lined with hammered silver, its water being dipped out with silver cups. This at least was my first impression, but I have since

ascertained from a general officer who married the daughter of Montgomery Blair, that the place had its name from "the spring bubbling through sand silvery with mica." It was this mica deposit that I had been accustomed to see, and from which I derived the impression of hammered silver.

Frank Preston Blair, the father of Montgomery Blair and of Major General Frank P. Blair, Jr., was born in Virginia in 1791, and died at Silver Spring in 1876, when in his eighty-fifth year. He built the Blair Mansion, and it was at this place that Montgomery Blair, Postmaster General in Lincoln's Cabinet, also resided, both father and son ending their days at that place.

The old inhabitants of the District, those of us who are now living, can never forget the odd appearance of Mr. Blair, when in his eightieth year he and his good wife rode about the country on scrub horses taken from the plow—the old gentleman in an old-time and very unique beaver hat, and the old lady in her sunbonnet. If memory and political life that I may properly speak of serves me aright, the latter was not very fastidious about the appearance of her riding habit, in which there was no change in the ordinary length of her skirt, though not of the Wild West order.

The Blair family were so prominent in public and political life that I may properly speak of them here.

Montgomery Blair, after the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, was instrumental in establishing the Republican party, but refused to allow his name to be used for the Presidency, advocating Frémont, who was the candidate of that party four years before the election of Lincoln.

Blair was the leader who nominated Lincoln at the Chicago Convention for the Presidency in 1860. His history is so well known as not to be entered here, save in this—it is not generally understood that he was a graduate of West Point, standing number eighteen in a class which was graduated in 1837. After serving in Florida for about a year, he resigned to study and practice law, and was later on counsel for the plaintiff in the celebrated Dred Scott case, and left the Democratic party, as did also his father, on the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Then, as has before been stated, he became the presiding officer of the Republican convention in Chicago in 1860, as well as Postmaster General, under Lincoln, in 1861.

Shortly after his appointment to office he threatened to resign from the cabinet if the surrender of Sumter should be authorized, and made as a condition of his remaining in the Lincoln cabinet that the fort must be reinforced.

Although standing alone in this matter, he carried his point, and an attempted effort was made in the direction he insisted upon.

At a later date, in 1864, owing to some irreconcilable differences, he resigned from Lincoln's cabinet. Before this, however, and while he was still a member of that cabinet, he was sent to confer with Southern leaders as to terms of peace, but without avail.

In 1876-77 Montgomery Blair vigorously attacked Mr. Hayes' administration, and ever after acted with the Democrats.

Since there is much in my writing of the Southern waters that relates to the war, I may say that after the grand review of the army of Grant and

Sherman in Washington City in the spring of 1865, Major General Frank P. Blair marched his corps out to Silver Spring, his father's place, and gave a "re-union fête" to the armies of the distinguished generals. This was on the 24th and 25th of May, 1865, and the cards of invitation were elaborately gotten up and bore the insignia of the Corps of F. P. Blair—"a golden arrow barbed and feathered."

My earliest and, I may say, my first impression of Silver Spring was when I was mustered into a boys' organization called the Taylor Blues, which consisted of some sixteen or more of the Washington lads who in their military ardor just after the Mexican war made themselves conspicuous on all occasions of ceremony in their showy uniform. "As the twig is bent so doth the tree incline," and our small organization before the close of the Civil war could count more than two-thirds of their number as commissioned officers of the army and navy.

No account of Silver Spring can be quite complete without mention of the following important event. When Lieutenant General Jubal Anderson Early, cavalry leader of the Confederate service, made his raid into Maryland, July, 1864, he levied a tribute of twenty thousand dollars on Hagerstown and two hundred thousand dollars on Frederick City, and, after defeating Lew Wallace, threatened Washington.

It has always been held that had he not tarried at Silver Spring, and he and his officers not held such high carnival in the wine cellar of the old Blair mansion, he could easily have entered Washington City and destroyed all of the Government archives and public buildings. As it was, his

delay enabled a division of the Sixth Army Corps to arrive from the James River by boat and to head Early off, on the Seventh Street Pike.

It would appear that all who were at hand in Washington City to check Early's advance were Government clerks and employees armed for the occasion, and President Lincoln and his wife were counseled to drive out to Silver Spring, or in that direction, to encourage the hastily extemporized soldiers.

No sooner had the President set foot on the ground after alighting from his carriage, than a round shot from one of Early's horse batteries struck so near to him that he was bespattered with mud.

"Come!" he said to his wife, "we must go. This is no place for us."

Legend has it that one of the Confederate soldiers, lying flat on the ground and in the act of drinking from the spring, was struck by a shell from one of our fortifications and killed. The same projectile carried off the foot of the statuette in the center of the spring, the foot being replaced by a nautilus shell, which has remained on the statuette to the present day. And by way of confirmation of what may have given rise to this legend, the remains of the Confederate soldier lie buried near this spot.

Since I have come to speak of so many of the homesteads of old Washington, a word or two here for the "Octagon" as well as for Tudor Place.

The "Octagon" (the Ogle Taylor Mansion), which is located at the corner of New York Avenue and Eighteenth Street, S. W., was built by Colonel John Taylor, and completed in 1800,

Thornton, the architect of the Capitol building, being its designer.

After the White House had been burned by the British, the "Octagon" was occupied by President James Madison. It is a three-story, high-ceiled, brick structure with a cellar, making it four stories in all, and very commodious. The vestibule is circular and nineteen feet in diameter —a very striking feature as we enter the building. The dining-room and drawing-room are also of unusual size for a dwelling house.

The wife of Colonel Taylor was a daughter of Benjamin Ogle, Governor of Maryland, and the house was always known as the Ogle Taylor house. I am indebted to the Architectural Management, which now has its headquarters in the building, for the diagram of the first story and for a wood-cut of the mantel in the drawing-room, which is as yet preserved. Colonel Taylor was a wealthy man, having at the age of twenty years an income of nearly sixty thousand dollars, and when the "Octagon" was built his income exceeded seventy-five thousand dollars. His eldest son, John, was in the United States Navy and distinguished himself in the contests between the *Constitution* and the *Guerriere* and the *Cyane* and *Lévant*.

It was upon the advice of General Washington that the "Octagon" was built by Colonel Taylar, as this gentleman had it at first in mind to build in Philadelphia.

Colonel Taylor, so I am informed, was distinguished for the unrivaled splendor of his household and equipages, and his establishment was renowned throughout the country for its entertainments, which were given in a most generous man-

ner to all persons of distinction who visited Washington City in those days.

He died in 1828, and in his death the hospitalities of this famous house terminated, after covering a period of nearly thirty years. The "Octagon" was unoccupied for various reasons, principal among which was that of the perpetual bell ringing which gave to it the reputation of being a haunted house. Haunted, did I say? But to this the boys said—"Rats!"

Tudor Place on Georgetown Heights was built by Thomas Peter, who married a granddaughter of Martha Washington, a daughter of John Parke Custis. The daughters of this marriage were named America, Columbia, and Britannia. The latter at present is living at Tudor Place, she being the widow of Commodore Kennon, U. S. N., and is now in her ninety-fourth year. Her mind is as clear as ever, and she is watched over and cared for by her grandchildren.

Much that has been told of the descriptive order of the Van Ness mansion, and of its surroundings, aptly applies to Tudor Place, save in the matter of location. The house was designed by Thornton, who, as we have seen, was the principal architect of his day in the District.

From the windows of Tudor Place the burning of the Capitol by the British was witnessed, and during the Civil war officers of the Union Army were quartered in the mansion. Mrs. Kennon (Britannia), the widow of Commodore Kennon, is truly a link between the old and the new. Her home has been visited and she has entertained there many of the most distinguished men known to early American history.

This brings me to speak of the tragic event

which occurred on the 28th of February, 1844, just two days before the fifth anniversary of my birth, many of the facts of which, notwithstanding my youth at the time, are as indelibly impressed upon my memory as if they had occurred but yesterday. It was upon this day that Commodore Kennon's life was sacrificed, together with that of many others, on board the frigate *Princeton,* by the bursting of Stockton's experimental "Peacemaker," a great gun for its day, and of wrought-iron construction.

A large number of the most prominent citizens of Washington were present to witness the experiments, including the President and his cabinet. President Tyler had a very narrow escape with his life and his secretary, Upshur, was killed.

"The bodies of the victims of this dire calamity, which cast a gloom over the whole land, were taken up to the capital. Five hearses containing the remains of Messrs. Upshur, Gilmer, Kennon, Maxey, and Gardiner, followed by a long train of carriages and a great concourse of citizens on horseback and afoot, passed in silence up Pennsylvania avenue and proceeded to the Executive Mansion. The coffins of the distinguished dead were taken into the East Room and placed on biers to await the solemnities which occurred on the Saturday following." This was the scene as I witnessed it when led by my nurse to the west gate of the Executive Mansion. I have never ceased to remember, though but five years old at the time, that string of hearses, draped in mourning, passing through the gate and up the driveway to the White House. Nor have I forgotten the pains taken to impress my young mind with the fact that, but for the refusal of my father to

attend the ceremony on board ship, I, like my little playmate, Beverly Kennon, might have been fatherless.

In the cabin of the *Princeton* there was a large holiday party, among them the President, whom Secretary Upshur endeavored to get on deck with him to witness the firing of the last shot. Failing in this, he left the cabin, and when he arrived on deck he exchanged places with "Dolly" Madison, the wife of the ex-President. The Secretary's fate we all know, but Mrs. Madison was spared, though seriously shocked by the explosion of the gun, and but for the change of position with Secretary Upshur she too would have been a victim of the disaster. This I well remember also, as she was our near neighbor; and young as I was I have good reason not to forget "Dolly" Madison, in her large white turban, and with her jolly bright face, as she dispensed to us little ones the good things always held in store to reach the heart by way of the stomach.

I gather from some of my readings that when the *Princeton* was starting up the Potomac to return to her anchorage, the toast that was proposed in the cabin by Miss Wickliffe, "The flag of the United States, the only thing American that will bear a stripe," the response of the President, and the song of the President's son-in-law, taken altogether, delayed the President in going up on deck and being present when the gun was fired its last round. Secretary Upshur, Messrs. Gilmer, Bentom, Phelps, Hannigan-Jognigan, Virgil Maxey, Commodore Kennon, Colonel Gardiner, and many others had left the cabin, and just as Mr. Waller came to the name of Washington off went the gun. "There," said the master of ceremonies, "that is

in honor of the name, and now for three cheers." "Just as they were about to give them, a boatswain rushed into the cabin, begrimed with powder, and said that the big gun had exploded and killed many of those on deck.

"On this announcement the shrieks and agonizing cries of the women were heart-rending, all calling for their husbands, fathers, brothers, and so on, rushing wildly into their arms and fainting with excess of feeling. When the natural excitement and confusion to some extent had been allayed, the full extent of the disaster, now a matter of history, was discovered, and the hour of joys and hopes closed in a day of national gloom and mourning."

THE HUDSON RIVER

(THE OLD AND THE NEW WEST POINT)

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Sunset on the Hudson,
West Point

J. P. F.
delt. et finx

"Adieu derniers beaux-jours. Ce deuil de la nature convient à ma douleur et plait à mes regards."

CHAPTER XIV

WASHINGTON IRVING has supplied us with so many facts of interest bearing upon the discovery of the Hudson that any attempted description of this beautiful river, the Rhine of America, would be at my hands a work of mere supererogation. More than this, even as I write, the State of New York, the City of New York, and the Government of Canada have united in two great pageants; one to mark the landing of Henry Hudson on Manhattan Island, the other to celebrate the opening of Lake Champlain by the Father of New France.

This very day, July 7, 1909, someone facetiously writes: "There is joyful high jinks here to-day over the President and the high muck-a-mucks in his train. Plattsburg is delirious with bunting and not with beer, and I smile on the rustics from my superior altitude of complacency and indifference to tricentennial discovery." [1]

During the consolidated festivities of days ranging from the fourth to the seventh day of July, the reader will be glad to learn that there was

[1] The programme of the Champlain tercentenary celebration at Burlington, Vt., July 4 to 10, embraced a series of spectacles, parades and sports. The city was so handsomely decorated as to rival Washington at a Presidential inauguration. Among the events was the unveiling of a tablet to the memory of the soldiers of the War of 1812 on the main building of the University of Vermont, which was used as barracks for troops in the second war against England. An address, entitled "1812," was delivered by Major General O. O. Howard, U. S. A., retired.

but one reported accident, and that came about in this way: A boy who had a bad cast in his right eye was playing with a cast-iron cannon when it unexpectedly exploded. After that he had no cast in his right eye, both eyes being alike—cast out. Someone observes, "Why, that is a tercentennial story. Strike it out." But the reader must have observed ere this that I grasp at trifling incidents such as these to enliven an otherwise dry recital.

How much may there not be gleaned from these celebrations, how much written! In the first place, it is understood that an exact duplicate of the *Half Moon,* in which small ship Hudson navigated the river which bears his name, has been sent by the Queen of Holland to the festivities which take place in the fall of the year in New York harbor, just as the Queen Regent of Spain sent to the Columbian Exposition at Chicago three caravels to represent the *Santa Maria,* the *Nina* and the *Pinta,* in which miniature fleet Columbus made his memorable voyage.

From what has gone before, it might appear that my narrative has but little if anything to do with all of this, restricted, as it has been, for the most part to personal observations and matters of general interest in Southern waters and confined more particularly, as I have stated, to that decade in our country's history rendered memorable by "The War between the States."

I was ordered to the United States Military Academy as principal assistant professor of drawing, under Professor Robert W. Weir, N. A., in March, 1865, and during a portion of the period of my service at the academy—as set forth in the report of the Board of Visitors in 1866 (during

the illness of the professor)—I was charged with the duties of that department.

For this, perhaps, more than for any other reason, the Secretary of the Military Service Institution requested me to write a thesis on "Art in the Army," to appear in his *Journal,* January, 1908, and which was later followed by a second paper on the same subject and in the same *Journal.*

Now while I shall avail myself of the courtesy of the editor of the *Journal* mentioned, General T. J. Rodenbough, U. S. A., and repeat in my present writing much that I have written before relating to "Art in the Army," a subject which engaged so much of my thoughts during the period of my service at the academy (1865-66-67), there are other things relating to West Point of which I shall also come to speak.

If we would mark the changes wrought by the hand of time at this school of the soldier, our "Highland Home," how better can I commence my recital than by inviting the reader's attention to the lines of my father—a paper on that relic of the Revolution, "Old Fort Put." See what a boy cadet of sixteen has to say, and even so long ago as 1820. It was a July day when in his rambles among the hills which surround West Point he tells us:

"This afternoon I turned my course in another direction and climbed to the heights of Fort Putnam, which now ruinated fortress once broadly commanded the river and plain on which the academy now stands. This dilapidated pile, when seen from the plain, still bears some resemblance to what it once was in its proudest days, but a nearer inspection at once banishes the illu-

sion and we now find it, after the lapse of a half-century, a shapeless and desolate mass of heaped-up granite.

"I had seen a painting which represented it as it was in the days of yore, in days which tried men's souls, and the comparison is truly melancholy; the change, though for the better, inspires us with serious thoughts of the decay and mutability of worldly glory.

"The painting to which I allude represents the fortress as it was, with all its preparation for offense and defense, with its posted sentinels and its standard of thirteen stripes floating above it. That standard has long since molder'd to dust.

"The names of a few of those sentinels may be found on the moldy gravestones hidden among the herbage of a narrow path along the margin of the river; their Continental uniforms may be seen in moth-eaten fragments in the store-houses of the garrison, and the dismounted cannon, the rusted balls, and the embrasures now lie in one promiscuous heap in the valley beneath.

"When I visit such scenes I cannot help indulging in the reflections which they naturally inspire. The feelings partake too much of poetry to be congenial with those of the world at large, but you, who know how to appreciate them and the enthusiasm of one of my age, will surely excuse them.

"In the language of Ossian I may say: 'I have seen the walls up Bachlutha, but they are desolate. The *fira* had sounded in the halls, and the voice of the people is heard no more. The thistle shook there its lonely head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina, silence is in the house of her fathers. They have but fallen before us, for one

day we must fall. Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from the towers to-day; a few years and the blast of the desert comes—we shall be renowned in our day! The mark of my arm shall be in battle, my name is the song of the bard. When thou son of heaven shall fail, our fame shall survive thy beams.' Such was the song of Fingal in his day of joy. Such are my reflections on visiting those places which have become classic from their connection with Revolutionary events, and a feeling of patriotism amounting to enthusiasm thrills through our breasts.

"We feel a species of veneration for the soil our fathers trod and fertilized with their blood, together with a kind of superstitious awe, as if we were in the presence of their departed shades. We feel a curiosity to explore all those scenes which are identical with their deeds, and to inquire into all the particulars connected with the achievement of our independence. We feel a satisfaction in invoking the shades of our ancestors and brushing from their shrouds the accumulated dust of years. We love to dwell upon their virtues and emulate in them all that is noble or good or admirable, and to fix our studious attention upon those splendid models, whose virtuous deeds we have from infancy been taught to venerate. This desire to search into the past may be assimilated to that curiosity which prompts us to look with prophetic ken into the future.

"This desire is innate, and its indulgence is one of the most pleasing we can experience. Man has a natural propensity to retrace the obscure mazes of the past, to review those objects which time has nearly blended with oblivion, and to

struggle with memory in the renewal of the appearance and lineaments of those before whom death would interpose an impenetrable veil. Thus the lone cemetery, the battlefield, or the deserted city at times engages our sympathy, shares our contemplation, and becomes the theme of poetic inspiration.

"To the poet or the philosopher the contemplation of such subjects is an enjoyment that partakes more of a luxury than a mere melancholy pleasure, for they furnish aliment for the imagination of one and a moral lesson for the reasoning power of the other—one, with the wand of fancy repeoples every spot, and, by traditionary or legendary aid, re-acts every scene of the past drama; while the other, more calm and reflecting, finds a moral in each evidence of worldly mutability. In treading in the footsteps of our forefathers, which have not only been consecrated by their devotion to the cause of liberty, but by their blood, we are ready to exclaim, in the language of Ossian: 'There comes a voice that awakens my soul; it is the voice of years that are gone. They roll before me with all their deeds.'

"We are willing to imagine that the spirit of our ancestors, those heroes of old, still hovers around us and incites us to simulate their bold actions, and that their spirit deserves to rest upon their sons like the mantle of Elijah, though their spirits, like his, have been caught up to heaven. This silent and dilapidated ruin that overlooks the halls where sons of Revolutionary patriots are preparing in themselves a wall of strength to resist in future the encroachments of tyranny and oppression—what is it? 'Tis a fortress of '76; 'tis one of the cradles of our infant liberty; 'tis

one of those noble beacons of independence which were alike the landmarks to freedom and the caveat to the oppressor. 'Tis one of those memorable spots which fostered the indignant spirit of our wronged country, and where vengeance prepared punishment for the minions of tyranny. But, how art thou fallen! We cannot help making this contrast between its former pride and its present desolation. A few crumbling stones remain, which have resisted the inroads of time, and these are fast relapsing in their primitive state. Enough remains to remind us of the sacred trust entailed upon us by the former defenders of our liberties.

"Whenever man resigns his empire, Decay asserts her own, and with stealthy but sure effect proceeds to demolish the proudest works of his hands.

"The ramparts, once finished with all the precision and regularity of art and enlivened with the busy forms and glittering arms of the soldiers, now present only misshapen figures, with here and there a stunted cedar, whose dark verdure is relieved by the distant sky, and the interstices of the loopholes or embrasures are filled by rank weeds and the fissures of the stones with the luxuriant ivy. The fallen postern is now hidden by the thistle and moss, as is the lowly grave. The watchful sentinel, who once appeared at its avenue —his quick challenge no longer wakes the echoes of these moldering cells. The drum no longer proclaims the busy note of preparation and startles the eagle from her nest, for silence has long since marked the place for her own, and her reign is only interrupted at times by the moaning of the wind and the shrill and fearful scream of the

mountain bird, who exults from her eyrie over the ruined haunts of man. Where is all that pomp of martial display? Where are those glittering ranks and those noble, those heroic souls, who preferred to ignominious bondage a glorious death?

"Yes, we are answered. In the hollow echoes of these deserted cells we are answered. Death has long since swept them from the face of the earth; nothing now remains of them. But, no, even while I stood contemplating this wreck of matter, my reverie was broken by the sound of approaching footsteps, and turning around toward the reentrant angle of the bastion, where the gateway had once been, I saw through the opening a figure slowly wending its way up the steep path toward the postern. It stopped and gazed wistfully around for a moment, and then continued on. As he advanced I saw that it was a venerable and decrepit old man, leaning upon a staff, with which he with difficulty supported his feeble and tottering frame, and who from time to time was obliged to stop from exhaustion to recover strength to proceed. Surprised at the sudden apparition of one whom I could hardly have believed would have scaled those heights without some powerful motive for so doing, I awaited his approach, and as he neared the place where I stood I could discover from his venerable aspect, the antiquated fashion of his costume, and his silvery locks . . ."

Here the description breaks off abruptly, the paper, faded, crumpled, and yellowed by age, tells us no more.

How like a gnome of the Kaaterskill, someone has said. And this remark induces me to turn to the "Sketch Book" of my favorite author to see

if I can find any clue to the curious visitor, or anything else that could possibly have any connection with the old man of the Highland fort. I read in Irving's lines that Rip, after his favorite and daily sport of squirrel shooting, had thrown himself down to rest panting and fatigued after his weary walk to the summit of the mountain.

"He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far, below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

"On the other side he looked down a deep mountain glen, wild, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments of the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on the scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

"As he was about to descend he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, 'Rip Van Winkle!' At the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl skulked to his master's side, looking fearfuly down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceiving a strange figure [have we found the explanation sought?] slowly toiling up the rocks, bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place,

but supposing it to be someone of the neighborhood in need of assistance, he hastened down to yield to it.

"On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunching at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made a sign for Rip to approach and assist him with the load."

Was it, then, one of the gnomes of the woods, the mountains and the streams the young cadet had seen, one of the mysteries of the Kaaterskill Range; or else, was it some survivor of the Revolutionary War, who had come to tell more of the old Revolutionary relic? For my own part I stand ready to accept the gnome, in the light that I believe my father intended,—that is, in a metaphorical sense, and that the vision which appeared to him with "antiquated costume and silvery locks" was none other than "Old Father Time" himself.

I find further observations by the same young writer whom I have quoted, and which without straining a point may be made to apply to the old fort in the Highlands of the Hudson.

"How inconsonant," he says, "is it to the character of the place to see its ruined arches and its mossy and ivied walls peopled by liveried servants and gay equipages, and to hear the chattering of ladies and the loud vociferations of men

"The Highlands of the Hudson,"
West Point

J. P. F.
delt. et pinx.

trying to awake the echoes of the ruin! The first time I visited the spot there were about twenty persons in all, and among this number an Englishman and his wife.

"I was amused by listening to the expressions of the different characters of the party. 'Law me! did you ever see anything like it?' said one. 'Bless me! How pretty,' said another. 'Well, this will tell well in our journals,' said a third. While a fourth wondered 'what would Mr. Smith say to all this if he were here.' There was one fat old gentleman of the party with his spouse, on whom those who had no opinion of their own to express, depended as their oracle.

"The old gentleman, of course, feeling duly sensible of the deference which was paid to his opinions, uttered them with oracular expression, and with all the deliberation and dignity of his position, crossed his hands before him, tapped his snuff-box at intervals, and occasionally refreshed his olfactories and his barren wit while he gave vent to his empty utterance." [2]

[2] I must confess to an adaptation of these lines to meet the requirements of the case.

CHAPTER XV

THERE being no better authority in matters relating to the Hudson than Washington Irving, I will quote him further:

"On the very day that the treasonable conference between Arnold and André took place on the banks of Haverstraw Bay, Washington had his interview with the French officers at Hartford.

"It led to no important result. Intelligence was received that the squadron of the Count de Guichen, on which they had relied to give them superiority at sea, had sailed for Europe. This disconcerted their plans, and Washington, in consequence, set out two or three days sooner than had been anticipated on his return to his headquarters on the Hudson. He was accompanied by Lafayette and General Knox, with their suites; also part of the way by Count Matthew Dumas, aid-de-camp to Rochambeau.

. . . . .

"On approaching the Hudson Washington took a more circuitous route than he had originally intended, striking the river at Fishkill just above the Highlands, that he might visit West Point, and show the marquis the works that had been erected there during his absence in France. Their baggage was sent on to Arnold's quarters in Robinson House, with a message apprising the general that they would breakfast there the next day. In the morning (September 24) they were

in the saddle before the break of day, having a ride to make of eighteen miles through the mountains. It was a pleasant and animated one. Washington was in excellent spirits, and the buoyant marquis and genial, warm-hearted Knox were companions with whom he was always well disposed to unbend.

"When within a mile of the Robinson House, Washington turned down a cross road leading to the banks of the Hudson. Lafayette apprised him that he was going out of the way, and hinted that Mrs. Arnold must be waiting breakfast for him.

. . . . .

"'Ah, marquis!' replied he good-humoredly, 'you young men are all in love with Mrs. Arnold. I see you are eager to be with her as soon as possible. Go you and breakfast with her, and tell her not to wait for me. I must ride down and examine the redoubts on this side of the river, but will be with her shortly.'

"The marquis and General Knox, however, turned off and accompanied him down to the redoubts, while Colonel Hamilton and Lafayette's aid-de-camp, Major James McHenry, continued along the main road to the Robinson House, bearing Washington's apology, and request that the breakfast might not be retarded.

"The family with the two aids-de-camp sat down to breakfast. Mrs. Arnold had arrived but four or five days previously from Philadelphia, with her infant child, then about six months old. She was bright and amiable as usual. Arnold was silent and gloomy. It was an anxious moment with him. This was the day appointed for the consummation of the plot, when the

enemy's ships were to ascend the river. The return of the commander-in-chief from the East two days sooner than had been anticipated, and his proposed visit to the forts, threatened to disconcert everything. What might be the consequence Arnold could not conjecture. An interval of fearful imaginings was soon brought to a direful close. In the midst of the repast a horseman alighted at the gate. It was the messenger bearing Jameson's letter to Arnold, stating the capture of André, and that dangerous papers found on him had been forwarded to Washington.

"The mine had exploded beneath Arnold's feet; yet in this awful moment he gave an evidence of that quickness of mind which had won laurels for him when in the path of duty. Controlling the dismay that must have smitten him to the heart, he beckoned Mrs. Arnold from the breakfast table, signifying a wish to speak with her in private. When alone with her in her room upstairs, he announced in hurried words that he was a ruined man, and must instantly fly for his life! Overcome by the shock, she fell senseless on the floor. Without pausing to aid her, he hurried downstairs, sent the messenger to her assistance, probably to keep him from an interview with the other officers; returned to the breakfast room, and informed his guests that he must hasten to West Point to prepare for the reception of the commander-in-chief; and mounting the horse of the messenger, which stood saddled at the door, galloped down by what is still called Arnold's Path, to the landing-place, where his six-oared barge was moored. Throwing himself into it, he ordered his men to pull out into the middle of

the river, and then made down with all speed for Teller's Point, which divides Haverstraw from the Tappan Sea, saying he must be back soon to meet the commander-in-chief.

"Washington arrived at the Robinson House shortly after the flight of the traitor. Being informed that Mrs. Arnold was in her room, unwell, and that Arnold had gone to West Point to receive him, he took a hasty breakfast, and repaired to the fortress, leaving word that he and his suite would return to dinner.

"In crossing the river he noticed that no salute was fired from the fort, nor was there any preparation to receive him on his landing. Colonel Lamb, the officer in command, who came down to the shore, manifested surprise at seeing him, and apologized for this want of military ceremony, by assuring him he had not been apprised of his intended visit.

"'Is not General Arnold here?' demanded Washington.

"'No, sir. He has not been here for two days past; nor have I heard from him in that time.'

"This was strange and perplexing, but no sinister suspicion entered Washington's mind. He remained at the Point throughout the morning inspecting the fortifications. In the meantime, the messenger whom Jameson had dispatched to Hartford with a letter covering the papers taken on André, arrived at the Robinson House. He had learned, while on the way to Hartford, that Washington had left that place, whereupon he turned bridle to overtake him, but missed him in consequence of the general's change of route. Coming by the lower road, the messenger had passed through Salem, where André

was confined, and brought with him the letter written by that unfortunate officer to the commander-in-chief, the purport of which has already been given. These letters being represented as of the utmost moment, were opened and read by Colonel Hamilton, as Washington's aid-de-camp and confidential officer. He maintained a silence as to their contents; met Washington as he and his companions were coming up from the river on their return from West Point, spoke to him a few words in a low voice, and they retired together into the house. Whatever agitation Washington may have felt when these documents of deep-laid treachery were put before him, he wore his usual air of equanimity when he rejoined his companions. Taking Knox and Lafayette aside, he communicated to them the intelligence, and placed the papers in their hands. 'Whom can we trust now?' was his only comment, but it spoke volumes.

"His first idea was to arrest the traitor. Conjecturing the direction of his flight, he dispatched Colonel Hamilton on horseback to spur with all speed to Verplanck's Point, which commands the narrow part of the Hudson, just below the Highlands, with orders to the commander to intercept Arnold should he not already have passed that post. This done, when dinner was announced, he invited the company to table. 'Come, gentlemen; since Mrs. Arnold is unwell, and the general is absent, let us sit down without ceremony.' The repast was a quiet one, for none but Lafayette and Knox, beside the general, knew the purport of the letters just received.

"In the meantime Arnold, panic-stricken, had sped his caitiff flight through the Highlands; in-

famy howling in his rear; arrest threatening him in the advance; a fugitive past the posts which he had recently commanded; shrinking at the sight of that flag which hitherto it had been his glory to defend! Alas! how changed from the Arnold who, but two years previously, when repulsed, wounded, crippled before the walls of Quebec, could yet write proudly from a shattered camp, 'I am in the way of my duty, and I know no fear!'

"He had passed through the Highlands in safety, but there were the batteries at Verplanck's Point yet to fear. Fortunately for him, Hamilton, with the order for his arrest, had not arrived there.

"His barge was known by the garrison. A white handkerchief displayed gave it the sanction of a flag of truce; it was suffered to pass without question, and the traitor effected his escape to the *Vulture* sloop-of-war, anchored a few miles below. As if to consummate his degredation by a despicable act of treachery and meanness, he gave up to the commander his coxswain and six bargemen as prisoners of war. We are happy to add that this perfidy excited the scorn of the British officers; and, when it was found that the men had supposed they were acting under the protection of a flag, they were released by order of Sir Henry Clinton.

. . . . .

"Early in the morning of the 28th the prisoners were embarked in a barge, to be conveyed from West Point to King's Ferry. Tallmadge placed André by his side on the after seat of the barge.

"Being both young, of equal rank, and prepossessing manners, a frank and cordial inter-

course had sprung up between them. By a cartel, mutually agreed upon, each might put to the other any question not involving a third person. They were passing below the rocky heights of West Point, and in full view of the fortress, when Tallmadge asked André whether he would have taken part in the attack on it, should Arnold's plan have succeeded.

"André promptly answered in the affirmative, pointed out a table of land on the west shore where he would have landed at the head of a select corps, described the route he would have taken up the mountain to a height in the rear of Fort Putnam, overlooking the whole parade of West Point—'and this he did,' writes Tallmadge, 'with much greater exactness than I could have done. This eminence he would have reached without difficulty, as Arnold would have disposed of the garrison in such manner as to be capable of little or no opposition—*and then the key of the country would have been in his hands, and he would have had the glory of the splendid achievement.*'

"Tallmadge fairly kindled into admiration as André, with hereditary French vivacity, acted the scene he was describing. 'It seemed to him,' he said, 'as if André were entering the fort sword in hand.'

"He ventured to ask what was to have been his reward had he succeeded. 'Military glory was all he sought. The thanks of his general and the approbation of his king would have been a rich reward for such an undertaking.'

"Tallmadge was perfectly charmed, but adds quietly, 'I think he further remarked, that, if he

had succeeded, *he was to have been promoted to the rank of a brigadier-general.'*

"While thus the prisoner, confident of the merit of what he had attempted, kindled with the idea of an imaginary triumph, and the youthful officer who had him in charge caught fire from his enthusiasm, the barge glided through that solemn defile of mountains through which but a few days previously Arnold, the panic-stricken traitor of the drama, had fled like a felon."

Lafayette's interest in West Point and its fortifications was in large measure due to the fact that many of the works were planned by French engineers, with Colonel Goudion as chief.

In November, 1780, shortly after the incident I just related, the Marquis Chastellux visited its defensive works. Of Fort Clinton he speaks, as "a redoubt that is suffered to go to ruin," and he regarded it as "useless." Of Fort Putnam he says: "It is placed on a rock very steep on every side. The ramparts were first constructed with trunks of trees, but later of stone, with powder magazines, bomb-proof, a large cistern, and *souterrains* for the garrison. It has three outlaying strong redoubts lined with cannon and could sustain a formidable siege." We learn from history that this important defense of the Hudson was commenced in April, 1780, by the Fifth Massachusetts Regiment under Colonel Rufus Putnam, for whom it is named. Colonel La Radière, a young French engineer, was very assiduous in planning and laying out Fort Putnam, and after his death he was succeeded by Colonel Thaddeus Kosciusko, a Pole, as engineer. The latter officer was much esteemed by his su-

periors and by the army at large, he having had more practice than Colonel Radière.

The accompanying photographs showing Fort Putnam as my father saw it in 1820, as well as did the boys of my own age in 1861, may be of interest to the reader. Indeed, the fort is almost the same to-day, it not having disintegrated materially within the past half century.

A second photograph shows the work in progress looking towards the restoration and preservation of this interesting work, and certainly no work of defense is more entitled to such reclamation as this landmark of the Revolution which stands as a memento of a critical period in national history,—a structure of stone which, nearly ninety years ago, had been described as "a shapeless and desolate mass of heaped-up granite."

And now without digression, let me add a few more words to the descriptive paper on old Fort Putnam, and this, too, by the youthful cadet who, in the case I am about to recite, expatiates upon the natural beauties of West Point in a manner that far transcends anything his son (now a man of seventy years) is capable of doing. The writer says:

"One of these retreats is lovely in the extreme, and this I have often visited whenever exhaustion from almost incessant study would permit, and was as often reminded of those Scottish limns which are descanted by poets among the Highlands. In this secluded spot, with no other companion than my pencil and my favorite book, I have spent many happy hours,—withdrawn from the noisy society and boisterous mirth of my comrades, and forgetful for a while of all that could mar my enjoyment. Here have I watched the

sportive leaps of the little cataract issuing from the numerous cleft of its rocky bed, and its eddying whirls, as it bounded swiftly by my feet and went in joyful currents down the valley to its confluence with the river. Its rising spray, settling upon the verdure of the foliage, and the mossy carpet of the rocks, imparted a most exhilarating freshness and fragrance to the surrounding atmosphere. Here have I attempted in vain the graphic power of perpetuating such scenes till my pencil has been thrown aside in utter hopelessness of depicting them. The animated and living current; the fantastic boughs of overhanging trees; the thick herbage; the wreathing ivy and grape, and the purple gray of the granite rocks, all conspired to baffle the elusive powers of the pencil."

A cadet of the class of 1910, after reading these lines, inquired, "What manner of boy was this, who thus writes at sixteen years of age?" The boy was father to the man. When he died, at seventy-one years of age, his chief has had this to say of him:

"The words lately uttered by our revered associate, in his usual health and when about to start for the field, 'I have lived the allotted time of life; every day is now from God's bounty; I am ready and await my General's call,' are realized in the sad event. We recognize in their import his fortitude and his exalted sense of duty. In the immediate relations now severed by the death of our friend, the memory of Mr. Farley remains to us a heritage of valued associations, due to his sterling qualities, cordiality and refinement of feeling, manly dignity, and unvarying kindness in the intercourse of life."

CHAPTER XVI

WHILE I may justly claim full knowledge of the true inwardness of the "Old West Point," it will be seen that what I have to say of the "New West Point," and this in disguise of my ignorance of the subject, is in the lighter vein. Indeed, whenever I think of my old Highland "Home" there is as much humor in the thought as there is of seriousness.

I have before said, although not in this connection, that there is so much that is small as well as so much that is great which must be spoken of in order to bring our Alma Mater [1] fairly before the memories of those who know her, and the imaginations of those who do not, that an opportunity like this to apologize for apparent trifles does not seem one that would be best used by leaving the apology unsaid.

Knowing then, as we all do from experience, how seriously things are taken that concern ourselves, more particularly things professional, I

[1] I never hear this term applied to the Military Academy that I am not reminded of an incident at the first dinner of the Alumni at West Point. General Pitcher, the President of the "Association of Graduates," in his speech referred to the institution as our "Alma Mater." General W. B. Franklin, of the Engineer Corps, and Major-General of U. S. Volunteers, taking exception to this, said, "Pitcher, I don't know what you are talking about. I never studied Latin at the Academy. General Franklin, no doubt, entertained the by no means uncommon notion that Latin is of but little avail on the field of battle, remembering, no doubt, the use Zachary Taylor made of the little knowledge he had of that language when he addressed Captain Bragg. It was not, "a little more grape, Captain Bragg," as has generally been supposed, but "E Plus Unibus," *"Go in, boys, and win."*

apprehended that in writing to my friend Larned to give me, if possible, the genesis of the architecture of the New West Point (with which he probably is more familiar than any other living man), his style might prove too didactic for my simple volume, and so I gave him at the time what I thought would be a timely hint.

I have been so much impressed by the way the colonel comes back at me, that I take the liberty of quoting a paragraph from his private letter: "I dictate my loftiest flights to a stenographer. If I should get real colloquial, even you could not tell me from Isaiah. I simply must be didactic and inspired, as witness this writing. If I slingslang and sit on my reader's knee, as you suggest, I should horrify the decent public with my unconventional yawp. Think of my treating such a monumental theme with casual and undue reverence. Why, you might as well be playful with the Hyperstyle Hall at Karnac. Perish the thought! I am going to climb Fort Put on thundering periods, and I shall sweep over the Cavalry Plain on the wings of inspired ecstasy. So look out!"

Here follows the more serious phase of the colonel's writing, which is gladly accepted, but with the only regret that there is not more of it and of details we would like to have at the hand of one so thoroughly versed in the architectural art.

"Walled in its Highland ramparts, West Point has ever been jealous of intrusion and averse to change. Safe in its isolation, and supremely self-centered, it proceeded in common with other American institutions to work out its own destiny with the self-reliance of the pioneer and the in-

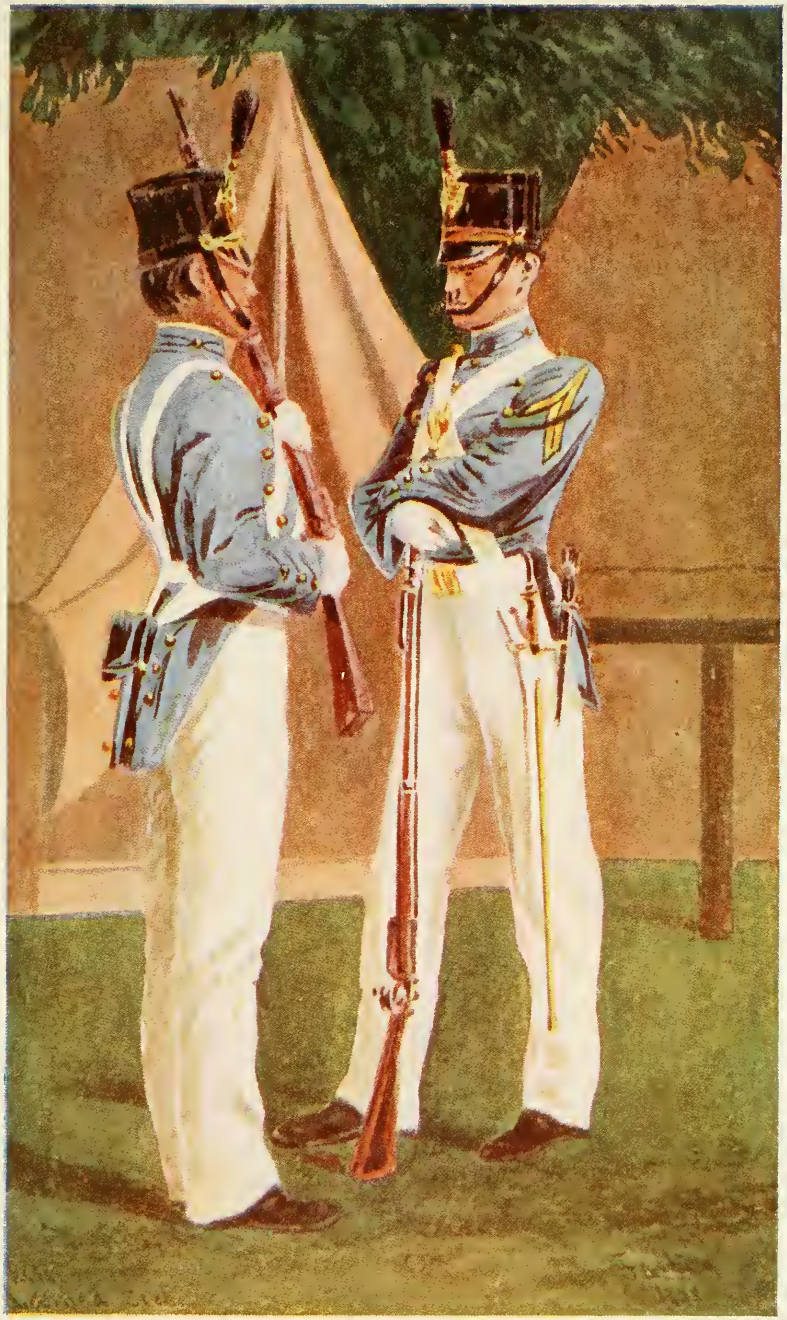
dependence of his unsophisticated democracy. After the chaos of its feeble beginning, and when it had been legislated into a substantial academic being, it was happy in falling into the hands of one of its own children, whose character was of that simple, single-minded, and direct type which is providentially endowed for the organizing of great institutions and the carrying through of a preconceived ideal to a successful issue against adverse conditions.

"As West Point has been pre-eminently the character-school, it was essential that a clean-cut man of that crisp integrity to which casuistry is impossible, and of a clear-visoned intelligence which is not befuddled by side issues and non-essentials, should be its master builder.

"The ideal which Thayer conceived which was incarnate in his own person, and which became the vital spark of West Point as an educational organism, is the sacred fire to extinguish which would be a sacrilege fatal to West Point's unique power and greatness as a military school as well as an institution of true education in the highest and broadest sense.

"It is this realization that has made West Point jealous; the knowledge that here in its Highland seclusion has been developed something precious, rare, complete in itself, self-gendered, producing fruit after its own kind, which has no exact counterpart, and which has justified its sponsors.

"It is not surprising that with so sacred a trust in their custody the authorities which have presided, and now preside, over its destinies regard with apprehension, if not mistrust, any proposition involving a change in essentials or in matters of more consequence than minor details.



"What Are Your Orders, Sir?"
West Point

J. P. F.
delt. [illegible]

Original design pen and ink, C. W. Larned.

"This conversation is both natural and sound, and I think is common to all loyal graduates. If not Chinese in its quality, it is not inconsistent with progress—with the surest progress. But it must not be Chinese. It must stop short of stagnant self-complacency. To live is to grow. And to grow we must take nurture from our environment. We must assimilate and expand. Even a snail grows, and its house grows with it.

"It came to pass in due course that West Point again felt the healthy impulse of growth, which perhaps for a little was retarded by an overdiet of its own laurels. The consciousness that it is a technical as well as a military academy, and that technology is the most unstable of the daughters of science,—developed with tremendous strides of this latter quarter century,—brought about a stock-taking and self-examination whose first result was a manifestation of the need of new housing. This juncture in its affairs coincided with the superintendency of a man of vigor, of decision, of breadth of view, of courage, of persistency, together with a large treasury surplus and a Congress inclined to be liberal; and, as a consequence, the National Military Academy, like its sister institution at Annapolis, is about to be clothed in new and splendid apparel befitting its noble past and its potential future.

"At such periods of renovation in an institution it is not always possible to avoid disturbing those tendrils of affectionate regard that cling to memories of the past and to associations made sacred by the great deeds and heroic deaths of its children. It is peculiarly the case at West Point that extension and improvements cannot take place without some destruction and removal.

"This is due to the constructed site and the imperative need of close relation between the working parts of the educational machine. Time is so fully charged, and minutes are so precious, in its operation that, to be effective, buildings must be juxtaposed, and the old, in most cases, must give way to the new. It is very probable that at the different periods of architectural renewal in the past, the sensibilities of the older graduates were disturbed and their feelings lacerated by the passing of buildings endeared by association.

"I make no doubt but that the old north and south barracks and academic building were razed amid a chorus of regrets, if not of protests. I well remember the agitation caused by the destruction of the academic of '39, to make way for that of '93; and I dare say that there are those living who are not yet reconciled, although it was done only after an exhaustive study of every possible alternative, and present conditions abundantly justify the decision. In a not very distant future, when the new buildings shall have fulfilled their functions, and new generations of the children of the grim but kindly mother of the Highland school of war shall have gone forth to paths of duty and of fame, there will be no more regrets for the structural predecessors of the new West Point than there are to-day for the old north barracks; while by that time new associations will have formed in place of the old; and because of the broader vision in the new buildings they will be much less likely to be disturbed by further destruction. In the report and scheme submitted by me to the Superintendent in 1901, I stated:

"'This study of the reorganization of the

plant of the United States Military Academy deals with the condition of adequately providing for the maximum number of cadets now authorized by existing laws. It is made with the purpose of securing as perfect an equipment as experience demands and the site permits; also with a view of meeting, *without further removal of existing structures,* any further increase in the number of cadets that may be made. Nothing else is economical or judicious from any point of view, and nothing less seems worthly of our great and powerful nation.'

"The one dominant purpose kept in view in my initial study, in the decision of the authorities, and in the work of the architects, has been to perpetuate in the new the prevalent style of the nest of the old buildings, as well as the spirit of old West Point indwelling in their general plan and relation, and which is the expression of the mode of life disciplinary, academic, and personal of the corps of cadets.

"The new barracks are identical with the old, plus their common acquisition of the best that modern sanitation demands. The same old bare room, with its iron bed, that has been the nursery of so many heroes of yore, is the cell unit of the new barrack. No 'suites' for a soldiers' quarters. When austerity ceases to be the keynote of a soldier's education there will cease to be true soldiers. Aristotle has said, 'The roots of education are bitter, but the fruit is sweet,' and in his day all education was military in its genesis. Today its roots are bedded in sugar, and its fruit, when not bitter, is, for the most part, insipid and unsound.

"The second animating purpose in design has

been to express the military and national spirit of the institution. The mediæval Gothic is the most militant architecture of the modern Western world, and this has been combined with the Tudor style—which has come through Oxford to embody academic education—in such a manner as to present an imposing and massive military ensemble which blends into the academic by a gradual transition.

"Approaching the institution by the river from the south, great piles of rugged masonry confront the eye in the most picturesque architectural mass in the country. Upon the rock cliffs that buttress the plain above, rise from the river's edge tier on tier of crenellated walls; the whole capped at the summit by the square, martial tower of the Administration Building, which rises like some giant sentinel of stone at the portals of the nation's school of war. There is a combined suggestion of Carcassone and Ehrenbreitstein in this climbing fortress-like mass, which has no parallel on this continent.

"Up the cliffs the roadway scales its way among those immense granite masses, winding its zigzag course until it reaches the top. Then dividing into two, one branch passes to the north through a huge portcullis arch, flanked by a frowning tower on one side and by the sheer wall of the Administration Building on the other, emerging upon the main parade in front of the library; the other road branches south, skirting a great revetting wall of masonry, and finally rises to the level of the plain near the new hotel on the main road.

"This road is the great central spine of the whole plan. To the north it leads to the splendid

Memorial Arch connecting the two academic buildings which flank the road or either side for a distance of a city block. To the north still further the visitor gets the sweep of the great parade, around which are grouped the quarters of the Superintendent and his staff, the Battle Monument and the Washington Monument. From this as a center radiate avenues to the several parts of the plain.

"There are two subordinate vistas. In one direction the eye reaches down between the old and new cadet barracks, passes through the immense cadet headquarters, and finally attains the summit of the hill behind, where the dominant architectural features of the whole landscape rests—the cadet chapel, 120 feet above the plain. It will be, when done, one of the most charming pieces of church architecture in the whole country. The other vista passes directly to the west, through the center of the new gymnasium and the plaza in front of it.

"To the south of this main group is another detached one, which surrounds the new cavalry and artillery plain. Here the barracks and stables are disposed on the slope of the hill in a most effective and convenient manner. Connecting these two great groups, along the winding and picturesque road passing between a series of massive terraces, are the lines of officers' quarters, effectively disposed.

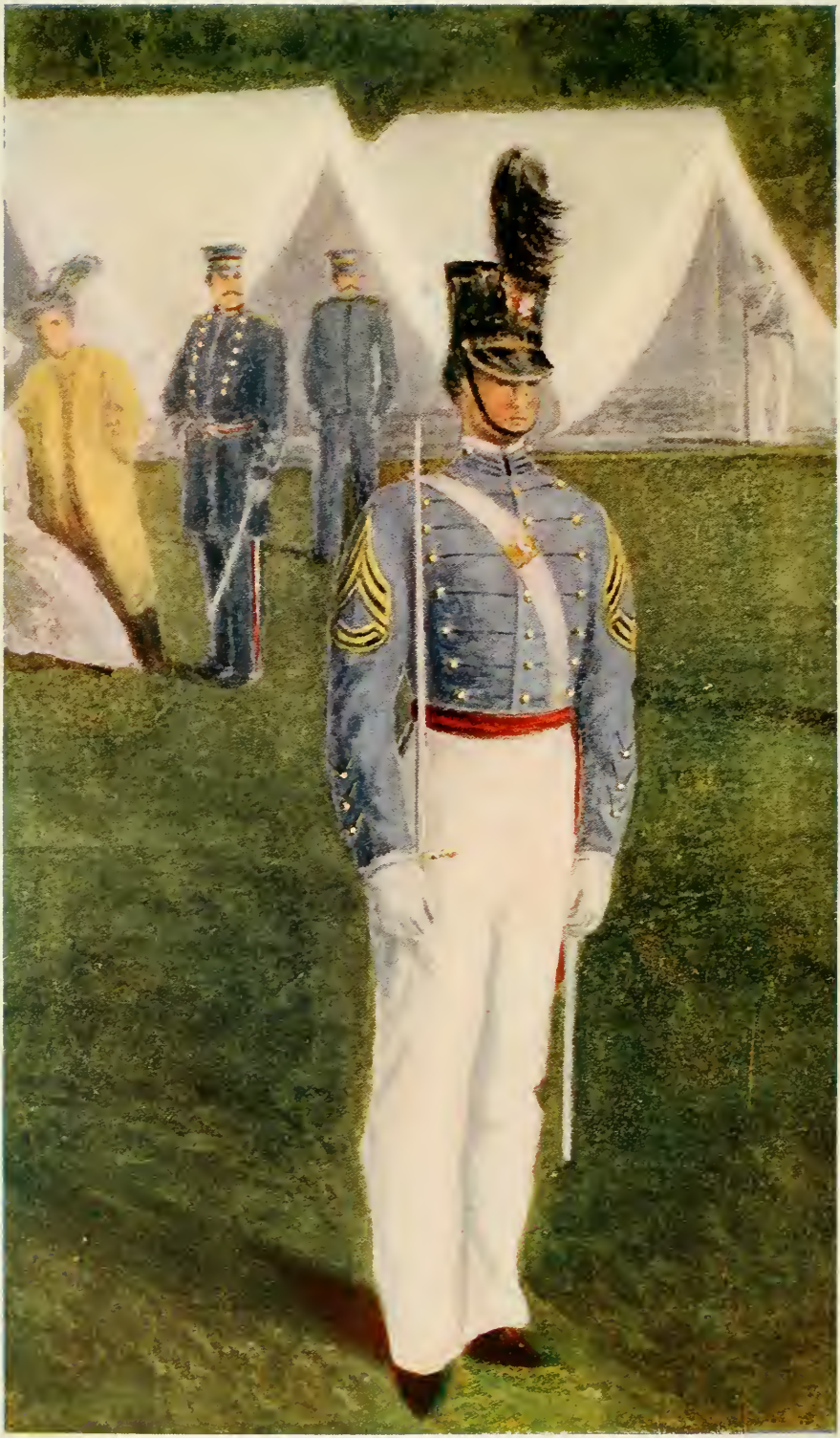
"From any point of view the general result will be superb. No such massive and picturesque assemblages of buildings can now be found in the country, and none with such splendid natural surroundings—the great Hudson Highlands and the majestic river winding along at the foot.

"Seen from the north or the south, or from the opposite bank of the river to the east, it will be a superb and glorious sight—something to make a patriot's pulse quicken at the view of those lofty battlements and loop-holed walls, those sturdy abutments and dominating towers, that speak of the days of chivalry and stress.

"The completion of this great architectural project will be noteworthy for the reason that it will be the only important example of Gothic building on a large scale owned by the general Government. The dominance of the Classic and Renaissance styles in our official architecture is due to the French influence in the designing of the national Capitol. The tradition has now become set, and our governmental genius has incarnated itself, so to speak, in Classic and Latin form, and the whole land is peppered with the Greek orders and their adulterations to the fourth and fifth generations.

"While it may harmonize with the more recent character of our immigrant growth, it certainly is not a natural exponent of our national genesis, of which the Gothic seems to me a much truer expression. It has, however, the excuse of conventional dignity and ease of execution, with a minimum danger of atrocious failure.

"The eternal portico and colonnade of the pure and Vitruvian orders are so thoroughly formulated that any architectural draughtsman can set them up with his eyes shut or standing on his head, and, until a new architectural expression shall have evolved from our new structural material and methods, it is probably inevitable that we should continue to translate ourselves in terms of Neo-Greek and Italo-French civilization.



"At the Naval Academy the Renaissance style was adopted and a grandiose effect sought in the Louis XIV. manner; here our Gothic keynote was already established, and our architectural music has been composed in it. As a matter of taste the American citizen has paid his money and can take his choice."

Here let me add a word to this glowing tribute to our Alma Mater by Colonel Larned:

Long years ago a speaker on the floor of the House of Representatives exclaimed in the heat of debate, "What! Ten thousand dollars for a site for West Point? *Is the country going to the devil?*" Yes! twice ten thousand dollars at that time,—and to-day the Government would possess the whole of Eagle Valley and a territory to the very portal of "Old Fort Montgomery." A more liberal spirit in early days would not have hampered the architect of the present day.

Again when it was proposed to purchase the Kinsley estate, just south of West Point, the measure was met by a proposition that "every cat should be provided with eight additional tails," as "West Point no more needs the Kinsley estate than does a cat need nine tails." Now, however, that Constitutional Island has been donated to the Government, when the question of the purchase of the Cozzens estate comes up, let us, we pray, hear no more of "cats" and "tails of cats."

The library building and the old cadet barracks are regarded as excellent examples of the Collegiate Gothic, these structures having been designed and erected under the Delafield régime, and under the immediate supervision of an army engineer. The "Grant Hall" (the mess hall)

has also been ascribed to officers of the same corps, but this is thought to be far from commendable from the architect's point of view.

The Academic Building, of which Hunt was the architect, is not of the Collegiate Gothic order, though a very imposing and indispensable building; but notwithstanding this, its mate, the now projected Academic, will correspond well with it, although the latter is distinctly of the Collegiate Gothic order. The two buildings last referred to will probably be as much akin, the one to the other, as are the old and new cadet barracks, which, all agree, assimilate well—the new barracks structure being a beautiful and striking example of the order which now prevails.

At the time that the chapel, the old Academic of early days (1839), and the old hospital were constructed, the three buildings harmonized admirably. They were distinctly of the Colonial type, and with, in the case of the chapel, a decided following of the Roman Basilica. The old Academic has disappeared, and the old hospital will soon be razed, and when these things shall have been accomplished, it will then be time for the chapel to be moved, or rebuilt in the cemetery as a mortuary (its room being more needed than its company).

Just here a word:

Yes! old friend, 'tis all in vain. You may cry, "Stay right where you are, dear sweetheart, you are our guest to-day. *Stay where you are!*" But was it not a happy thought, that of transferring the little chapel in its entirety to a more eligible site—to the resting-place of those who worshiped within its walls? Take heart, dear friend, no ruthless hand will be laid here, but ten-

derly and lovingly, as the mother her first-born babe, and when again raised—this time it will endure forever.

The little chapel appeals to all the sentiment within us, to all that relates to West Point. Mothers, sisters, sweethearts, and wives, you who have shared the joys, the triumphs, and the trials of your own cadet, no wonder you rebel against this change—there are so many memories stored up in your poor old hearts. They find expression in the words of one who, in writing me, says: "In the silent watches of the night I hear the gay lilt of 'The Blue Danube,' and see the slim gray coats whirling round the old hall in the giddy mazes of the dance with some fair partner. There are certain tunes," she says, "that make me actually *see* West Point."

Professor Weir, in one of our walks to "Old Fort Put," told me that, when designing a work of art, waking or sleeping, his brain was filled with motley suggestions, and that at night he would rise from his bed, light his candle, and jot down some impression, save for which his dream would be lost to him forever. I wonder if in his dreams he determined which of the three sisters (the Misses De Witt, of West Point, the three most beautiful women in America), the "Three Graces," as they were called, he was to select for a model in his allegorical painting, "Peace and War."

There stands the work of our late master of art, of our dear friend, and there in the little chapel over the chancel it will remain until long after we shall have passed away and been forgotten. It should serve the cadet as a reminder of the founder of the great military school, "First in war, first in

peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," or, better still, of that other one whose name is immortalized by those simple words: *"Let the Confederate soldiers take with them their horses; they will need them for the coming harvest. Let us have peace!"*

One other there was, who was ever present on the Sabbath day in the cadet chapel, and who read between the lines of Weir's allegory, "War is Hell!"

Of course the Cullum group [1] is apart from the general scheme of improvements, and by way of explanation let us consider an imaginary triangle including within its area the elevation of the three structures. This should make known to masters of the art the principles which govern in the grouping. Placed upon a level plain with no incongruous surroundings, this group would stand in unity and effect as does an Egyptian pyramid. No one at West Point, no architect or board of experts, is to be censured for inability to accomplish such effect, since stint of territory, as has been stated, must be laid at the door of early Congresses. The new riding hall has been in measure designed as a relief to the Cullum group, and the buildings afford a pleasing whole when viewed from the deck of a passing steamer or the windows of a "Flying Dutchman."

Whatever has to do with the improvements at West Point must of necessity open up a question of policy; but with policy the writer has naught to do, save in this, that it is well for us

[1] This building is a partial prototype of the Erectheum at Athens and is in itself a most beautiful structure. Some think that its order, the Ionic, should have been expressed in a full rather than a one-third face.

all to understand and to thoroughly appreciate that no policy is so dangerous as that which confirms an opponent in his purpose, precipitates speedy action, circumvents interference, and leaves the assailng party high and dry on the sands of discomfiture and the rock of disappointment.

This invites me to say that there are quite a large number of the older graduates of the academy who have set their face against the proposition to erect upon the site of the old or present hotel the proposed structures embraced in the general plan.

These dissenters have rested their case on the point of *"cutting off"* or *"spoiling the view."* But have they not lost sight of the fact that the trees which go to make up the sky line are all to be preserved or replaced by others, and that these natural features of the landscape obstruct the view up the river, as observed from the cavalry plain, far more than the proposed new structures will do? As we all know, all views in nature have their setting, when reduced to canvas in a restricted area, bounded by an imaginary frame within which there are three points, two being the vanishing points of diagonals and the third the center of the picture or point opposite the eye, usually taken about one-third the height of the area of the perspective plain. The meaning of all of which is, that we must conform to the rules of art *in selecting our points of view,* and if it be a cadet who is the critical observer he must not peer out from under the tent flaps with eyes in such ill-assorted "ground line," with diagonals so compressed as to magnify foreground objects out of all just proportion.

There are many points of observation at West Point, from which a fine view of the Hudson and

the distant mountains (looking northward) will in no wise be obstructed, and if we really are in quest of the picture so highly prized, let us go to Trophy Point, to the Battle Monument, or to the new driveway which is to pass to the north of the proposed new edifices, to find all that which, for argument sake alone, it is claimed we were about to lose.

Take heart, dear friends! take heart! what is new to-day will be old to-morrow; the present shall become the past, the new West Point will become the old West Point, with its traditions as well!

"There's no time for retrospection,
Look ahead;
If you do, fate makes detection,
Look ahead;
When you've gained at what you're aiming,
Further progress keep on framing,
Make the future your own naming,
Look ahead."

CHAPTER XVII

LET me now venture a few remarks on a subject with which I was at one time quite familiar—that of "Art in the Army"—Art at West Point, largely drawn from my thesis published, as before mentioned, in the *Journal* of the Military Service Institution.

Cadets Latrobe and Farley (my father) were the assistant teachers of drawing under Gimbrede when they were cadets of the first class—the former 1821-22, and the latter 1822-23. They received (as was the custom) ten dollars per month extra pay, were excused from all military duty and wore the double row of bell buttons, in accordance with the regulations for the government of the United States Military Academy.

The natural talent for drawing evidenced by these young men was thus officially recognized while they were still cadets, before they had attained the age of eighteen years or were graduated from the academy.

In speaking of Gimbrede, Latrobe has said that "he was imbued with a love of art—familiar with all its processes—a most competent instructor and one who took great interest in his pupils."

Both Latrobe and Farley well remembered and later enjoined upon their own pupils the teachings of "Old (J) Gim," as he was affectionately dubbed, that, "trees should be represented so that birds could fly through them, and flesh presented

in a manner to rebound from the pressure of the finger."

Cadet Latrobe, in his memoirs, states that he embarked on a sloop from New York in the month of June, 1818, and that twenty-four hours after he was literally dumped on the slippery rocks of Gee's Point from a small boat in tow of a sloop, as he was gliding by on a strong flood tide, and his trunk was pitched after him and nearly found a watery grave.

Here is the picture as Latrobe has drawn it: "A narrow, steep, and ill-conditioned cart-road led to the plain above, with the east front of Fort Clinton on the right, and on the left a precipice with trees, wherever they found root among the rocks." Oh! for "a power plant" to assist the lad in this, his labored effort to get his belongings to some point of security on the pleateau above. Little then, I may venture to say, did Latrobe care as to "what destruction of nature's handiwork" such power plant might entail or "what obstruction to any natural outlook it might offer" (a sinister observation, is it not?).

I wonder if in his dreams that night the young man had visions of a monument he was at a later day to design, in memory of Kosciusko, or of the gold medal to be awarded the successful competitor? More than all, could he then have surmised that the site of this monument would be determined as the salient of old Old Fort Clinton, where he had hidden his trunk that very day.[1]

[1] This monument was erected by the Corps of Cadets in 1829, after the design of Cadet Latrobe, for which he received the gold medal, a silver medal going to a less successful competitor.

In this connection I may add that the talent of Latrobe and my father led in the same direction, as will be seen by the

Latrobe in his memoirs says: "I soon discovered that it was not those who excelled in mathematics that maintained the same positions in the drawing academy, but here, as elsewhere, I found that patience and determined will enable art to keep close on the heels of science, even though they did not equal it in the race."

Take the accompanying sketch, "A Pinch of Snuff," [2] for example, and see how admirably the point of an assumed discussion has been answered. Let us suppose that these old gentlemen, Fessenden among the number (as I remember him), are engaged in an animated conversation—the subject, "The advantages or use of drawing," the discussion ending pacifically with a pinch of snuff. The sketch (as was my father's wont) was probably made from memory upon his retirement to his chamber at night and presented the next morning at the breakfast table to the astonished disputants.

Likeness making, as we know, is more readily

half-tone reproduction of a pencil sketch of the latter officer, which was entered in the competition for a marble group for the east portico of the Capitol building in Washington. It was preferred by many to Persic's design, but the young officer not being able to mold or use the chisel, his design was not accepted. Young Hercules has broken the fetters, subdued the Nemean lion (Old England), and America stands exultingly ready to affix her signature to the scroll—The Declaration of Independence. The design is beautiful and the conception admirable.

[2] It was one of the accomplishments of the artist to be able to so impress his mind with the semblance of a person or object, that at a later period, in the quiet of his room, he could reproduce in sketchy style, exact likeness. He preferred this to a regular sitting of the subject, as he has often told me that the salient of characteristic features remained with him and the likeness was rendered more determinedly than where such impressions were weakened with minor details. We will call this sketch "A Pinch of Snuff," and assume that the argument of the picture turns on the "the use of drawing," the query being answered by the sketch itself.

acquired by mediocre talent than art quality, and many conscientious, painstaking painters can do good likeness work without a ray of art.

Still it is always far more satisfactory, where off-hand sketching is attempted, to find the sketch bearing striking resemblances to the persons or objects copied than where no such attempt is made.

COLONEL THAYER

Whatever may have been done for the graduates of Thayer's day, the credit belongs not alone to the instructors of the several subjects taught, and whatever of excellence the cadet may have evidenced in drawing was, in great measure, due to Colonel Trayer and the Academic Board as well as to Mr. Gimbrede.[3]

Colonel Thayer was, as Latrobe describes him, "a grave, dignified, and accomplished man, of soldierly carriage and refined, courteous manner, perhaps verging on preciseness, the firmness of whose rule in a position of great responsibility (comparatively speaking, very great in those days) was tempered by kindness, and commended to all, however affected, by the conviction of absolute justice."

It has been stated, in order to correct erroneous impressions, that pressing family reasons, after the death of Latrobe's father in 1820, compelled him to resign his cadetship at West Point and to enter upon the study of law with his father's friend, General Robert Goodloe Harper—within

[3] Thomas Gimbrede, a Frenchman by nativity, was appointed (1819-1832) teacher of drawing, and succeeded Christian E. Zeller, who served from September 1, 1808, to January 5, 1819. François Désere Mason, also a Frenchman, was the predecessor of Mr. Zeller, and served from July 7, 1803, to March 21, 1812.

five months of the graduation of his class—and that he has ever since regretted the prematurity of this step. The Academic Board endeavored to induce him to remain and graduate with his class, but from a high sense of duty to his mother and her young children he was compelled, under his then way of thinking, to decline to accede to the wishes of others, and there now only remains for him, in answer to the too frequent query, "Why did you not graduate?" the certificate of the Academic Board of which Colonel Sylvanus Thayer was the president. This shows that "he [Cadet Latrobe] has uniformly distinguished himself for good conduct, fine talents, and diligent application to his studies; that at the last examination he obtained the first honors and first standing in a very numerous class of his fellow-students."

Latrobe in after life became greatly distinguished and much honored in his profession, that of the law. For twenty years he was president of the Maryland Historical Society.

He died in Baltimore, Md., on September 11, 1891, at the advanced age of eighty-nine years.

With the death of Thomas Gimbrede, December 25, 1832, we find his successor to have been Charles R. Leslie, a distinguished artist of England, appointed on March 2, 1833, and who, after a brief service of about thirteen months, resigned from the academy because of what he considered a too restricted field for the true artist. This was on April 15, 1834.

PROFESSOR WEIR

Robert W. Weir succeeded Leslie, on May 8, 1834, as teacher of drawing, and was made professor in this subject on August 8, 1846.

His fame as an artist is so well established as to need no encomium at my hands, though from affection and esteem for this man I shall have much to say.

One of the greatest difficulties the cadet labored under in the advanced course (water-color painting), for which not more than eighty or one hundred hours of the year were allotted, lay in this: The professor took charge of this portion of the course himself, and he was such a skillful and accomplished artist that he could neither realize nor appreciate how little the second class, as a whole, understood the subject or were able to profit by it; nor had he any desire to trespass upon the short time allotted by the Academic Board for practice with the brush by lectures or verbal instruction. It was therefore only in rare instances that the cadet carried away with him after graduation a knowledge of water-color painting at all comparable with that he had acquired in the mechanical portion of the course of drawing or in the various departments of science. Furthermore, in all other subjects the cadets in each section studied for hours in their rooms and came to the section-room *to inform* the instructor what they knew; whereas, in the drawing course all the cadets without any attempted preparation came to the drawing academy *to get out of* the instructor all that *he knew,* and failing to derive all the information desired in this way, they derided the system of instruction while themselves largely at fault. No argument, however, is entirely one-sided, and the present accomplished draftsman and principal assistant in drawing, Captain Charles B. Hagadorn, Twenty-third Infantry, told me only recently that it was a great regret to him personally that he had

not had the added advantage of the water-color course of instruction of earlier days. He referred more particularly, as I understood him, to the out-door sketching with light washes of water-color, in which work Eastman,[4] Poland, Kent, Elderkin, Du Pont, Farquhar, O'Rorke, Babbitt, and myself, all of the 1861 classes, were particularly interested. It was a newly introduced portion of the course under the five-year system, and was later discontinued for want of time. This was a most unfortunate set-back for the draftsmen of a class who showed natural inclination for the work, as there was so much that was really artistic about the sketches that they were asked for by Russian officers visiting the academy, and sent to Russia that the cadet students in that country might profit by them.

After Robert Weir's retirement from the professorship of drawing, July 25, 1876, he resided in New York City until his death on May 1, 1889. He had served for forty-two years at the Military Academy, first as senior instructor and then as professor of drawing. Thomas Gimbrede *before him*—thirteen years—and Charles W. Larned, *after him*—thirty-one years. The men now living, to whom this paper is more especially addressed, were therefore instructed by one or other of these whose incumbency covered a period of eighty-six years.

The principal works of art of Professor Weir were produced in his studio at West Point, and it was his delight to entertain his friends while at his work. His "Angel Receiving St. Peter," and his

[4] After Weir and Whistler. no officer of our service stood so high in the esteem of the army as an artist as Robert L. Eastman, and his father before him, Seth Eastman, was also a most talented artist.

"Christ and Nicodemus" were done when he was pursuing his studies in Florence and Rome. A more charming and accomplished gentleman I have rarely met, and those of the present day will find in his son, Julien, a very counterpart of the father.

In 1828 the degree of N. A. was bestowed upon him, and on May 8, 1834, he was appointed teacher of drawing at West Point, succeeding C. R. Leslie.

Weir's historical works [5] insured for him great prominence in that branch of his profession, as well as did his "still life paintings," another branch. In this connection I will not spare myself, and before enumerating Weir's principal works let me tell of an experience had of my own, in following a "still life" picture of the professor's. It was a small canvas—"The View up the River" (Hudson River looking northward from West Point)—one of his favorite subjects. It was valued at two hundred dollars. I mention this as the gauge set for those who ordered similar paintings from him. I slavishly copied this picture in its every detail, and connived with the wife of one of my commanding officers to pass it off as the *real thing*—as Weir's work. In fact, I was so completely enamored with my work and blind to its defects, as amateurs usually are, that it seemed to me I had found an excellent way to compensate the ever-increasing price of flour

[5] It is not generally known that Congress appropriated ten thousand dollars for the "Embarkation of the Pilgrims," now and for many years placed in the Capitol rotunda in Washington City. This money was all expended in the construction of the Church of the Holy Innocents, Highland Falls, N. Y., of which Professor Weir was the architect. The church was dedicated to the memory of the deceased members of his family.

(seventeen dollars per barrel) as well as of meat (thirty-five cents per pound). These were "*after-war prices.*"

It was arranged to place the pictures in a good light, side by side, and when our colonel arrived to "give him a stump"—let him decide which was the finest picture of the two—that of the master or that of the pupil. Usually it is one's business in writing to extol himself and his doings, but I will *in this case* give the reader a little variety. "An *enraged* rat!" "A *subdued* mouse!" was the only comment.

I remember inviting Professor Weir to visit my home studio at the Point to see my first attempt in oil painting. It was a labored effort—"The Spouting Rock," Newport, R. I., an original sketch from nature—all rock and sky and water; a tree nowhere visible. It was a good wholesome fire screen at the best (as I now know), the spray dashing over the rocks produced by dabbing raw cotton in white lead on the canvas—cotton, lead, and all. What a wonderful process; *what skill!* In the absence of my family no one had seen this work of art but Ann, the Irish cook. She alone had been invited to my studio and let into my secret. I carefully studied her expression and attitude as she stood, arms akimbo, with eyes riveted on the canvas. I shall never forget it. The bell had rung up the curtain on my first great work in oil. After a silence of several minutes, in which she appeared to be much embarrassed, she ventured an opinion, but with that uncertainty and hesitation common to those who, upon entering a gallery of art, have neither seen the catalogue nor acquainted themselves with the price of the pictures. "It must be a very

woody country down there," she said in a husky tone. "Woody country!" I amazedly replied. "Why, Ann, do you say *that?*" "So much wood about it; all that green." Great heavens, I thought, she has taken my ocean for a forest; my rolling billows for

"Swaying bulbul trees, for rice fields in the breeze."

And so again! Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane Hill had come.

After this my desire to ascertain the professor's opinion may well be imagined. "Well done," he said. "*Carmina!*" ("Go on!") as Michael Angelo would say to *his* pupil. "I am glad to see that you have taken up oil." "But, professor," I replied, "I have taken three weeks to do what you could have done in three hours." "Yes, captain," he replied, in encouraging tone, "I know; but you must not forget that what I do in three hours is the result of a lifetime of study." This, then, is the talisman of success in art. Work and study. It was not long after this that I gave the professor a sitting, and after extending my arm for hours in a very unstable poise (this was "The Monkey's Games of Chess"), the professor rose in disgust from his work and exclaimed, "It won't do, it must come out!" "Why, what's the matter?" I inquired, for there was my beautiful hand true to life; the *real thing*. "Don't you see how large it is, out of all proportion to the man," said the professor. "Yes!" I replied meekly, "and you'll have, I suppose, to get another model." The moral of all of which is, that when artists are manufacturing Adonises and Venuses out of crude material they should be careful not to put six feet extremities on five feet

subjects. I retired from this situation in good order and with a conscious belief that never again would my presence as a sitter for hands or feet be required, at least, not in that studio.

We of the old school, all of us, remember the stereotyped and oft-repeated directions of our professor to "give more atmosphere to our paintings." Which meant in most cases the washing out of a whole week's work, this being the cadet's conception of atmospheric effect, and when told to "warm up" a "cold" or "crude" effect, how thoroughly comfortable the cadet made himself at the stove "killing time" while giving his work of art the further "roasting" that it deserved. The "warming up" of things in general, and paintings in particular, was probably better understood by my old comrade, Cadet Horace Porter, than perhaps by any other man, for he has said in a brochure read before the West Point Dialectic Society in 1859:

"Painting now you undertake, although in fifty cases
Your instructor asks you why you will paint female faces;
When you ask what paints to use, with countenance growing sadder,
Though he sees you now are mad he tells you to get 'madder.'
You give your brush a dab in any color you can find,
Destroying both your piece of painting and your peace of mind."

Here again I am reminded of other things, chief among which is the privilege afforded me by the present superintendent, Colonel H. L. Scott, to obtain any data desired relating to the subject of this thesis from the files of his office. He, too, from what he tells me, had his fun under the tuition of "Old Bob"—as the cadets were wont to affectionately call him. It would seem that the

colonel in his youthful days was not as successful in "making dirt fly" as he is at the present time, and observing the professor "slinging paint" on his prize cadet effort, he respectfully inquired, "What does that represent, professor?" "Dirt, sir! *Dirt,*" was the prompt response. Then turning to the next pupil in order of rank (not very high rank at that, I promise), the professor informed his pupil that *his rocks* were too much alike. "Oh, my, professor," the cadet replied, "those are *not* rocks, *they are sheep!*" A flock of rocks!

The works of Professor Weir upon which rests his fame as an artist may be briefly enumerated: "The Belle of the Carnival," "The Bourbons' Last March," "The Landing of Hendrik Hudson," "The Indian Captive," "Taking the Veil," "Church of the Holy Innocents," "The Evening of the Crucifixion," and many others of great merit. Two of the professor's sons, John Ferguson and Julien Alden, both inherited their father's talent, and have become distinguished artists. The latter I have the good fortune to claim as one of the most promising boy pupils of my special Saturday class at West Point.

CHAPTER XVIII

A WORD now for Whistler—*James A. MacNeill Whistler.* How he loved West Point!

Julien Weir wrote me not long since that when he dined in London with Whistler, and told him that football had been introduced at West Point, the old gentleman was shocked beyond expression and exclaimed: "Good God! A West Point cadet to be kicked with the boot of a Harvard junior!"

The nearest approach in drawing to the type of cadet pupil Whistler, so Professor Weir told me, was a pupil of mine, William J. Roe, of New York, class of 1867. He stood number two in his class in drawing, and could never be persuaded to take pains with the mechanical features of the course, though he was far more of an artist than Cadet Haupt, his senior in rank, and in fact more of an artist than any of his cadet contemporaries. His career was cut short at an early day after graduating, and but for this he might, had he chosen, have become as distinguished in art as Whistler himself. Whistler, as we know, held peculiar theories on art, and was never moved by inimical criticism, of which a bountiful supply was always at hand—even John Ruskin questioned "the cockney impudence of this fellow for flinging a pot of paint in the public face and charging two hundred guineas for it." And now that I come to speak of critcism, what various kinds of it there are in this world! the inimical,

the friendly, the rebuffing and the encouraging, and then again there is the incompetent. How Whistler hated the last, and how we all detest it, and how often did he say, "None but artists should be critics."

A story, as I have it from a charming and most accomplished French lady, runs on these lines: Two American maiden ladies were visiting the Gallery of the Luxembourg (one may have been David Harum's sister, for all that I know), and being attracted by what we may call a classical work of art, they consulted the catalogue. It was a last year's catalogue given them by mistake and showed Number 333 to be "A Portrait of my Mother," by Whistler. "Well!" spoke up the younger of the two, "I have always heard that Whistler was a very queer man, but I never thought he was as queer as *that.*" No. 333, *Printemps,* current year's catalogue, "Nymphs in Woods at Play," by Bouguereau. Who, let us ask, is not familiar with this gem of art—this portrait of his mother? Even the little picture within the picture, with its narrow ebony frame and gray mat, speaks the thought of the master mind, and from the grand conception of the whole there is no dissenting voice—a study in black and gray.

Did I say that Whistler loved West Point? Why, he simply adored it, this, his foster mother; "the one institution," as he would say, "the superiority of which to everything of its kind in the world is universally admitted." West Point to him was America. "Had silicon been a gas, madame, I would have been a soldier."

Yet there were other things that led to Whistler's downfall in chemistry, and which the cadet himself knew had had very prejudicial effect.

"Go to your room, Mr. Whistler, and brush your hair," were the not infrequent instructions of Lieutenant Caleb Huse. This officer's dignity was time and again outraged by the free and easy manner in which Mr. Whistler combed his raven locks in the section-room with his extended fingers. So the blowing up and burning up of the steamer *Henry Clay* was the immediate and not indirect cause of Whistler's not becoming an officer of the United States Army and food for common powder. Professor Bailey, like his successor, "Old Dad Kendrick," of the Department of Chemistry, never would have "found deficient" any cadet after a three years' term at the academy, but the *Henry Clay* accident determined Professor Bailey's absence from all academic duties, and the misplaced switch turned Caleb Huse on Whistler and made an artist of him. So it goes in this world, and the song once again is realized:

> "Some people know all things;
> All people know some things;
> But all people do not know all things."

The little knowledge I possess of Whistler is much restricted, and the function attendant upon the unveiling of the Memorial at West Point being delayed, from which I had expected to gather much information, I must content myself by simply saying that a gentleman of Detroit, Mich., who has the largest collection of Whistler's works in the world, not even excepting that of the King of England, who as Prince of Wales was a warm friend of the artist, is the one who contributed largely to the honor of the academy and the memory of his friend by the part taken in this graceful

tribute to the memory of J. A. MacNeill Whistler.[1] The following sketch of Whistler has been furnished at the writer's request by Colonel Larned:

"You have asked me to write a concise appreciation of that insurgent genius, J. A. MacNeill Whistler, which shall undertake to express the leading characteristics of his art and disposition. Had you not made it a matter of personal friendship, I should insist upon my refusal to undertake that for which I am so ill qualified. Neither by personal contact nor by a fair acquaintance with his work at first hand am I equipped for such an undertaking, which demands more than in any similar case a profound degree of art culture in addition to these primary essentials. I am not able, even, as are his contemporaries at West Point, to describe the cadet aspect of his many-sided personality, and must therefore feel that anything I undertake to put on paper will be quite barren of value from every point of view. Besides, Whistler defies definition and eludes classification. Both as man and artist he is in a category by himself. His own trade-mark—the

[1] WEST POINT, N. Y., October 26th.—In the presence of a large assemblage of invited guests and officers and ladies of the post a tablet in memory of J. A. MacNeill Whistler, the artist, was unveiled in the Library Building of the United States Military Academy to-day. The tablet was the gift of the Copley Society of Boston and a few friends, and was designed by Augustus St. Gaudens.

In a letter to Colonel Scott, Superintendent of the Academy, Holker Abbott, President of the Copley Society, said:

"Whistler's training at West Point was to him the most precious possession, and remained an inspiring influence throughout his career. While he eventually devoted his life to the pursuit of the arts of peace, he constantly cherished his early experience at the academy. With deep respect for his affectionate regard for the principles of West Point, the society believes that no more fitting place could be found in which to erect its modest testimonial."

mocking fantastic butterfly which hovers ironically about his signature, or in place of it—is his own defiance to the critic and biographer. However, if on account of my position as head of that department of the academy in whose course he was so easily first you are willing to accept my conceptions of Whistler at my own valuation, here they are:

"Whistler delighted in fostering the mystification that his eccentricities accumulated about his personality and, notably, in thickening the fog that obscures his birthplace, which he located in St. Petersburg, although it is variously recorded as at Baltimore, Stonington, and Lowell, and is probably somewhere in America—Eddy, in his recollections, says Lowell. Unfortunately, therefore, it is as an eccentric or a fantastic cynic that the world knows and esteems the man, whereas this envelope was only a sort of garment in which he concealed a character of penetrating intelligence and an art genius of the first order.

"It must be borne in mind that he was the arch rebel of protest; the sworn foe of convention in art. All that quality of density in art perception, that sordid materialism and stupid adherence to custom which is expressed by 'Philistinism' was his horror and pet aversion; and, as his own genius was subtle, delicate, and original, he suffered to the full the slings and arrows which the scorn of the Philistine public flung at his work. He found refuge in a bitter cynicism, and barricaded himself behind a screen of sardonic *bizarrerie* from which he shot his blow-pipe feathers of ironical wit. Of course the world replied with stones and rotten eggs, and for years Whistler was mobbed, in a critical sense, by

a crowd of conventionalists in whose hide his barbs rankled and who would gladly have ridden him, tarred and feathered, on the rail of art outlawry.

"But under this whimsical guise there was ever an inner Whistler of earnest and great convictions —a man of the finest art fiber and creative powers —who never trifled about his vocation, and whose convictions were serious and reverential for the canons of great accomplishment. Although free and unconventional in his inspiration, he was no destroyer of landmarks; and if in some ways an iconoclast, he was by no means a bull in a china shop. The man who would say, 'The story of the beautiful is already complete, hewn in the marble of the Parthenon and broidered with the birds upon the fan of Hokusai,' was not a scoffer at that which is rightly established; but the sensitiveness and clear art perception that made him prostrate himself before the truly great rendered him intolerant of the mediocre and pretentious.

"Whistler as an artist was great in so many ways that he astonishes the critic. He was supreme as a draftsman, a colorist, a designer, an interpreter, a decorator, a technician. His work has that quality of greatness that demands second thought and reflection for its full appreciation. His mastery is not always obvious. He made no appeal through the pyrotechnics of art or the cleverness of technique. His control of the brush was never left to show on the canvas by stroke work. He said that a work of art is complete only when every trace of the method by which it was produced has been obliterated, and he seems carefully to have obliterated all trace of his modus, so that the secret of his wonderful

achievement will always remain as mysterious as the psychology of the man. Notwithstanding this, Whistler never made a mystery of his technique, and was singularly simple and explicit in his enunciation of correct methods of work. His great portraits, besides being marvels of execution in that quality which artists recognize and revere in men like Velasquez and Rembrandt, are extraordinary in psychic interpretation. His phantasies—such as 'The Balcony,' which he classes as an 'arrangement in flesh color and green'; and the 'Battersea Bridge,' a 'nocturne in silver and gold'—possess the finest imaginative subtlety.

"In all his work resides that great attribute of genius which penetrates to the essential, and expresses it with the highest economy of medium. This power shines pre-eminently in his many etchings, which stand without apology by those of Rembrandt. His clearness of artistic vision is shown by his proclamation of the supreme quality of Japanese art long before it became a Western fad, or even was fully appreciated by the art world of the Occident. In consequence, he is asserted to have been greatly influenced by Japan, but, if so, it was only sympathetically, and in a totally independent expression.

"Contrary to common acceptation Whistler, instead of looking upon his military career at West Point with aversion, preserved to the last a warm affection for the institution, the highest appreciation of the character of its graduates, and a sincere regret that his career there was not completed. In our correspondence regarding him, Mr. Joseph Pennell, who is preparing his biography, assures me that he was frequent and tender in his allusions to the American war school; and

others who were intimate with him have made the same statements regarding his affectionate loyalty to West Point and its alumni. Two of his drawings as a cadet remain to attest his preeminence in the language of form; and although 'silicon' is not 'a gas,' and thereby West Point was not privileged to endow a great genius with its certificate of proficiency in the arts and sciences of war, Whistler was long enough under its tuition and discipline to have received a quantum of mental training and character molding which must very greatly have influenced his development. That clearness of perception, virility, and tenacity which rendered him formidable in controversy, as well as the dislike of cant and affectation which was his passion, must have acquired increased effectiveness from the transforming experiences of plebe and yearling life. Let us rejoice for the sake of art and the world that silicon is not a gas; but let us also rejoice that J. A. MacNeill Whistler did not discover the fact until he had been for nearly three years a West Point cadet; for, had his chemistry been better and had the army claimed him, it is not likely that his name would have survived with that of Grant, Lee, and the West Pointers of history. It is sufficient to feel that the academy had some considerable part and lot in the molding of a great genius who never feared to stand on his hind legs and fight with all his wit the stupid old world of Philistine convention and prejudice until at last it was content to come and eat out of his hand. The simple and graceful mural tablet on the wall of the east vestibule of the Library testifies to the pride which West Point takes in its association with a courageous fighter and a brilliant intelligence to whose

forming it had contributed, and from whom it received the tribute of affection and unqualified admiration."

And now a word for Colonel James G. Benton, scientist, artist and soldier.

Judged by the first standard—an authority on ordnance and gunnery; by the second—a man so clever with his pencil and pen that his offhand sketches were most beautiful and thoroughly original, and, as he often said, his powers as a caricaturist had gotten him into such hot water with his friends that he had to desist from such practice.[2] He was the honor man in his class at West Point in drawing, and possessed of the highest sense of humor. What I was about to relate, however, is this: Benton was more than a soldier —he was a hero, and, as real heroes go, an unrequited one. Captain Howard Stockton, formerly of the Ordnance Department (1863-72), writes as follows under date of April 12, 1906. His letter has been burned into my memory (destroyed in the San Francisco fire some days after its receipt).

"You are right when you speak of Benton as a hero; he surely was one.

"I was not with him when he ran into the temporary magazine (the old penitentiary) and extinguished the fire of the burning boxes of field ammunition. At that time I was not on duty at the post, but at a later day, when a frame building at the arsenal was on fire, and contained five thousand barrels of gunpowder, I was about to

[2] I am informed that "he never caricatured anyone with whom he was not sufficiently intimate to show the sketch when done, which showed his unwillingness to hurt the feelings of anyone."

run away, but seeing the major come up with a ladder and mount the roof, I joined him. We tore off the roof boards which were on fire and in this way saved the building and its contents. I have never forgotten Benton's remarks at the time: *'Stockton,'* he said, *'it takes a long time to burn through a powder barrel.'"*

And now, before we part with Benton, a word more about that accident of November 3, 1863, which resulted in the loss of two lives, and save for the presence of mind and prompt action of the commanding officer of the arsenal, the results might have been far-reaching and deplorable. The official records show that Major Benton at a late hour in the afternoon of that day ran from his office toward the temporary storehouse—the old penitentiary building immediately adjoining the arsenal—and entered it. This immense structure was stocked with fixed and fused field-gun ammunition throughout its several stories, and smoke was to be seen issuing from its windows.

He forced open the metal doors, which had closed upon two operatives who were running about in wild delirium and in flames; stamped out the fire of the burning tow from the open boxes of ammunition, and, heedless of the burns upon his hands, extinguished the flames on the frayed ends of the rope handles of many boxes until water was brought by one or two others who were encouraged by his example, thus saving the arsenal from destruction and probably the greater part of the city of Washington from a similar fate. The operatives expired in mortal agony and suffering some hours later.[3]

[3] The following is at the hand of the colonel's friend: "When the explosion took place there were many teamsters and other

This is as much akin as anything can be to carrying off wounded comrades from the field of battle under the fire of a savage foe. Where is the brevet for gallantry, the double, triple brevet, for these heroic deeds? Where is the medal of honor? Is it yet too late? Stockton lives, the record lives, and Benton's widow lives. I asked Benton, when he was my commanding officer at a later day, how he had the nerve to perform that heroic act. His reply: "Well, I guess it was a case of self-preservation. I did it to save my family, the arsenal, and the city—all would have been destroyed had I failed."

I have been both surprised and delighted to find upon the occasion of my late visit to the family of Colonel Benton a very large number of his beautiful etchings and paintings, together with several books of caricature which he has left, and which it was never my good fortune to have seen before. When sent abroad in 1874, with the Ordnance Commission, consisting of Colonels Laidley, Benton, and Crispin, he made a larger number of most effective sketches in traveling through Europe. "The Bill That Will Not Pass" is also an effective sketch of Cadet William Smith, made by Colonel Benton when he was a member of the Academic Board at West Point. A rough sketch of Colonel Bell, of the Dragoons (1858), is expressive of this gentleman's enjoyment of a cadet hop. Many other sketches are entertaining for the few yet remaining with us

employees about the building, who at once, with the exception of one man, fled to the city, and announced that the whole arsenal had been blown up. This man met Colonel Benton going in, and together they opened the doors of the old refectory, releasing the men imprisoned there, and put out the fire as you have described. I wish I knew the man's name, but I have forgotten it."

who were acquainted with the colonel and his predilections. A pen-and-ink sketch of "The Fenian Scare" illustrates Benton's skill as a cartoonist. He was equally successful in water-color, to which, however, the ordinary process plates would fail to do justice.

CHAPTER XIX

I SHOULD be very remiss in speaking of the officers of our service who were gifted with artistic talent if I neglected to invite special attention to the services of Brigadier General Seth Eastman, who was for seven years the principal assistant professor of drawing under Professor Weir, and who was also the author of professional works on topography and perspective drawing. He was offered positions in civil life in several of our colleges as professor of drawing, but declined to leave the service. His oil paintings have been freely distributed to his friends in the army, and his as well as his son's ability in the artistic line has been thoroughly recognized.

Probably no officer of our army rendered such service in the department of drawing under the Weir régime as did Richard Somers Smith, familiarly known as "Dick Smith," who served at the Military Academy for fourteen years under Professor Weir's administration. He was induced to resign and accept the professorship of mathematics and drawing at the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Polytechnic College; but re-entered the service during the Civil war as a volunteer aid, and was later made a major of the Twelfth Infantry, at General Scott's instance, and again resigned in 1863 to accept the presidency of Girard College, at Philadelphia.

Major Smith was graduated at West Point, February, 1834, and resigned in 1840, and at the later date was reappointed in the infantry. He

served from 1840 until 1856 as assistant professor of drawing at the United States Military Academy, and after acting in the capacity of head of the department of drawing and mathematics at the Brooklyn Polytechnic, as before stated, he re-entered the service May 14, 1861, as major of the Twelfth Infantry.

His record shows that he was transferred while at West Point, in 1848, to the artillery, and in 1863-7 he was president of Girard College. After that he was engaged in business until 1870. At that time General Grant (whose instructor he had been) sent for him and told him he intended appointing him as head of the department of mathematics at the Naval Academy, as he "wished him to live and die under the 'Old Flag.'"

Major Smith's health failing him in 1874, he requested to be transferred to the department of drawing as its head, and held that position at the Naval Academy until his death in January, 1877, at the age of sixty-three years. It has been the writer's privilege very lately to visit the late Major Smith's family at their residence in Washington, and to view for the first time many of the professor's productions with pen, pencil, and brush. A few of his etchings are of merit, chief among which are three of a series of original sketches illustrating "The Scarlet Letter." These were made many years ago at evening gatherings of the sketching club in Washington City. There has also been found an excellent small water-color of the professor's, one of merit in this, that it illustrates the frontage of the Naval Academy on the Severn River as

it was in 1874, but which is now entirely changed.

Many of the beautiful water-colors of Major Smith, although he did not claim for them originality of design, are enlargements from small photographs, ofttimes sketches and monotints of celebrated artists, but the coloring of all his paintings is original with him.

This is one of the strong points of the Weir system of water-color painting from the flat, that is, that the cadet was constrained to copy from the black and white, *and selected his own coloring.*

I may here mention the few water-colors I have seen of Major Smith's, and which evidence great merit: "Shylock and Jessica," "Piseraro," "Woman at the Well," "Grape Gatherer," "Greek Lovers," "The Monk," "Mother and Children" (beggars), "Hamlet," "Scene on the Castle," "Moonlight," and last though not least, a beautiful water-color landscape of the Hudson, from nature.

All of his work is admirably executed and justifies Major Richard Somers Smith taking rank as an accomplished artist. Profound regret was expressed in the official report of the death of the major (January 23, 1877) by the Superintendent of the Naval Academy, Rear Admiral C. R. P. Rodgers. His services are reviewed and his loss at the Naval Academy deeply deplored by everyone. "His life," to use the superintendent's own words, "was one of exemplary virtue and remarkable kindliness. . . . His refined taste, his broad culture, and his genial temper have won him hosts of friends, and it is believed that in the whole world he had no enemy."

(COPY.)

At a meeting of the Academic Board of the Naval Academy held January 28, 1877, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS: It has pleased Almighty God to remove from us our late colleague, Professor Richard Somers Smith, Head of the Department of Drawing at the Naval Academy and a member of this Board—

Resolved: That in the death of one who discharged with ability and zeal the trusts committed to him during a long and honorable career in the public service, the Academy has lost an able, devoted, and faithful officer.

Resolved: That the members of this Board are deeply sensible of the loss of one of their number, endeared to them by the purity and gentleness of his character, the dignified courtesy of his manners, his lofty principles, and his broad and genial culture.

Resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the members of his bereaved family, in expression of the heartfelt sympathy of the members of this Board.

(Signed) RICHARD M. CHASE,
Secretary Naval Academy.

Respectfully forwarded,
(Signed) C. R. P. RODGERS,
Rear Admiral U. S. N.
Supt. and Pres. ex-officio.

There are many others I could mention had not their names escaped my aged memory, who were skilled in the use of the pencil and brush. Poland of the May class of 1861 was very successful in oil, particularly as a marine painter. Pennington, of the class of 1860, continues his practice as a source of amusement in these his days of retirement. Greenough, of the class of 1865, also, I am told, does very good work in water-colors. Churchill, deceased, of the same class, after resigning from the army, kept up his practice, with what success I do not know, but he gave fair promise when at the academy. Whipple (C. W.), of the Ordnance, is a caricaturist and evidenced considerable talent, but neither Whipple nor Derby (John Phoenix) was to be compared

with Benton, who as a caricaturist was by far the *facile princeps* of the army. Benton's series of arsenal views made with the pen, when on a tour of inspection, were most admirable.

Captain Cameron, of the cavalry, speaks of two other officers who are deserving of mention. He says: "Captain Cecil Stewart, of the Fourth Cavalry, has talent. His work in oils is especially clever. Captain Howard M. Reeve, general staff, who died in 1905, was unusually gifted. A panoramic sketch that he made in front of Santiago in 1898 is a treasured exhibit at West Point, and I have seen several fine pieces of his water-color work. My attention has lately also been invited to the excellent products in oil of H. O. S. Hiestand, class of 1878. 'The Awakening of Galatea' by his officer speaks for itself (see half-tone)."

Seymour (Truman), the honor man of his class in drawing, was very skillful with the brush, and in his days of retirement and illness derived great comfort from his talent. Residing in Florence, Italy, he wrote me occasionally during his intervals of ease, and he says: "Although I have been tapped twenty-one times, I get all the pleasure out of life and the things around me that I can." And in his last letter, written (Florence, August 27, 1890) a few weeks before his death, I could see that the end was near at hand. "You," he says, "who are comparatively young and strong, will, I trust, enjoy many long years of honor and usefulness, and arrive at my age without any of these infirmities. And so with my best wishes and lasting regards I will say good-bye, and God bless you!"

God be with you, brave soldier! You wore the

laurel thick upon you—no man had more brevets bestowed upon him for gallantry in action, in Mexico as well as in the Civil war, than this man with whom I had the good fortune to serve as aid-de-camp. He fell severely wounded in the assault upon Fort Wagner, S. C., July 18, 1863, while leading his command under a deadly fire in which one-half of his whole command were sacrificed.

Speaking here of South Carolina reminds me of another whom I had almost forgotten—Loomis Langdon, a man as ready with the pen as with the brush, a peculiarity I have often noticed in others. Seymour was also given that way, and we all know the scrape the latter got into just after Butler had failed to capture Fort Fisher. The very day Terry captured the fort there appeared in the New York *Times* or *Tribune* a long article signed by Seymour, who commanded the Sixth Army Corps, Army of the Potomac, telling us why the fort could never be captured. When Seymour learned of his error he exclaimed, *"That's the last; no more writing for me!"* And now, for those who know Langdon and those who do not, I may relate a few incidents to show how he beguiled his time during the operations in South Carolina, 1863.

He commanded the left of the line of batteries in the action of July 10, 1863, the right of the line falling to my lot—we had both volunteered for this service on that day. To encourage his men and keep up their spirits before going into action he opened his valise at early dawn (we had been standing to our guns since midnight), and, taking out his razor and boiled shirt, made his toilet before the men, joking all the while, and

got them into the good humor that he desired, making them believe that they were on a picnic and not a funereal business. On another occasion at Beaufort, where he managed the camp of the two light batteries of the First Artillery, he learned that he could obtain a swell coach which had been abandoned by the inhabitants of that beautiful little town. The whites had fled precipitately upon the arrival of the "Yanks," leaving everything in the hands of the negroes. Some dozen or more of the mansions of this town were fine structures, and most luxuriously furnished. As the "Johnnies" walked out the "Yanks" walked in and helped themselves to everything in sight.

It was at this juncture that art in the army—the artist in Langdon—began to "break out." He secreted the captured coach from prying eyes in a large hospital tent for a few days, mixed his own pigments and put in practice some of the suggestions of Robert Weir, who had brought Langdon out at the head of his class in drawing, in 1854. The coach emerged one sunny morning (here I shall let Langdon tell his own story), "the wheels, pole, and other parts of the running gear a fiery red, while the body was a sickly green, the whole glistening with a thick coat of varnish. [Don't tell us, after this, that the course of drawing at the Military Academy serves no useful purpose.]

"The horses were hitched in, driver mounted on the box, and the four ranking officers drew near to enter and take the first ride to town.

"Employed by the officers' mess, as valets, were two young colored gentlemen about eighteen years of age, named 'London' and 'Jeff.' The former was of rather a somber temperament; but Jeff was

cheerful and spry, and graceful withal as a monkey.

"Behind the carriage was a small platform, which had suggested the propriety of having a footman to give tone to the equipage.

"For over a week 'Jeff' had been secretly drilled and equipped for this conspicuous position [the artist in Langdon further evidencing itself]. A close-fitting swallow-tailed coat of brilliant scarlet was set off with gilt buttons and velvet trimmings. A pair of sky-blue government breeches encased his legs to just below the knee, where they ended under the clasp of plated knee buckles, the rest of the legs being clad in coarse gray woolen stockings.

"A white 'plug' hat, with fashionable half-mourning to establish a claim to respectability, surmounted his black face, and he wore the conventional Berlin gloves. 'Jeff' had an unpleasant way of never being able to stand with his knees and heels touching at the same time, and when embarrassed, rather gave the preference to the knees. But as a footman, he was on the whole a success."

I must halt right here, as Langdon tells his own story in Haskin's "History of the First Artillery," though he probably has not mentioned that he succeded so much better in water-colors than in oil (as above described), that after retiring from active service as a brigadier-general, U. S. A., he attended the Art School of London to brush up his natural but uncultivated talent for art.

There were non-graduates, as well, who were clever with the pen, pencil, and brush. Of these the writer can only remember two—the late Colonel Arthur Tracy Lee (1838-79), formerly

of the Eighth Infantry, and Colonel Herbert Pelham Curtis (1862-92), of the Judge Advocate's Department.

Colonel Lee was a veteran of the Florida, Mexican, and Civil wars, a charming *raconteur,* whose "Army Ballads" (1871), a modest little volume illustrated from his pencil, is a graceful tribute to incidents of service in the Old Army. He made some beautiful sketches of the Old Mission, the Alamo, etc., in Texas. Colonel Curtis, an officer of a later date, was noted for his artistic ability, and left behind him some excellent examples of his work in water-color and oil, painted in the intervals of official cares.

Among the military artistic contributions to the Fort Monroe Club, and which have been assigned a conspicuous place on its casemated walls, are several original and very striking sketches by Zogbaum, Remington, and Nast—artists like Meissonier and Detaille of the French army. These men inspirited our soldiers by their bold military sketches, and have greatly aided the army by their timely caricatures and cartoons which have appeared from time to time in magazines and other periodicals.

No thesis on the subject selected would be quite complete if confined simply to a discussion of the compositions and characteristics of those who are, or were, the wearers of the shoulder strap and who at odd intervals laid aside the sword in favor of the brush or pen.

They were but amateurs, while those of whom I now speak, on more than one occasion reversed this process and served with the colors on fields of contest. Their contributions to the Fort Monroe Club are therefore an evidence of reciprocity

for the hospitality enjoyed by them as guests. Their fame, so well established, needs no word of mine, though metaphorically speaking, as an old friend and comrade would have it, I might say that the bare mention of their names on this page throws a beam of light upon it, as does the ray of sunshine across a field strewn with leaves of laurel.

And now while referring to this army club, this casemate of an old-time fortress, with its artists' proofs, let me further add that there has been received by the club within a very few days, and conspicuously placed, an artist proof steel engraving of King Edward VII, after Sir Luke Filde's celebrated picture of His Majesty, which hangs in the Royal Artillery Mess at Woolwich. I was forcibly reminded, when I viewed it, of the visit of the Prince of Wales to West Point in the autumn of 1860. On that day he was mounted on a high-spirited horse, and with hat in hand acknowledged the salute of the Cadet Battalion most gracefully as he passed the colors. With these reflections in mind, it appears quite appropriate to cite this evidence of the mutual goodwill and kindly spirit at this hour (the tricentennial year of the Jamestown settlement), the picture being presented by the officers of the Royal Artillery, some of whom were guests of the Fort Monroe Club during the season just passed.

Cadet Troopers' Drill.
West Point.

J. P. F.
dell. et pinx.

CHAPTER XX

WHAT more I shall have to say concerning art in the early as well as later years of the academy's life must be briefly stated.

It was of course to be expected that, with the retirement of Robert W. Weir, N. A., from the Military Academy, at the time in his seventy-sixth year, there would be many innovations in the course of instruction in drawing for the cadet pupil of the later generation, and if anything were wanting to confirm the favorable impressions of Professor Larned's system, which conforms to the requirements of the present age, it will be found in the following tributes.

A committee from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, after visiting the Columbia College, New York, the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, and the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale, has this to say:

"The work of instruction at the United States Military Academy in the department of drawing was in every way superior to that seen at the other colleges visited.

"The topographical surveys and drawings were a revelation to the committee of the possibilities of instruction in that direction."

That Professor Larned was not alone in his good work is shown by the credit he has accorded his assistants, all graduates of the Military Academy, men such as Reed, Macomb, Townsley, Hagadorn, Reeve, Cameron, and others too nu-

merous to mention. The professor says: "This high standard of achievement is due to the methods of work of the Military Academy, the thorough preparation given by my associates, and the conscientious and enthusiastic fidelity of my assistants, without which very little could be achieved. I may also add that the interest of the cadets themselves in their work is an important factor."

In all this I entirely concur with the professor, and nothing has so much impressed me when I have visited the drawing academy of late years as the exceeding great interest that the cadets evidence in the prosecution of their work.

I have been informed that but a limited few come under the present course of drawing with even a rudimentary training in free-hand or technical graphics, since as Professor Larned says:

"Beginning at illiteracy in this branch, the conditions are not paralleled in any other subject taught at the academy; in fact, it may be said that there is a lamentable neglect of training in drawing throughout the United States, and no other civilized nation of commercial greatness neglects the subject as we do.

"Indeed, in the schools of Germany, France, and Austria instruction is continuous from the primary schools through to the higher, and in England her elaborate system of science and art instruction radiates from South Kensington broadcast throughout the kingdom."

However much I might be tempted to discuss the details and methods of instruction in drawing at the Military Academy, I must reserve the space for other things. Enough is known to warrant the conclusion that all instruction at this institu-

tion is well done—better than anywhere in this country, and many maintain, as Whistler did, that "it is better done than anywhere else in the world."

The contention, as shown by one of several letters received by me, is this:

"An artist is like the poet, 'born,' and cannot be manufactured, and nobody has a higher admiration for men of real genius than have I. I am neither and never could be made one, work as diligently and faithfully as I could and did. Professor Weir was a great artist and genius, but most of the work I did in his department was thrown away and a real waste of time for such as I, whereas as a draftsman, etc., for mathematical and military purposes, I did fairly well. It was a waste of valuable time for men like Weir and Smith and Seymour to try to make an artist of me and others in my class and all classes. And it was a waste of time in being obliged to try to do what was impossible for us, and not necessary as part of our education for the army.

"The drawing had a greatly discouraging influence on me in third- and second-class years. It was a real handicap, especially as several of my competitors for standing were excellent as mediocre artists, such as A, B, C and others.

"I stood first in my class my first year, and could easily have done so every year but for the handicap in the department of drawing, and the resulting discouragement in the effort to be an artist and to learn what was really not needed for a graduate of the Military Academy.

"I hope you will excuse this long letter and will agree with me that the present course in drawing at West Point is much more useful to the large

majority of officers of the army than such a course as was required in Professor Weir's time, though he was a real genius as an artist and a most lovely character as a man."

So it comes to this: that many of the graduates, like my correspondent, believed it to be folly to teach artistic and pictorial finish to youths who were without the slightest talent and antecedent preparation. There is, however, a tacit acknowledgment that a few men of each class—to be more exact, we will say twenty per cent.—with more or less talent, did profit under the course of instruction of earlier days, and this statement finds its confirmation in the fact that the men who are the originators of the present course had their training under the old system.

Many, however, believe that if the same number of hours (a ridiculously small number for the purpose of perfecting students) had been spent upon them in a course of technical work, it would have been better bestowed.

This comes from the fact, which is now more than ever recognized the world over, that there is no greater disparity in the capacity to master the subject of drawing than in any other subject of construction, everything depending upon the method and the facilities afforded the student.

But in defense of the earlier system, which stands so much condemned by the poorer class of draughtsmen, let me inquire if it is really just to deprecate what has been termed "copying from the flat"? If the object be in the primitive stage of instruction,—and certainly it is a very primitive stage, with the cadet, to teach him simply to *handle* the brush or pencil,—where is the fault in the method? And as we advance beyond this stage

and go out into wider fields of art, see what one has said who writes very understandingly on this subject. I quote from my father's letters of travel and criticisms on art in Europe (1828-1829), where he says:

"I ought to pay a passing and deserved tribute to one of our own artists, Mr. Cook. He has attained considerable reputation among students and artists of the English Academy at Rome.

"He gives grounds of hope that he may one day be an ornament to our country.

"His copy of 'The Transfiguration' by Raphael possesses great merit, especially in the coloring. He expresses a determination to visit all those places where are to be found the *chefs d'œuvre* of the best ancient masters, *for the purpose of copying them.*" (The italics are mine.)

One of my correspondents reflects a by no means uncommon notion in his application of the term "artist" to cadet students who were, in his day, a little above the average. "Such students, by scratching with the brush and pencil before they entered the Military Academy, instead of devoting themselves to studies that would have aided them suffered greatly in class standing." To meet his objections I must first state that it is absurd or preposterous to view the cadet pupil in the light my correspondent elects, or to distress himself about class standing incident to drawing more than to any other subject in the course. Some men there are who are gifted with stronger imagination than others and have a higher conception of the beauties of nature, and of course this goes a long way in the direction of the development of the art faculty.

Minds so constituted find here an inexhaustible

volume ever open for perusal, every page replete with new and interesting subjects, every line furnishing an endless scheme of study and conjecture.

Everyone has his own mode of perusal, but under whatever phase it may be viewed, still the same irresistible conclusion is drawn as to the wisdom of the great architect who has supplied such unerring laws of the entire machinery of the universe as to operate with equal harmony and certainty upon the minutest atom as upon the greatest orb.

Since perfection, however, cannot be attained in aught but the ideal world, it is in that field we seek to discover the true artist, sculptor, and poet, and he does not make himself known to a rival cadet candidate for honors in fifteen minutes, fifteen hours or fifteen weeks after playing with the brush or pencil, though it may be admitted that the student who begrudges the loss of one-tenth in his mark and is agonized lest he should lose a file in class standing, has some pretty horrid nightmares over the excellence of others and a deficiency in himself, when it comes to cultivating fields of trees and flowers or in *raising sheep where rocks abound.*[1]

Now Cicero, as we are told, entertained most liberal notions on art, and was free to recognize the non-producers as well as the producers. Men, he says, who can depict with the pen along descriptive lines are at heart as much of the class called "born" artists as any others.

See how the author of the spirit of the old West Point handles his pen in the literary line, though I can bear testimony to the fact that his efforts with the brush were non-availing.

[1] "Those are not rocks, professor, they are sheep."

"Whatever our walk in life may be and whatever our hopes, the Hudson and the highlands convey, at this point, a certain sweet exaltation to the mind of all. Oh, Mother Earth, endeared by mists and trailing clouds, by lone trees on crests against the evening sky, by voice of waters falling far up some wild ravine on starry nights, by fields where bees are humming, dear as all these are to me, if I could choose one scene of all your mighty compass of beauty to fill my eye at the last, it would be the highlands of the Hudson."

Of these highlands see what another graduate (Boynton) has to say:

"About the middle of November, when the sun has attained its southern limit and its level rays at the close of the day are thrown in a single beam through the valley between 'Cro' Nest' and Redoubt Hill upon the hills on the opposite shore, it frequently occurs that the upper sky is covered by a mottled veil of clouds; while along the lower is a narrow, unclouded belt, which being reached by the sun the general autumnal somberness is, as if by a stroke of magic, converted into a broad sheet of copper-colored light overhead, while the hilltops are tinged with a golden hue, which as the sun descends, almost imperceptibly creeps along, as if the broad brush of an artist was slowly moved along the crests bearing in its path the tint with which it was charged.

"The gorgeous scenery rapidly dies away, while the clouds assume their chameleon tints, gradually fading through all the gradations of purple to a cold, inky hue, leaving the spectator in that saddened state of feeling Lamartine appropriately expresses in his 'Adieux' to the close of this delightful season:

"'Adieux, deniers beaux-jours. Ce deuil de la nature convient à ma douler et plait à mes regards.'"

Here we have the art of seeing combined with the faculty of describing, and to my way of thinking such qualities should be graded high up in the scale of art. Slovenly unconscious seeing is the attribute of a large majority of the human race, and it cannot be questioned that there is no proper instruction given in the art of drawing should the art of seeing not be thoroughly impressed upon the pupil.[2]

[2] Since the above writing I find the following in the London *Post:* Most people see an object when they think of it. They can see before their eyes a geometrical drawing or the figures on a chessboard when they think of them. In order to think at all most men make use of images, though they may be of different kinds. Thus, one man when he thinks of "Italy" sees just the printed word; another sees the country's outline on a map; another may see the country spread out before him, with its villages and towns smoldering in the plains. Psychologists are beginning to classify the different aids or images of which men make use. Some, for example, hear the words of their thought within themselves; others read them, as if the words were written generally in black on a white ground.

CHAPTER XXI

Now while all of us approve of the present methods at the Military Academy, and are justly proud of the achievement of such men as Robinson, Menoher, and Lewis, specimens of whose drawings have been furnished me by the authorities of the academy, I, for one, must say that the old system requiring the cadet to wash over his work for the reworking or touching up by the professor, and which has been criticised severely, was quite in order. All water-colors are improved by judicious washing, the atmospheric effect is thus produced where before it did not exist, and the texture of the paper after washing (provided it is not overdone) responds agreeably to the brush. Here is where the master hand of Weir held sway, and in a few moments he transformed a mere "daub" into a fair work of art.

He did this to encourage the cadet as well as to enlighten him: some were enlightened and profited by the suggestion expressed in work rather than in words; others less worthy were concerned as to their class standing and the kind of mark their renovated picture would secure for them; but those behind the scenes, the officer instructors who were charged with the marking, discovered all that was clearly discernible as not being the handiwork of the cadet himself. No, the cadet was not improving his mark or his standing by this work of the artist Weir, but in worthy cases, though unconsciously, light dawned upon

him at every stroke of the professor's brush, and out of the "darkness" there came "light" with its varying "shades," "shadows," and "reflections," the picture as a whole being brought into "keeping," where before there had been neither "breadth" nor "depth," and while the cadet had been made to handle the brush he was also made to appreciate his own shortcomings.

Here is the opinion held by one [1] who appears to have been much concerned on the subject of class standing, though the record scarcely sustains his argument, since he graduated at the head of his class, drawing to the contrary notwithstanding. He says: "I am greatly interested in the way you write of Latrobe, whom I knew very well for years while I was on duty in Baltimore and Washington. I was much at his house and in contact with him in his capacity of president of the Maryland Historical Society, and was called on to be one of his eulogists at the memorial service held for him after his death.

"His relation to the Military Academy was unique, and I tried to have him made an honorary member of the Association of Graduates, which would have been an extreme gratification to him and his family, but the opposition of our friend Michie prevented, much to my regret. [Michie's position was entirely consistent in all cases of a similar character.]

"I also knew Whistler in the corps of cadets, and Weir was a professor while I was a cadet, and also, when later assistant professor of engineering, I knew Professor Weir socially very well. He was certainly a most charming man and a lovely

[1] Brigadier General W. P. Craighill, U. S. A., retired, ex-Chief of Engineers, and lately deceased.

Christian. I value very highly one of my own 'drawings,' for the reason that he once became sufficiently interested to work on it himself and put some touches on it, when I had supposed it finished and ready to 'turn in,' that made an entirely different thing of it.

"He was certainly a great artist, but I think Larned has been much more useful and practical as a professor at the Military Academy, considering the object of the academy.

"I remember one of Whistler's works while he was a cadet, the first thing of his I do recall. I suppose it should be called an etching or engraving on wood. It was a design for use on the invitations to the 'hops.' I have sometimes wondered whether it could not be found somewhere. I knew Dick Smith and Seymour first as instructors, and then Seymour well later as an officer, as also Benton and Langdon and Eastman. Dear old Seymour! I saw him last in Paris, where he was in poor bodily health and dejected in spirits."

I am, of course, with my old friend in all that he says concerning the usefulness of the modern course of instruction at the academy, not only in drawing, to which he confines his attention, but the advance is "all along the line." Professor Larned bases his efforts as instructor, as did Latrobe, as I have before stated, upon the fact that there is no greater disparity in the capacity to master the subject of drawing than exists in any other subject of construction, everything depending upon the facilities afforded.

For my own part, I well remember when the Delafield, Mordecai (Sr.), and McClellan Commission [2] returned from Europe in the spring of

[2] Reference having been made to this commission, and its

1856, that they placed a collection of beautifully executed water-colors of guns and gun-carriages in the library at West Point; and at the time of my being instructor at the academy in drawing, and during the year I was charged with the conduct of the drawing department, these drawings, which were made by the Austrian cadets at the Vienna arsenal, were given to the most proficient cadets at our academy, at my suggestion as an ordnance officer, and the course thereafter was made to embrace these and other designs of a kindred character.

I have referred to the system of pencil sketches from nature with light water-color washes in conventional tints. This work unfortunately had but short life under the five-years' experimental course and was restricted to the best draughtsman of a class. At the request of Russian officers visiting the academy, these sketches were sent to Russia for the benefit of cadet students in that country.

efforts having been directed towards the improvements of the United States Military Academy cadets in the course of drawing, it may be of interest that I should furnish at the hand of the wife of the Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, who appointed the commission, the following extract from "Memoirs of Jefferson Davis," by his wife:

"Colonel Delafield, Major Mordecai, and Captain McClellan were sent as a military commission to the Crimea to study the methods of war adopted there. They were to visit England, France, and Russia as well. We invited the general officers of the army and the ambassadors from these countries to meet the commission. Generals Scott, Jessup, and Totten were present. Colonel Delafield was an alert, soldierly man, with much of scientific acquirements, but a curt manner. Major Mordecai was a Hebrew, and one could readily understand, after seeing him, how that race had furnished the highest type of manhood; his mind was versatile, at times even playful, but his habits of thought were of the most serious problems, and so perfectly systematized as to make everything evolved from his fecund mind available for the use of mankind. His moral nature was as well disciplined as his mental, and his private life was of the purest and most admirable."

I attempted to instruct the cadets on the same lines during the period of my incumbency as assistant professor, and in so doing derived for myself an advantage that has stood me in good stead all my life, and more particularly during several years of enforced idleness on the Retired List.

A few sketches of this description accompany my writings, having by me been made from nature as a source of amusement and occupation during my release from active duty. Let the man who enjoys a taste or talent for work of this kind cultivate the advantage he possesses over others less fortunate, as it will sooner or later stand him in good stead.

Time is a factor in the matter of instruction in drawing not to be ignored, and in estimating the hours allotted the subject at the academy the fact is lost sight of that the cadet comes to the drawing academy without previous preparation or study in his room or quarters, whereas for those least proficient in other subjects two or three times the time spent in the section-room is devoted to preparatory study, and then the cadet comes to recitation to tell the instructor what he knows, or does not know, whereas the whole operation is reversed in the department of drawing. Fortunately for the army and for the students at all institutions in the country, it is beginning to dawn upon the faculties of our colleges that drawing means as much, if not more, to the scientific scholar as any other portion of his educational course, and I am given to understand that, viewed from a military standpoint, the importance of this subject is so well recognized that at the Leavenworth and Fort Riley army schools draughting is now given great prominence.

The growing tendency in this branch of the education of the youths of our country is not confined to West Point or to the service military schools. It has broadened out in a manner most surprising to those who in past years have excused themselves by such aphorisms as "I cannot speak a word of French; *I am no linguist,*" "I cannot draw a straight line, *I am no draughtsman*"; and again, "Artists are born, not made; *I am no artist.*"

In extension of the foregoing remarks, I may say that while in the very act of framing my clauses, my attention was directed to editorial comments or criticism of a prominent paper on the discourse of a bishop in the Middle West, and here in part is what the editor had to say:

"May we not comment a little on some parts of the worthy prelate's discourse:

"'We are inhumane. We care little for art, for sentiment or for anything that cultivates humanity. We have a horror of being called sentimental. Our universities teach trades, not the higher life. We turn out graduates fitted to get rich, and when they get rich they don't know how to use, much less enjoy, their money.'

"It seems to us that Americans are the most 'sentimental' people in the world. Bishop Williams isn't enough to remember the Civil war. Each for its idea, its sentiment, the North and South fought. 'A nation that can suffer like that for its principles,' said John Bright, 'has answered all critics that are capable of understanding ideals.' Yet Dr. Williams 'sometimes doubts whether we have any [national ideals], at least any clearly conceived and deliberately chosen ideals.' Unsentimental, without ideals! He can

at least remember the Spanish war, the fruit, good or evil, of a passionate and altruistic sentiment.

. . . . .

"The American habit of hero worship, be its god iron, brass, or clay . . . is another characteristic of the sentimentality of American democracy. If Americans have a horror of being called sentimental it is because the conventional belief is that they are wholly 'practical,' or because they have a consciousness of what in its excess is a weakness of the American temperament, too great impressibility to sentimental and moral reactions.

"As for indifference to art or anything that cultivates humanity, the facts so patently contradict the Bishop that it is labor lost to adduce them.

. . . . .

"The risen and rising American painters, sculptors, architects, the number of learned critics and discriminating connoisseurs, the schools and societies of classical study and archæology, the growth of public museums and of popular interest and instruction: these things are as notorious as Carnegie. Mr. Louis Prang, who died the other day at eighty-six, could have told the Bishop how greatly the popular taste in art had improved in his time. Then there are the great libraries frequented by scholars, investigators, and men of science quietly working, the publications of the universities and academies, institutions of one kind and another for original research—we indicate only a small part of the wealth of study that is given to unapplied and mostly pecuniarily inutile cultivation. Then there is a multitude of summer schools, correspondence schools, lecture courses,

evidence, whatever superficiality of attainment some of them produce, of a popular interest in the things of the mind."

Colonel Montgomery M. Macomb, of the Sixth Field (horse) Artillery, now chief of the First Division of the General Staff, an acting chief of field artillery, writes me in discussing this subject of Art:

"I remember talking over the course in drawing as taught at West Point in the seventies, when I met you at Rock Island Arsenal, and you showed me what you had done in applying your knowledge of perspective in making drawings of certain machines. You also showed me samples of your freehand sketches and purely artistic work with the brush, and expressed yourself as believing that more attention should be given to the practical draughting work which an officer would be called upon to perform rather than the purely artistic line of work, without disparaging the value of the latter as part of a gentleman's education. I have therefore always had you in mind as a sort of connecting link between the old school and the new, and am glad to learn that you are now taking up the subject of art in the army, with a view of bringing out the value of the excellent course in technical graphics, including military topography, which is now pursued at the Military Academy, and continued as regards topography in the various service schools, which latter, of course, have had their influence in showing what the West Point course should be in this line to bring it up to the present requirement of our service."

I have heard Colonel Larned express himself very earnestly, in speaking of Colonel Macomb,

his former principal assistant in the drawing department, of the valuable assistance this officer rendered him in advising and remodeling the course of drawing at the United States Military Academy.

As much as I commend the present system of instruction in drawing at the academy, there is still a great deal to be said in favor of the old system, the general features of which are by no means obsolete at the present day.

From long experience at arsenals of construction I can say that officers frequently in charge have been seriously embarrassed through inability to read understandingly the blue prints entrusted to the workmen at the bench, and I am glad to learn that this is now obviated by making the ability to read the blue print one of the requirements of the ordnance examination. The professor of drawing at West Point has this matter well in hand, so I am informed, and it is one of no small interest to find that the cadet further realizes through the medium of stereopticon exhibits and visits to the art galleries of the metropolis that the whole subject of art, both in the army and out of the army, is a factor in his education no longer to be depreciated.

CRITICISMS ON ART
BY
LIEUTENANT JOHN FARLEY, U.S.A.
1828-29

CHAPTER XXII

Lieutenant John Farley was on duty in the Topographical Engineer Bureau of the War Department for the first five years after he had been graduated from the United States Military Academy, and his skill with brush and pencil brought him to the special notice of the Secretary of War (Barbour), so that this young officer was tendered (entirely unsolicited) a year's furlough, 1828-29, for the purpose of improving himself in the arts and sciences. He was also at the time under instructions to investigate in Europe the best methods employed for military map-making and lithographic drawing, with the view of introducing such systems in the Military Bureau of the War Department, and at a later date in the United States Coast Survey. In the latter work he served for the thirty-seven years following his seventeen years' service in the army, the archives of which department, to use the superintendent's own words, " were enriched by his labor and his skill." With these preliminary observations I offer, by way of an extension of my discussions on " Art in the Army," as they appear here and have appeared in the M. S. I. *Journal,* a few extracts from the private letters of Lieutenant Farley, written from Europe at the age of twenty-five years, and as long ago as 1828-29, when on semi-official duty in that part of the world.

When visiting Europe in 1828-29, under authority of the War Department in order to acquire

a knowledge of the best methods extant in foreign services for military maps and lithographic drawings, and with a view to the introduction of such processes in our military bureaux, the writer says:

Florence

There are few places more enchantingly beautiful than the external aspect of this city, which has par excellence been called "*la bella Florence.*"

It has always been the home and the nursery of the liberal arts and the seat of science and literature. Its palaces and its public edifices, with their galleries of statues and paintings, form a grand emporium of the choicest works of art, where the man of taste and the children of genius may reap inexhaustible pleasure, while the public institutions for the promotion of science form a grand storehouse. Florence, to view it from the Porta San Gallo, or from the mountains in that direction, has an appearance of great beauty, and indeed the same may be said of other views. So numerous are the villas and thickly populated the suburbs, for several miles along the Arno, that this population really constitutes a large portion of the city and should so be considered.

The following lines from Ariosto here apply:

> "*A veder pie di tanta villa i colte, * * *
> Fosser racolti i tuvi polazzi sparsi
> Non ti sarian da pareggioni duo Roma.*"

We arrived at the city gate at twilight and passed through the arch on which is a statue of one of the Medici. Our voiture left us at the Lerno Bianco on the Via Ternia, and as our stay was to be limited, we proceeded to visit the most conspicuous and noteworthy objects.

The first and most interesting resort for travelers is the Museum Florentinium, in the Palazzo Vecchio, erected in 1298, a description of whose treasures can be had in the voluminous works that have been published from time to time. The transient spectator must therefore content himself with observing those objects which are consecrated as *chefs d'œuvre* and have become classic by the admiration of the whole world. Who that has heard of the Venus de Medici—the "Venus" of Titian, the "Wrestlers," the "Faun," the "Whetters," the "Niobe," etc., and does not desire to see them before all else? They are to be found in the octagonal hall of the gallery known as the Tribune, where are some of the richest treasures of antiquity, and here the matchless Queen of Beauty holds her court.

The room is always crowded with her devotees, who resort hither to see the Venus de Medici. She has always a well-attended levee and a circle of ardent admirers at her feet.

Placed upon a pedestal raised about five feet from the floor stands this unrivaled model of feminine perfection—the first object which arrests the attention on entering the Tribune. The anticipations respecting this statue, which enchants the world and has become so renowned as the standard of female beauty—at once the pride and boast of Florence—are apt to be exaggerated, and we look for so much excellence and perfection that disappointment is generally experienced on the first glance. We see before us, instead of the spotless purity of Parian marble and the beau ideal which we had conceived of the general effect, a dingy marble, which seems to have been steeped in the Virginia weed, and a form which our fancy

cannot consent to place before the living and lovely images of flesh and blood which are to be found among our own fair countrywomen.

We look for life, and we start, "for soul is wanting there." We expect too much, in fact, at first, and it is only after contemplating for some time this work of the sculptor that we can appreciate it in all its symmetry and harmony of outline.

It is when we are about to depart that we begin to regret that the artist's chisel has not been able to "cut breath" "*alors nous sommes d'accord avec le reste du monde quand it dit qu'elle mérite l'epithète de 'Reine de Beauté,' et qu'en ne vient à Florence que pour la voir, comme on n'allait jadis au Temple de Guide que pour y admirer la Venus de Praxitèle.*"

'Tis to Cleomenes, son of Apollodorus of Athens, that we are indebted for the sculpture of this noble specimen of Grecian work. It was found in Adrian's villa near Rome, and transported to Florence about the year 1680, at the same time with the celebrated Rémouleur, or "Whetter."

The "Venus" was broken in thirteen different places, viz., across the neck, the body, the thighs, above the legs, and above the feet. The restorations, however, are very perfect and she now appears in nearly all her native symmetry. Her height is four feet, eleven inches, and four lines.

Turning from this attractive object we see her surrounded by a circle of very beautiful antiques, which only serve to show her pre-eminence.

Next in the order of arrangements in the Tribune is the "Whetter" or "Grinder," which is supposed to represent "a slave overhearing the

conspiracy of Cataline," since he appeared in a listening attitude; but the most probable conjecture is that it is intended to represent the "Scythian whom Apollo required to flay Marsyas."

The various names which have been applied to this statue depend upon the numerous conjectures as to the design; thus he is called the Rotateur, la Rémouleur (l'Arruotino), or l'Eshion.

His attitude is unique, half kneeling, half sitting, and called by the French *accroupé*. The opinion of Winkelman that he was the executioner of Marsyas is in a great measure corroborated by several similar figures on ancient medallions and bas-reliefs. There is great force, energy, and truth in the execution of this work, which is considered a production of the Grecian chisel, and the restorations of Michael Angelo have done ample justice to the subject. I had seen and before admired a copy of this work done in bronze, in the gardens of the Tuileries.

The "Wrestlers" is a well-conceived and finely executed group, possessing many of the merits for which the "Laocoon" is justly esteemed; the tension of the muscles, the swelling veins and the almost superhuman strength displayed in the moment of extraordinary exertion of the last struggle, which is to decide the victory, are well and happily delineated.

The expression of the countenances is faithfully indicative of the triumphant animation which the victor is supposed to feel and the despair and convulsive rage of the vanquished. The anatomy is said to be very well attended to.

The "Faun" is another antique which is considered a masterpiece, and has been attributed on account of its excellence to the chisel of Praxiteles.

He is playing upon the cymbals, and his right foot rests upon a "scabile," which is generally thought to represent a bird whistle. His phiz is so merry and jocund, and there breathes around him such a gayety and merriment, that we can hardly repress our own mirth and desire to caper with him.

In order to bring into view and compare at the same time the *chefs d'œuvre* of painting and sculpture, the paintings of Titian's "Venus" are placed directly over the Medici. One represents Venus and Love, and the other, which is thought the rival of Medici, represents a recumbent figure holding a bouquet of flowers, while two ugly old women are seen in the background to give relief to her youthful beauty. She is perfectly nude and reclines on a couch with a languid and voluptuous air, which heightens her incomparable beauty. This is perhaps one of the finest specimens of that richness and perfection of coloring for which Titian has obtained, deservedly, an immortal celebrity.

One of Michael Angelo's paintings next demands our admiration, not perhaps for its intrinsic merit so much as for being a production of that great genius. It represents the Virgin and Child, and is said to be one of his best easel pictures.

The hall of the Tribune contains several other masterpieces of celebrated artists, among which is Raphael's "St. John the Baptist."

In the Cabinet of Bronzes is the "Mercury" of John of Bologna. This is a rare treat for the amateur, and the conception is full of the spirit and *légèreté* which we would ascribe to the messenger of the gods. It is the herald Mercury himself "now lighted on a heaven kissing hill," ex-

cept that in lieu of this heaven-kissing hill we may rather be disposed to give the artist credit for his more poetical thought of wafting him up on the breath of a zephyr. Hermes himself could hardly assume a more aërial and graceful posture—he seems to tread the air and fly at the same time.

With one foot only he deigns unconsciously to alight on earth, while his thought and look and indication are all heavenward—so free, so light, so agile and so buoyant does he appear. In his left hand he holds the caduceus, and with the right hand follows his glance heavenward, as if to impress the world with the divinity of his mission.

The Hall of Niobe. In this is depicted with all the sublimity, majesty, and chaste simplicity of the Grecian school the affecting tragedy of the fate of Niobe and her children. The figures are arranged around the hall, but without that grouping which is necessary to their proper and natural effect. They are about sixteen in number and represent the various attitudes in which they expired under the relentless cruelty of the children of Satona.

The figure of Niobe herself is decidedly tragic and expresses all the deep pathos of maternal agony and the impotence of despair at her inability to save her devoted offspring. In her countenance we read the most thrilling anguish, the most agonizing grief, and the most forlorn despair—in every lineament the very marble speaks and extorts our sympathetic feeling.

Her youngest child clings to her for refuge, while she seems endeavoring to envelope it in her drapery—and the whole group is admirably conceived by the artist.

It is said that they were all originally designed

for the tympanum of a Grecian temple;[1] if so, there could not be more beautiful design.

Canova's "Venus," at the Palazzo Petti, I, unluckily, did not see. It is said to be excellent, and by some is admired more than that of the Medici. She is represented as coming out of the bath and drawing with graceful timidity around her the drapery which she presses to her bosom.

The chapel of the Medicean family is one of the most interesting places in Florence and contains truly superb mausoleums of some of the first Grand Dukes of Tuscany. It adjoins the Ambrosian Church at San Lorenzo.

Previous to entering the former, you pass out of the church by a side door into what is called the Capello de Depositi, designed by Michael Angelo, and adorned with some of his unfinished statues.

Here are four of these—Lorenzo, Duke d'Urban on the left hand, the Duke of Nemones on the right, and two allegorical figures representing Morning and Evening, reposing on sepulchers.

The altar is also the work of Michael Angelo.

Passing into the gorgeous chapel of the Medici we see the magnificent statues of Ferdinand I. and Cosmo II. on mausoleums, revetted with gems and the most precious marbles, such as the lapis lazuli, the antique breccia, the jaspar, and African marbles.

In contrast with these we find in the church a plain flagstone from whose half-defaced inscription we decipher the simple epitaph, "Pater Patriæ," which contains a more eloquent eulogism than all the monuments we have yet seen. Who was the Father of his Country, we ask? There

[1] To Apollo or Diana.

was but one who was honored with this noble appellation, Cosmo de Medici. "Cosmo de Medici" will burst with spontaneous gratitude from the lips of every Florentine in reply to this question.

In treading upon this humble grave, which can scarcely be distinguished from the rest of the numerous flagstones inscribed around it—it being so plain and unpretending—we cannot help drawing a parallel between him and the Father of Our Country, as regards their public services and their virtues; their memory alike is placed upon tablets more durable that perennial brass or marble, and engraved on the hearts of their countrymen.

I had read an inscription mentioned in Roscoe's "Life of Lorenzo de Medici" (Vol. iii. p. 38), and to-day experienced great satisfaction and pleasure in reading it in the original, engraved on a marble tablet in the courtyard of the Library Mediceo Laurantino:

"Aedos cernis fama celeberrimas.
Pulcherrimas atque magnificas.
A cosmo Medico pater patræ Mocheloteo
Architecto erectas A. S. plus minus cit. cccxxx," etc.

The Church of Santa Croce, in the Piazza Sta. Croce, contains many interesting monuments both ancient and modern; it was built 530 years ago. The exterior is rough, unfinished, and unpromising, and the interior architecture is none of the best.

On the right hand, as we enter, is the tomb of that son of Genius, Michael Angelo. Aretino said, "The world has many monarchs, but only one Michael Angelo." His talents were indeed diversified, being a sculptor, an architect, a poet and a painter, all in one.

I felt the same reverence in contemplating his mausoleum as I afterward did in viewing that of Raphael, though it was mingled with more admiration on account of the beauty of the sculptural design which is here displayed—the tomb of Raphael being only designated by a plain marble slab in the wall of the Pantheon.

Beyond Michael Angelo's tomb is that of Alfieri de Asti, from Canova's chisel. The immortality which this celebrated poet and tragic author has gained by his works richly merits being commemorated by such a hand.

Still farther on is the tomb of Nicholas Machiavelli, whose notoriety as a politician and historian has made his name a proverb. The next is that of Lanzi, the next of Leonardo Bruni, the next of Nordini, a celebrated musician, next the mathematician Fantoni.

On the opposite side of the church is a modern crucifix made by Donatello, to which the attention of strangers is invited, on account of its (said) excellence.

Opposite to Michael Angelo's tomb is that of the persecuted Galileo.

The only instance of strict military discipline that I saw was in leaving the Palazzo Vecchio. In going out we enter the grand square Santa Croce, in which are several attractive objects. The bronze equestrian statue of Cosmo de Medici (*père de la patriæ*), by John de Bologna, nearly in the middle of the square, first arrested my attention. The horse is spirited and the pose of the rider full of benign majesty. The Palazzo Vecchio was erected in 1298, on the site of the old residence of the Uberti family, which was destroyed by the Guelphs. On each side of the door

are two statues, one of Hercules and Cacus and the other of Michael Angelo's David.

Adjoining the Palazzo Vecchio in the square of the Grand Dukes is the Loggia de Lanzi, a kind of arcade for shelter and convenience on public occasion, in which are several superb statues in bronze and marble, the most remarkable of which is the bronze group of Perseus, by Benvenuto Cellini, holding in his hand the bleeding head of Medusa. This figure struck me as being exceedingly beautiful and symmetrical and as possessing the same beauty of form which I have before extolled in John de Bologna's "Hermes," though this is comparatively tame, representing Perseus in the repose and conscious security of victory.

The original marble group of the Rape of the Sabines is here, executed by John de Bologna, a copy of which I had seen in the Tuileries at Paris.

The colossal statue of Neptune in the fountain of this Piazza Grand Duca, surrounded by tritons and sea horses, is an excellent design.

I took pleasure in promenading the Lung Arno, on the street which runs along the Arno, protected on the one side by a parapet wall about breast high and lined on the other side with the handsomest palaces in the city.

My walks were often extended in the various squares containing many new objects of art. From the Lung Arno near my lodgings there was a fine view of three or four bridges which cross the river. The Ponte Vecchio, 485 years old, has been called *Prefice,* owing to its being lined with stalls of jewelers on each side, which gives it on the interior the appearance of the Rialto.

Near the end of this bridge is a very fine group

of "Hercules Killing the Centaur," by John de Bologna.

The Ponte Santissima Trinita is a most graceful piece of architecture, crossing the river with three arches. The current is very rapid, and reflects with fidelity at times the noble arches of the bridges, the beautiful palaces, and the animated spectacle which is ever passing on the Lung Arno.

One of the most stupendous buildings in Florence is the cathedral, which was founded in 1298. I neither admired its proportions nor the style of its architecture sufficiently to interest myself in describing them. The only memoranda I made was, first, the Meridian, called by Lelande the greatest astronomical instrument in the world (the gnomon of which is 277½ French feet high); second, the group of Michael Angelo representing Joseph holding our Saviour in his arms after being taken from the cross, which is exquisitely beautiful, and, lastly, the grand altar, which commemorates an interesting event mentioned in Roscoe's "Life of Lorenzo the Magnificent."

Julian de Medici was murdered in public before this altar during the celebration of mass in 1478, by his rival (Francesco Pazzi) in the affection of Camilla Caffarelli, and near this is the sacristy in which Lorenzo took refuge. We have seen the massive bronze doors which were interposed between him and the conspirators. I must not omit to say that the only memorial of the illustrious poet Dante which Florence has of her exiled and persecuted son, is a time-worn and worm-eaten picture of him painted on wood, while his still-exiled remains sleep in the bosom of Ravenna, which is proud and tenacious of having afforded him an asylum.

One of the bronze doors of the baptistry is so beautifully ornamented with *bassi relievi* that Michael Angelo is said to have proclaimed them "worthy to be the gates of Paradise." These reliefs represent Old and New Testament history.

The two porphyry columns, taken formerly from the Pisan gates, were presented to the Florentines by the inhabitants of Pisa as trophies for their valor. Iron chains are attached to them for some reason.

We left Florence early in November for Rome, and I could not but part with regret from a place where in so short a time I had seen so much and had enjoyed the richest treat and the rarest feast of intellectual gratification I have ever known.

Beautiful Florence! How truly called "the Athens of Italy!" "The Cradle of the Three Graces of the Fine Arts," where the taste and genius of the world have been improved and fostered. On leaving her walls I could not help casting a lingering look at the receding valley in which she lay embosomed. Everything was replete with interest. The classic Arno flowing at her feet and the white snowy peaks of the Apennines (in the golden light of the morning) seemed to crown her with a tiara of glory. The sad umbered hue of the olive, the dark cypress, and hanging vineyards still were green and had not assumed as yet "the green and yellow melancholy" of the autumnal leaf so peculiar to the American forests. The white villas brightened as the rays of the sun rapidly descended from the mountains to the valley and gave an enchantment to the whole scene.

CHAPTER XXIII

I SHALL never forget the inspiring sensation of approaching Rome, the Ultima Thule of my wishes. When but a child I had an ardent desire to see this quondam mistress of the world—this Niobe of Nations! "childless and crownless in her voiceless woe"—and now that I was just about entering her portals and about to tread on ground that had so long been hallowed in imagination, and every foot of whose soil has become classic by its association with the renowned of antiquity, I could not help feeling a glow of supernatural enthusiasm; my soul was on the wing, and I felt already as if I were imbued with the spirit of past ages.

We were then passing over ground that had been trodden by Roman conquerors with their victorious legions.

We saw the sites of their luxurious villas and retreats, of which scarcely any trace was left. We saw the Tiber rolling along, "*arva inter opima virum,*" as it had done for ages—meandering among the scattered ruins of the deserted Campagna, and washing the bases of the remnants of Imperial Rome, on which the light modern architecture of pontifical Rome now rose in solemn mockery of its pristine splendor. Were I to expatiate upon all the varied feelings caused by each interesting object as they passed in review, I should undertake a task equally tiresome to myself as to the patience of others.

We crossed the Tiber at Ponta Molla, where Constantine the Great overthrew Maximines, and crossing the old Campus Martius entered the city by the ancient Porta Fluminia, now called the Porta del Populo, on the left-hand side of the Hortulorum, or Pincian Hill.

This part of the city is the most modern and beautiful, and its vicinity is built up with palaces and splendid hotels in the English style, and may properly be called the English quarter. In the center of the square is an Egyptian obelisk found in the circus, around which were placed, during our stay at Rome, four Egyptian lions recumbent, of pure white marble, which spout as many fountains of water in a marble reservoir.

Proceeding through the grand street (the Corso) toward the custom house, we were condemned to undergo a thorough search of our baggage.

One of the first places which attracts the traveler when he arrives in Rome is that which in modern times is associated or identified with its religious or political character. As the rock on which Rome is now built, the Church of St. Peter presents as conspicuous an aspect in its moral as in its natural horizon. This is the headquarters of Catholicism, and the regal throne of the Pope, whence issue the plenary indulgences of heaven and thunders of anathema which have made the thrones of earth tremble to their base. Go to St. Peter's if you wish to see all the magnificence and concentration of the Roman Catholic Church.

Kneel before the shrine which they tell you contains the ashes of the saint himself, or, if you wish to be edified to the utmost with Catholicism, kiss the toe of Leo X. himself.

For my own part I could not have the reverence for the Pantheon (one of the abodes of the gods) now that its niches are filled by the effigies of modern date and adorned by meretricious ornaments and filigree work.

But the temple of St. Peter is decidedly one of the "world's wonderments," and is said to be superior to the Temple of Solomon itself. (From the view I have seen of that temple, I think this architecture more beautiful and chaste.) In advancing toward St. Peter's, we cannot judge of its stupendousness, having no buildings, as has St. Paul's, around it with which it may be compared.

It stands in such an extensive area that its noble façade, which only is seen, is dwindled into the apparent size of an ordinary church, and on that account you should enter it to be properly impressed with its vastness and grandeur.[1] Two semicircular colonnades on each wing enclose a spacious elliptical arcade of several acres (if I judge aright by the deceptive eye) and sweep around, in columns of four deep and sixty in height, forming a noble amphitheater, in the center of which is an Egyptian obelisk, flanked by two beautiful fountains.

This structure has been much criticised—but that of course. I leave its faults to those caviling *dilettante,* especially the English, who think Sir Christopher Wren a nonpareil and Michael Angelo a mere pretender.

Enter the portico and judge for yourself of the fine perspective and the effect of the equestrian

[1] "Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? it is not lessen'd;
But thy mind, expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal."

BYRON.

statues of Charlemagne and Constantine the Great.

As I have not the talent of a cicerone I would leave the treasures of the church and those of the thousand halls of the Vatican to those ponderous tomes which alone can do any justice to that which almost beggars description. If in the course of my memoranda I should touch upon any of them, it will be only those which I would not or could not forget.

The taste of the best artists and the talent of several centuries have been lavished with unsparing hand upon the ornaments and construction of this church.

It is said to be "decked in the various splendor which the labor of ages, the wealth of kingdoms, the spoils of ancient times, and the proudest inventions of modern times have combined to furnish." All this is true, and the arrangement of these is such as to satisfy the most fastidious taste of those who have a correct conception of the magnificent and the grand.

There is little of that trifling detail, that meretricious display, that fretwork of labored sculpture, or any of that gloomy and somber composition of Gothic work which generally characterizes Catholic churches. This imposes not upon the superstitious fears, but rather elevates the soul in admiration by its nobleness, its vastness and magnificence. What it wants in the somber melancholy character which commands a religious awe is made up by the impressive grandeur of everything in this stupendous edifice, where all is made to harmonize with grace, elegance, and refinement.

Many find fault with this as unsuited to the

solemnity of worship, but if such love darkness better than light, they will find abundance of dark nooks in every quarter of this city, where they may pursue their devotions before the numerous shrines which were erected for the especial benefit of the devotees.

Every part of St. Peter's is intended to be on the same proportionate scale of magnificence, and the great dome which forms the center of the Latin cross is within two feet of the diameter of the colossal Pantheon.

Michael Angelo, when he designed it, is known to have had this in mind, and said that he intended to erect a Pantheon in the clouds. This he has literally done. The costly mosaics which embellish the naves of this church are copied from some of the *chefs d'œuvre* of Raphael, and have been the labor of years.

As this is the last time [January 29, 1829] I shall write from this place, I will give you a brief sketch of my occupation recently. We shall set out for Naples a week hence and probably will be there by the 9th of next month and remain one or two weeks. I have every reason to be pleased with my winter at Rome, satisfied that there is no place in Europe which could have afforded me more fruitful sources of instruction and amusement.

To-day we visited the studios of Thorwaldsen and Trentanove, with whose works we were much delighted. In the department of sculpture these eminent men stand unrivaled in the Roman schools.

The Chevalier Thorwaldsen, a Dane by birth, is pre-eminent since the demise of Canova (a brilliant star after the setting sun!), and is "uni-

versally admitted to be the best sculptor now in Europe." He is particularly celebrated for his *bassi-relievi,* of which he has executed a great number which surpass even those of Canova.

The most celebrated one of the kind is the "Triumph of Alexander," made for the King of Denmark. Of this splendid performance he has made several copies. Another superb work is his *basso-relievo* intended to adorn the tomb of a private gentleman of Frankfort.

His statue of Pope Pius VII. is a noble and much-admired work. His "Venus" is the most beautiful subject of the kind I have seen, and, *malgre* the opinion of the world, I admired it infinitely more than the "Venus de Medici." There was a perfection in its recent finish, and in the immaculateness of the pure white marble that gave it a peculiar charm. A bust of Byron, reputed to be the most faithful representation of him extant, ought to be recollected.

Trentwood I had the good fortune to become well acquainted with, from his partiality to our countrymen, he being an enthusiast with regard to everything American. By connoisseurs he is considered inferior to none but Thorwaldsen; his copies and busts are very beautiful, though his conceptions are not extraordinary. His bust of Washington and the Apollo Belvidere are all that I now recall.

In one corner of his studio was the recumbent nude statue of Pauline, which is very beautiful, and in its posture reminds me of the "Hermaphrodite" (Ermafrodito). Next to Thorwaldsen —*proximo sed longo intervallo*—is Mr. Gibson, who has executed many works of merit, so say the dilettanti; but as I saw none of his produc-

tions I can say no more about him. Mr. Greenough, an American, is said to be a good sculptor. Mr. Rennie (*Anglais*) is also quite celebrated.

While I am speaking of sculptors, I may as well mention one or two of the most conspicuous painters, very few of whom have attained the excellence of the masters of the Italian school. Carmuccini is considered the best Roman painter of the day, and his gallery furnished me a rich treat.

His sculptural pieces are much esteemed, and in demand by the first churches of Italy. His illustrations of Roman history are excellent, and have furnished splendid subjects for the engraver, but his coloring is not thought to be good.

Severn, the English artist, I became acquainted with. He has considerable merit, and some of his performances are considered excellent. His last piece, executed for Prince Leopold, represents a group of Italian peasants at a Roman fountain, painted after the style of Raphael and executed in a masterly manner.

Prince Leopold, who is himself an artist, is said to be highly pleased with the performance. He intends to exhibit it in the next London summer exhibition of 1829. I ought to pay a passing and deserved tribute to the talents of one of our own artists, Mr. Cook. He has attained considerable reputation among the students and artists of the English Academy at Rome. He gives grounds to hope that he may one day be an ornament to our country. His copy of the "Transfiguration" by Raphael possesses great merit, especially in coloring.

He has expressed a determination to visit all those places where are to be found the *chefs*

d'œuvre of the best ancient masters for the purpose of copying them.

Through his means I was admitted to the Academy, where I had the satisfaction of seeing the study of the human figure. This is an interesting exhibition. The room is usually darkened, and the artists are arranged in a semicircle, each with his lamp and his drawing desk. The person, whether male or female, is placed in the center of the group and made to assume any attitude upon which the majority will determine. The light is then admitted from a lamp above the person, so as to show all the developments of the figure—its muscles, action, attitude, etc., and its brilliant points. Each one has a different aspect or point of view, and the sculptors make their clay models at the same time.

It would be doing injustice to my own taste and feelings, as well as to the extraordinary merit of the artist, were I to omit paying a just tribute to the talents of an artist who has given me more exquisite delight than any other.

His name is Seguira, a Portuguese, whose modesty prevents his being sufficiently known. This morning, January 10, we formed a little party, consisting of Mr. Cook and his lady, Mr. Chapman, Mr. Fessenden, and myself, and went to his rooms to pay him a visit. The first subject he showed us was the "Adoration of the Magi."

The subject was treated in a masterly style, and for breadth, depth, and sublimity surpassed anything of the kind I ever witnessed.

The effect of light and shade and the brilliancy and transparency of its coloring were inimitable. I shall never forget the impression it made on all of us, and the artist Cook was enraptured with it.

The light was introduced in a novel and supernatural manner. The blaze of the comet ("the Star of Bethlehem,") was seen in the background, and lit up the countenance of the Virgin and Child with an unearthly refulgence, while it showed with rich luster upon the Oriental costume, the caparisoned steeds and camels, and the costly gifts of the Magi. Each group formed a study of itself, and nothing was wanting in general effect by the minuteness of detail. A second finished picture represented the Crucifixion, on whose merits too much praise cannot be lavished. While the other possesses the sublimity of light, this depicted the awful sublimity of the darkness of that great event. He has felt all its truth, and described it inimitably well.

His third picture, which represents the Resurrection, rises still higher in the scale of the sublime; and the fourth, which represents the Day of Judgment, is a still loftier flight of his genius. In this he shows the heavens and the earth passing away before the Sun of Righteousness, and the Son of Man coming from the right hand of the Father to judge the quick and the dead. Never have I seen a more brilliant conception, nor can I imagine a bolder or loftier flight. To convey an adequate idea of the whole human race standing expectant of the justice of the eternal behest conveyed through the mediation of the Saviour! the heavens opening and disclosing the penetralia of the universe, and the throne of the Deity, is a task seemingly too great for the powers of man. But he has gone beyond expectation. There seems to be a deep dread and awful pause in all nature, and a consciousness of the presence of the Divinity in it—the breathless

suspense and calm that precedes the earthquake, as if that time in Revelation had arrived where "there was silence in heaven." The hosts of heaven and earth are arrayed the one above the other, and a benign light seems to be shed over everything by the glory which emanates from the inmost and profound depths of the Eternal Throne.

But I shall be considered as an enthusiast or a wild admirer of Seguira were I to dilate further upon the pleasing reminiscence, and therefore I will proceed with our party to the rooms of Severn, whom I have before mentioned, and those of Turner, whom I forgot to mention as the Claude Loraine of the English. The latter has certainly some merit from his affectation of Claude's style of Italian scenery, but certainly has no merit from his own affectation of fiery coloring with which he has destroyed the first merit. Turner's pieces consequently look well when engraved, for then his unnatural coloring is suppressed. Leaving his rooms we proceeded homeward by the Monte Cavallo, anciently the Quirinal Hill, on which is the palace of the Pope.

The hill receives its name from two statues, both of which represent a young man holding a horse (rampant). They are said to have been rival works of Phidias and Praxiteles, which is inferred from the inscriptions on their pedestals. The house of the Scipios was upon this hill, and the baths of Constantine and Diocletian.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE Capitoline Hill. This is replete with interest, and may be considered the early nucleus of ancient Rome, together with its near neighbor, the Palatine, between which the Rotto du Sabini took place. It is said to have derived its name from the discovery of a human head, said to be that of Olius (whence Caput Olius), while digging the foundation of the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. On the right hand as you ascend the steps of the Campitolio is Monte Capriec, on which the temple of Jupiter Feretrius was built by Romulus, where the *opima spolia* were deposited, and also on the same side is the Tarpeian Rock; on the left hand is the Church of Ara Coli, on the site of the Temple of Capitoline Ione, and in front is the present senate house.

This interesting place was one of my favorite resorts, and I generally crossed it on my way to the Forum and Colosseum. On ascending the Scala Cordonata, the figures on the balustrades, said to be those of Castor and Pollux, are seen on each side of the Scala, and in the center of the quadrangle, called the Intermontium, the beautiful bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius arrests and fixes our attention. The figure of Aurelius, *bien pose,* sits gracefully on his horse, with a roll or baton in his hand, and, as was the custom, without spurs.

The whole is so well managed that it seems as if he were urging his horse from off the pedestal,

and Michael Angelo when he first saw it was so struck with this that he enthusiastically exclaimed, "*Camina!*" (Go on).

One of my earliest associations with the Capitoline Hill was the Tarpeian Rock, and it was among the first places sought out, as we would seek an old acquaintance in a strange city preparatory to being initiated into *agrémens*. Relying on our guide, Madame Starke, whom we did not always find infallible, we went to a certain number (29, I believe) on Monte Caprino. Over the door of a mean, ill-looking house we saw the words Rocca Tarpeia, and the passage led to a flight of dirty stairs to what, for a few baocchi, they, the wretched inhabitants, will give their affidavit is the legitimate Tarpeian Rock, although the most learned antiquarians of the day are very doubtful of its location. As you are housed by a few miserable walls and see nothing of the rock or its form, you have only the satisfaction of being told, for your money and your pains, that you are standing on the identical rock. But as I was not satisfied with this information, I determined to visit another spot behind the Palazzo de' Conservatori, which had been pointed out to me by my friend, Mr. Cook.

Accordingly, making a short detour, I found myself very soon at the extremity of the courtyard of this palace, and looking down over the parapet wall I saw that I was standing upon the summit of a high rock or precipice, of which this wall made a kind of coping. I was convinced immediately in my own mind that this was the identical Tarpeian Rock, and wished no antiquarian research to confirm my conviction. I then descended by a kind of lane to its base, in

order to have a better view of it. It was known to be on the western side of Capitoline Hill and near to the Tiber, and the Gauls doubtless made their attack in this quarter. Besides, this is the most precipitous part, and one from which prisoners might have been thrown with certain destruction. The present height is between fifty and sixty feet by actual measurement, although the ruins and fallen tufo at its base are heaped up for perhaps twenty feet.

The high walls of the citadel, together with the original height of the rock before this rubbish was accumulated by earthquakes and decay, must have been an appalling precipice.

While I was engaged in drawing this in my sketch-book I heard some voices on the parapet above me, and, looking up, I saw my friend, Cook, the artist, and his wife, who had pointed out this place to me, and I saw by his smiles that he was much gratified by my coinciding with him in opinion.

He called out to me that "he was pleased to see that I not only agreed with him in opinion, but that I was following his example," he having previously sketched it from this same position himself.

I had leisure to visit this spot several times, and included it among my parting visits the evening before I left Rome, whose antiquities I could not leave without a sensation of regret at the prospect of never again revisiting them. The treachery of Tarpeia and the unnatural death of Manlius recurred strongly to memory.

I was then on the spot where they had fallen, and had trod upon the site of his house, which had been razed to the ground after his execution,

and my fancy repeopled this spot once more with the hordes of the Gauls from whose barbarity the capital was saved by the sacred geese.

The Intermontium is enclosed on three sides by the palaces of the conservators and the senators and the Capitoline Museum; the senators' palace stands on an ancient foundation of peperino stone, supposed to be the tabularium built by Scylla.

But where, we ask, is the once proud Roman senate? Where are the spirits which once inspired its councils and fired the breasts of ancient Romans?

Shades of Cicero, Brutus and Cato—where have they fled? They have gone, and with them the pride and glory of Rome. Oh, Rome, how art thou fallen! The Roman senate as it now exists scarce deserves that once honored name!

As we descend to the Forum on the right of the Capitol by the *ceutro gradus,* we are assailed by the cries and importunities of the miserable wretches who are confined within the prisons on this side. Descending the steps leading by the Arch of Septimus Severus we enter the Roman Forum at the extremity of the Via Sacra. But we will stop *en passant* to look into the little chapel on our left, at the foot of the hill, where at stated hours are seen crowds of humble devotees crossing themselves and counting their beads.

We are naturally led to ask why this humble shrine[1], which is almost beneath the ground, is such a resort. This is the celebrated Mamertine Prison, in which St. Peter and St. Paul, according to the inscription, were imprisoned. The pillar St. Peter was chained to in

[1] San Pierto in Careiro.

the "innermost" dungeons, by order of Nero, is shown, as well as the "aqua vera" with which he baptized the forty converts. This prison was founded by Æneus Martius. In this was also confined the conspirators of Cataline—Jugurtha, Perseus, and Sejanus. It was formerly entered on the upper side by the Scala Gemonia, not unlike the Ponte de' Sosperi at Venice.

My last visit to the Colosseum was a very fortunate one. The hour was late, and, the crowd having retired, left the ruin in almost perfect loneliness, except here and there a figure might be seen gliding ghost-like among the broken arcades, and the feeble glimmerings of the torch of the monkish guide was occasionally to be seen appearing and disappearing among the broken columns. At length, having no further duties to perform, he retired to his cell, which was built in one of the nooks of the Podium. The silence at length was only interrupted by the measured tread of the sentinel, the sound of a distant clock, or the whirring wing of a bat. Echo, as if fatigued with answering to the impertinent demands of clamorous voices, relapsed into a sleep from which she might be startled by the lightest tread. The least sound might be audible, and the sudden tramp of a footstep upon the hollow-sounding pavement was reverberated from every point of the circular arena and re-echoed by every arcade. At such an hour and under such circumstances we can only enjoy this walk to advantage. It is not merely sufficient that this ruin should be seen, but its imposing grandeur must be felt. There is a nobleness and sublimity in it which impresses the mind with a reverential awe, mingled with an admiration amounting to respect for the minds of

those who could dare rear such a gigantic structure. Our wonder arises not so much from reflection that such a plan should have been devised, but that such a stupendous edifice should have been reared and executed. But the Roman emperors well knew how to subserve their own pride by erecting monumental trophies to perpetuate their names, by pampering to the luxurious tastes of their subjects. Hence we find that these colossal buildings are generally baths, temples, and amphitheaters which were public buildings for the amusement or accommodation of the populace. How well these emperors succeeded in rendering their names immortal these fragments remain to show. They still exist, and may still exist long after we, who now lament their decay, shall have passed away and been forgotten. They are as pages in the books of history, telling in the language of Ossian a tale of the times of old—the deeds of days of other years, but tell us at the same time of sanctioned crime, of abused power, and fallen ambition. While we contemplate this venerable pile, great even in its desolation and beautiful even in its ruin, we cannot wish it other than as it is—a splendid subject for the painter, a delicious treat for the antiquary, and an object of veneration for the devotee; presenting not an unapt picture of Rome itself.

"When falls the Colosseum, Rome (itself) shall fall."

As I stood in the center of the grass-grown arena and surveyed each part with thoughtful attention, I reflected how many years had rolled over this structure, how many events had transpired, and how many revolutions and vicissitudes

nations had experienced since its erection—more than half a million suns had passed over it, and that religion which was cemented by the blood of the martyrs shed on this very spot has been hailed by millions in a hemisphere which was then unknown. Everything transpired to lend a pleasing charm to this scene. Above us the horizon was limited by the lofty circular walls, which presented a ragged outline upon the clear blue sky studded with innumerable stars, which seemed like an immense vaulted canopy suspended over our heads. The moon's white disk appeared above the exterior wall on one side and shed a mild silvery light upon the objects on the opposite side. There was a quiet repose suited to the time and place, which had a soothing effect upon the feelings, and a deep silence, only interrupted at times by the low sullen moaning of the wind through the arcades, well calculated to inspire a pleasing awe.

Here let me add by way of conclusion that a chance destruction of an old house on Capitol Hill, in Washington, D. C., in the year of grace 1905, brought to light the letters of my father from which the above extracts relating to Art in Europe have been made. Save for this chance the letters themselves would have remained unpublished and forever hidden from sight.

The little volume, "Over Seas in Early Days," which the writer has edited, contains the whole series of letters. The editor of the *Army and Navy Register* has said in his review: "These admirable letters, which are written in a distinct literary style, contain much information. They are the expressions of view of a discerning and

keenly observant young man who had an appreciation of the beautiful and the romantic. They contain descriptions which are rare in their aptness and thoroughness, and nothing better in the way of such productions has been published in a long time."

"Every mind must know the whole lesson for itself—must go over the whole ground. What it does not see, what it does not live, it will not know."—EMERSON.